

DEC.
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



AZZLAND

by SAMUEL
MERWIN

Beginning a Compelling, Vital Story of TODAY

HAROLD TITUS • MARY SYNON
W.A.P. JOHN • NORMAN HAPGOOD and OTHERS



Every Christmas . . . Dad's Present

IS THERE any joy like that at Christmas? When the presents "from Dad" provoke happy squeals, merry shouts, fond words of love—and kisses!

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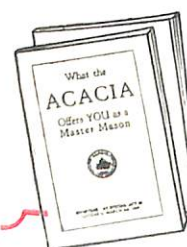
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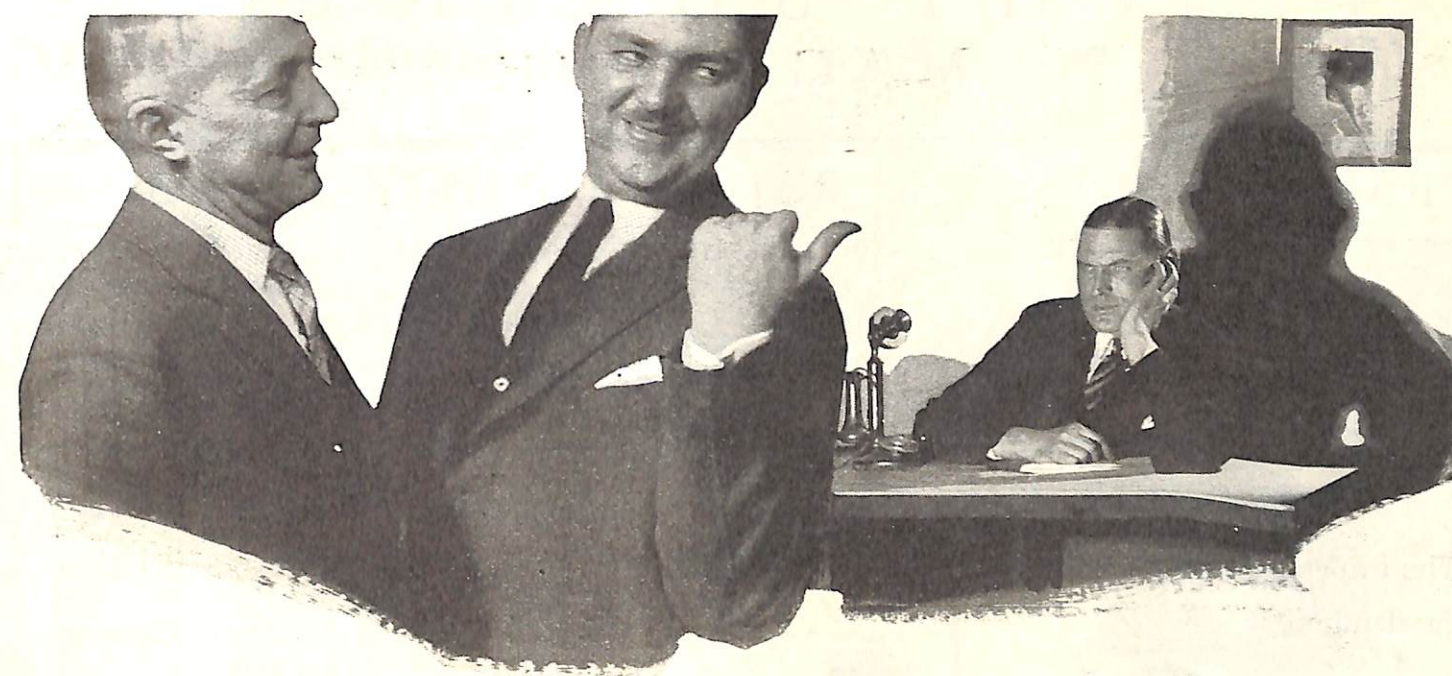


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Please send me your booklet "What Acacia Offers You as a Master Mason" together with special information regarding your Christmas Policy.

DECEMBER, 1927



They Thought I Was A Weak Sister -But I Took Their Breath Away!

ALL of a sudden the office was very quiet, as sometimes happens for an instant or two, and a few words reached me. "Oh, he won't dare kick," the manager was saying, "he's a pretty weak sister."

Mechanically I went on with my work, wondering vaguely who the weak sister could be. A new man had just been hired for our department and desks were being moved to make room for him.

A minute later I looked up and saw the chief clerk standing at my side. "Bob," he crisply ordered, "move your desk back in that corner. I want this space for the new assistant I've hired." Then he turned and strode away.

I gulped and wilted down into my chair. I was the weak sister! And I was actually being demoted! The new man was being hired for my place! This was my reward for all my hard work—this was how I won out by waiting patiently for my turn to be promoted. I had even congratulated myself on my close-lipped, reserved manner—I thought I was showing strength of character by sticking to my work and not trying to push myself—to show off.

And that was the whole trouble. I had plenty of steel in my makeup, but I had no ability to express myself. I was timid, self-conscious, and actually afraid of my own voice. I would study out the office problems and find solutions for our difficulties, but I didn't know how to present these ideas to the man up ahead. Several of the boys who had started at the time I did were now department managers—because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

It made me good and mad—and I resolved to show them—to get rid, once and for all, of my timidity and shyness—my bashfulness and lack of poise.

In Twenty Minutes a Day

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
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- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
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- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

plan for rearranging our department—stating it simply and clearly, but in a pleasing, interesting and forceful way. I actually took their breath away—they were so amazed that they gave me full power to carry out my ideas!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home on this most fascinating subject.

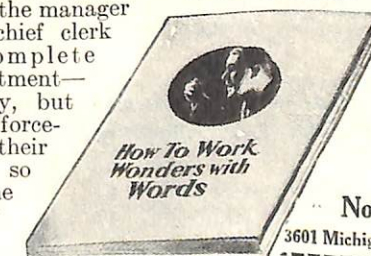
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a salesman's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send For This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it.

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"BACK-STAGE on the RAILROAD" By Beatrice Barmby

THE RED CARPET down the aisle, the beflowered women, the kissings and hand-shakings suggested a wedding, but the presence of red-caps dispelled illusion. It was nothing more than the daily departure of the Limited—the Limited with all its comforts and delights for Mr. Average Passenger, making Pullman travel a "luxury for the masses." Read "Back-Stage on the Railroad" by Beatrice Barmby in the January Issue.

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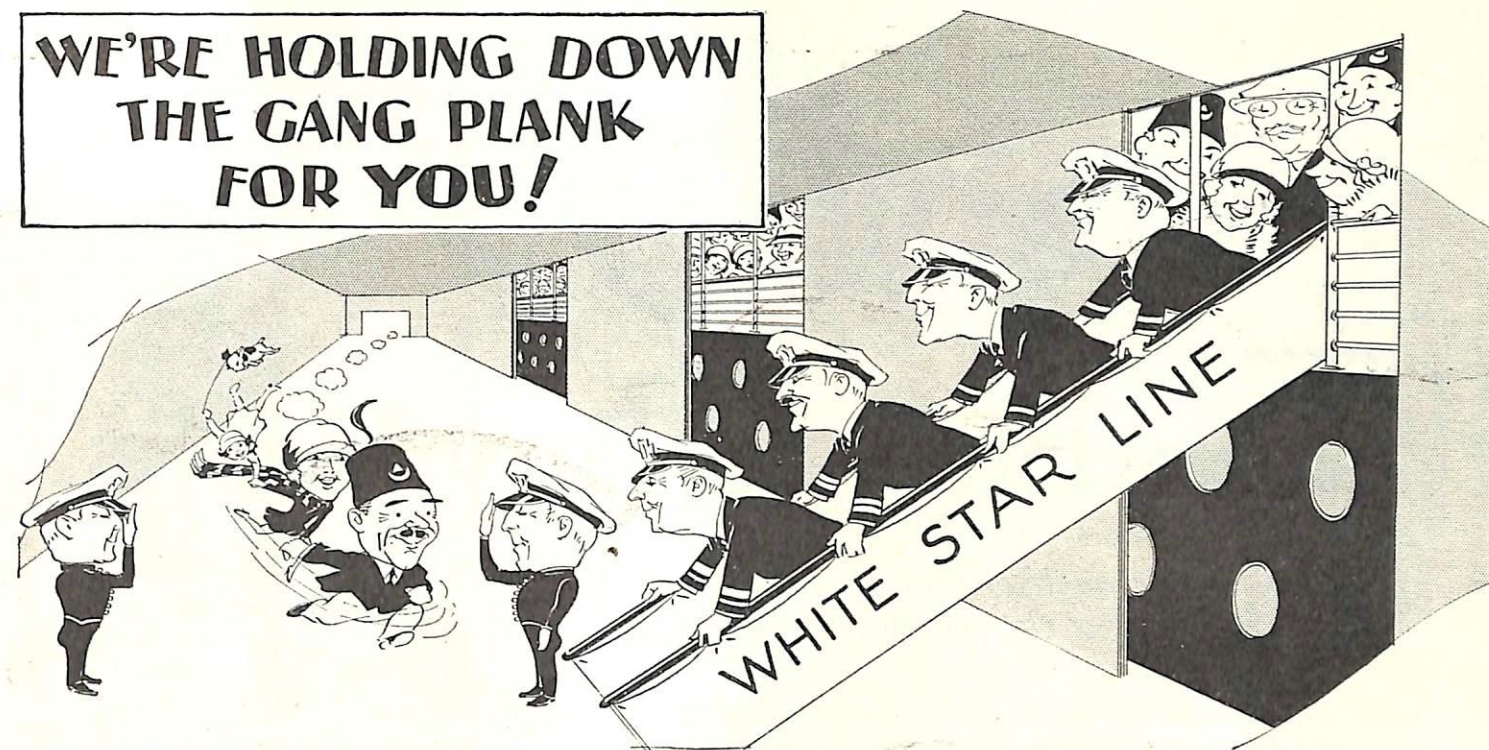
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DECEMBER, 1927

3

WE'RE HOLDING DOWN
THE GANG PLANK
FOR YOU!



HURRY..Climb Aboard!
Only a few reservations left for the
SHRINERS CRUISE to the WEST INDIES

We're waiting for YOU! But we can't wait long. We want you in our happy party of Shriners going on the glorious cruise to the West Indies. James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., have chartered the White Star Liner S. S. Megantic for our use. There are just a few reservations left.

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You won't be put on a committee to work. There'll be nothing to do except enjoy yourself. All the arrangement worries are being taken care of by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc. We'll have the fine British registered S. S. Megantic all to ourselves. Wherever we go we'll be expected—the best will be waiting for us.

You won't have to dole out money here and there and spend twice what you expected. One extremely moderate fee covers everything—as low as \$320. Man! what a bargain in enjoyment this cruise will be!

There's an added kick to the Shriners' Cruise this year. Our Imperial Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, will accompany us.

One Fee Includes All:

1. Stateroom from New York back to New York.
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3. All railroad, automobile and carrying transportation for itinerary.
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5. Competent conductors and guides.
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HAVANA—the Paris of the Caribbean
KINGSTON—the heart of pirate land
COLON—where beachcomber and prince rub elbows
PANAMA—where a pirate wiped out a city
CARTAGENA—alligators, Indians, gay music
CURACAO—the odd Dutch coral islan
LA GUAYRA—the city crowded into the sea
CARACAS—the "City of Eternal June"
SAN JUAN—where the New World and Old Spain meet
BERMUDAS—cameos on a deep blue sea

There will be an official visit to Abou Saad Temple in Panama, marked by appropriate ceremonies and celebration.

To insure greatest comfort, memberships are limited to less than half of the ship's capacity. Only 480 can go. Almost that many have signed up. So think it over NOW. You can leave your work if you begin to plan soon. You'll come back with a clearer head and more vigor. And you'll have as good a time as you ever had in your life.

Don't wait. Don't run the risk of disappointment. Come on along. Send back the coupon for details, now while you are thinking about it.

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Too Busy to Buy Books!

*The fascinating story of the growth of
the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*

How 40,000 busy people insure themselves
against missing the outstanding new books
—and against buying books they do not like.



THERE is hardly a book reader who does not know of the Book-of-the-Month Club. In its first year, over forty thousand of the most notable men and women in the country subscribed to its convenient service. The story of its development is interesting. It grew because busy men and women were forever missing new books they were anxious to read.

The typical subscriber to this unique service had been an inveterate reader. But as his business affairs became more pressing, he lost touch with current literature. Again and again he found that, through pure neglect, he was missing important books that were being widely discussed.

He was disappointed frequently with his own negligence, but realized that it was almost inevitable, because of the driving circumstances of his life. "If," he thought, "there were only some way in which the books I wanted could be sent to my home, I would be sure not to miss them!"

Then he discovered that the Book-of-the-Month Club exactly filled his need—and the enterprise grew

because there were so many people like him.

The plan of the Club is simplicity itself. The book publishers send copies of their new books *far in advance of publication* to the selecting committee, which consists of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. Out of the scores of books submitted every month, this committee selects those which it considers outstanding, for one reason or another. All of the month's finest books are listed. And the book which rates the highest in the opinion of the committee, is given the additional honor of being called the "book-of-the-month," and is sent to those subscribers *who indicate that they want it*.

The service costs you nothing

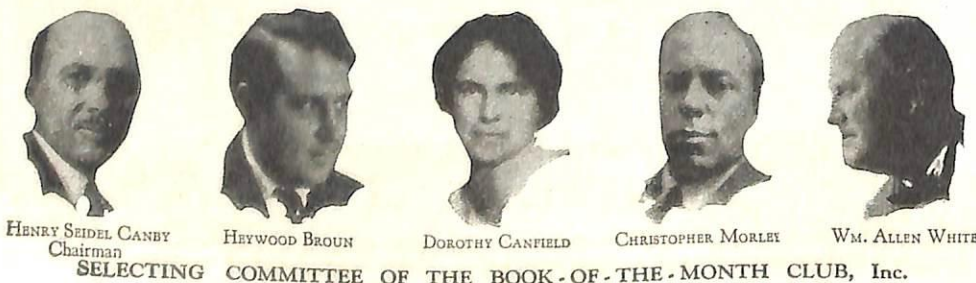
Before this book is sent out, however, a carefully written description of it, and of all the books recommended in the month, is sent to you. If you believe you will like the "book-of-the-month" you let it come to you. If not, you ask for one of the others to be sent

in its place. Even then, if you are disappointed with your choice, *you may exchange the book—at no cost—for another!*

Could any booklover ask for more? Five authorities, whose opinions you respect, cull out the most noteworthy books for you. You are sent in advance a careful report on all of them. You have the privilege of free exchange, in case of disappointment. Also, the Club's service makes it certain that *you will read the books you want to read*, and that they will be delivered at your home, unfailingly, so that you can't miss them.

And what is the cost of all this? Nothing. *You pay only for the books you receive*, at the same price as if the publisher himself sent them to you by mail.

Send for a booklet which describes this unique and convenient service more in detail. Also get a copy of the current issue of the Book-of-the-Month Club News, which tells what the next "book-of-the-month" is and why, and also reports on other forthcoming noteworthy books. Your request will not obligate you in any way.



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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

Christmas!

What a thrill comes with the word! Santa Claus with his cotton batting whiskers, Yule logs and beautifully browned turkeys, popcorn on long strings, toddling small boys with thumping drums, joyous greetings and polychromatic neckties, heavily laden postmen and over-stuffed stomachs!

Young and old, male and female, the word Christmas brings to each a joy which can never be lost. Christmas is not a date; it is a feeling, which comes to each of us and affects us all in the same way.

The lover asks himself what he can give to his inamorata which will make her happier; mother carefully listens to the wishes of the little folks; father wonders what he can give mother that will express his love for her; children debate what to give parents; employers discuss how to reward faithful employees. Every man, woman and child is filled with the spirit of giving.

For eleven months of the year we may lose sight of the joy of giving in the enthusiasm of getting, but Christmas brings back to each of us that it is more blessed to give than to receive; there is something spiritually higher and better than the mere accumulation of dollars.

As Imperial Potentate, I wish that at this happy time of giving it were possible to take on some of the fabled attributes of Santa Claus. I wish I were physically able to come down the chimney of every one of the six hundred thousand Shriners on this continent and take them and their wives by the hand and wish them the glorious Christmas they deserve. Particularly would I love to tiptoe with you into the bedroom and see that nice family of yours sleeping and dreaming of the Christmas tree that will make their big eyes bigger on Christmas morning.

But, like Santa Claus himself, this is but a beautiful dream. I can not hope to grasp you by the hand, look you in the eye and tell you of my earnest wish that all the happiness in the world will be yours at this Christmas time.

Behind this black type on cold white paper I want you to try and realize that I with a heart full of love and a throat which chokes a bit as I write these lines am wishing for you all that is good and all that makes for happiness.

There is no better medium than the Shrine to enable men to put into action the kindly Christmas like thoughts which already in them are! There is no organization to which a man can belong where he has a better opportunity to express the kindly good nature which is the hall mark of a Shriner.

Let us reverently thank Allah for Christmas, for the prosperity which has come to us, for the opportunity the Shrine gives to help the little crippled folks and to radiate the glad smile throughout the world.

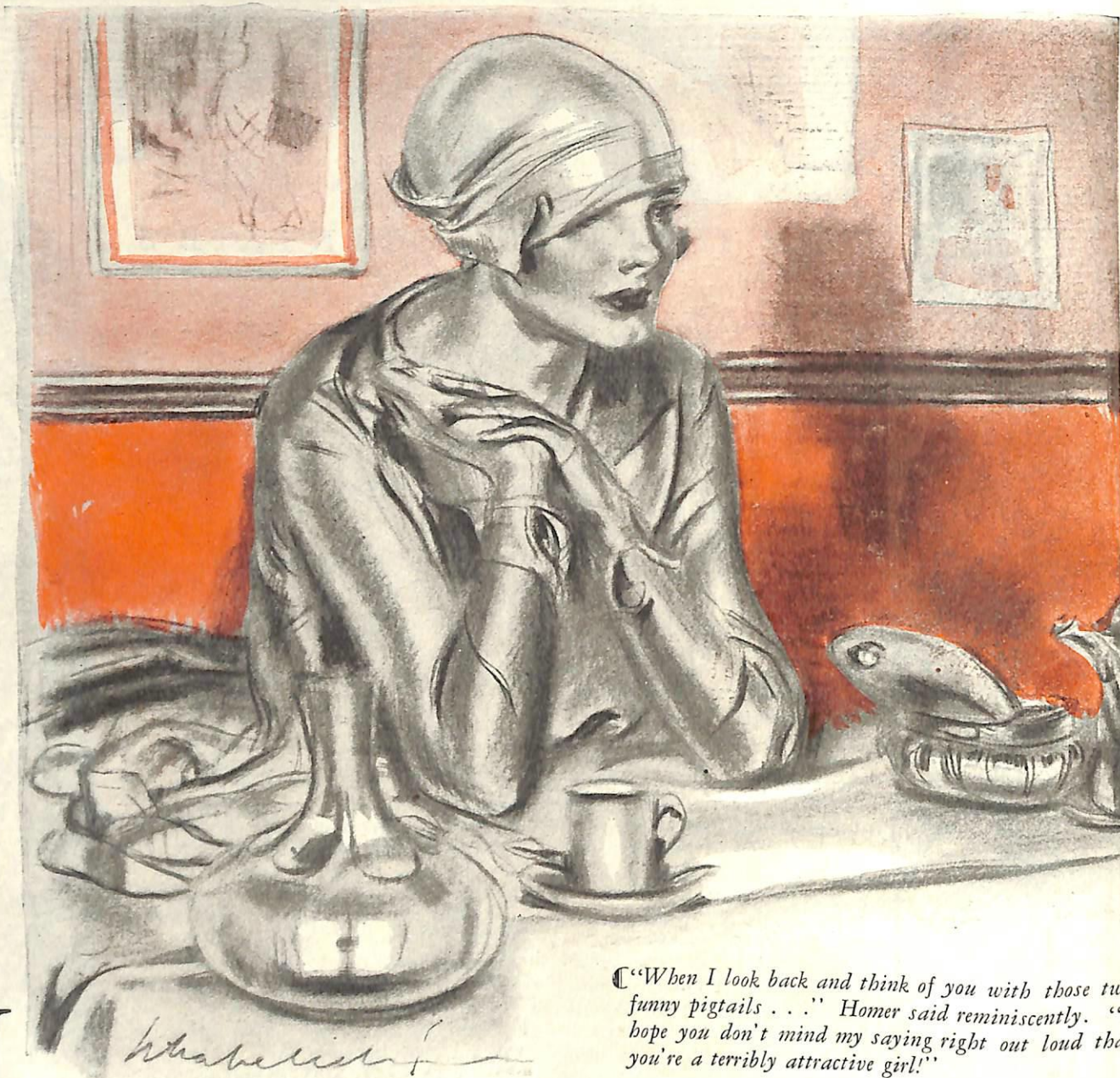
The love-lorn lad chews his pen in an endeavor in some way to say the world-old sentence of three words "I love you." He writes them at last, as the best way to tell her of the way he feels. I would like to express my feeling of love for you in some new way at this wonderful season of giving, but find there are no words better to express my feelings than the time honored words:

Merry Christmas to you, Nobles, and a Happy New Year! May Allah bless and keep you.

"Es Selamu Aleikum"

Yours in the Faith,

Chamur D. Duntan
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



"When I look back and think of you with those two funny pigtales . . ." Homer said reminiscently. "I hope you don't mind my saying right out loud that you're a terribly attractive girl!"

JAZZLAND

THE VILLAGE of Ackland Center, nestling beneath its protecting garment of elms, breathes even yet of the past. Of a day when Massachusetts was frontier land; when men could shoot a musket and swing a broad-ax, and women worked with their hands and bore children and worshiped a retributive God. A few of the seventeenth-century dwellings blackened by weather, still stand, close to the old turnpike. There are many well-kept white homes of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, some with brick ends, others with fan lights and carved door posts, each housing its wealth of heirlooms.

Ackland knows its past and takes wholesome pride in it. From the Green in front of the town hall husbands and sons marched off in homespun to fight King Philip's painted savages. From behind the stone walls that still line the country roads, the defendants of those frontiersmen took pot shots at the hired Hessians of George III. Washington and Putnam maneuvered hereabouts. Lafayette was feted here.

Of the many pronounced characters with which the old place has bristled, to be frowned over and chuckled over in the

guarded Yankee way, perhaps the last was Alexander Hamilton Pew. A bony, tall man, with gray hair bushing out over a stiff collar. A man of vigor, of sententious wit, of unspotted integrity, he made the weekly Ackland Age a paper to be quoted from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Ackland, during the period of the present story, was still aware of the Age and its history, and felt a neighborly respect for the sons, Young Ham and Homer, who had inherited the paper. It seemed natural for the Pew boys to be carrying on. Most of the old families were still alive in the town. There, just as they'd always been, unaware (you'd think) of the newly polyglot, bewilderingly alien America of the nineteenth-century, you'd find the old English Foxes and Lakes and Deans and Ewans and Poores and Swans.

But however unaware of the new forces old Ackland might have been during their beginnings, that Gargantuan new America had reached and changed the town. The age of bad taste, back in the eighteen-eighties and nineties, touched it first. A few bald brick structures stood out like sore thumbs among the gable-roofed, chimney-potted old buildings around



By SAMUEL MERWIN

(Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz)

the Green. The rebuilding of Breckeridge's drug store, a little later, had been unfortunate. The new fire station had a strident air. And though the factory and tenement blight had luckily skipped the Center to alight at Ackland Corners, two or three miles away, where there was a railway junction, nothing could have kept out the automobiles. They swarmed in with the new century like a plague of beetles, bringing after them macademized roads and citified traffic policemen and filling stations and hot dog stands and rum runners and the new young sort of criminals and all the mixed benefits and the ugly litter of what is commonly termed Progress.

The nerves of anxious parents were stirred by night parking along country lanes and by whispers of a spreading demoralization among the young people of high school age. The motion pictures got in, and the radio followed, with its disarmingly miraculous air, thrusting jazz and the twanging jargon of a cheaply restless age within the four walls of nearly every home in town.

Old Ackland staggered, but carried on as well as it could. There appeared to be compensations. The swarming motorists

spent money in the town. Real property values were looking up. Old Joe Harmer, who wore a full beard and smoked fifteen-cent cigars and ran the coal and feed business down by the tracks and owned considerable land and was head selectman, didn't appear to be worried. In his quietly substantial way he talked prosperity, and the grocers and butchers and druggists and hardware men listened.

In the general bewilderment only the Age stood firm for the fine flavor and tone of old Ackland. Young Ham Pew, rising to the situation with a good deal of the old man's courage and wit, fought the new disorders—motion pictures, hot dog shacks, tourist camps, commercial dance halls—fought them all, and lost. When, by way of a sort of climax, a pair of swarthy aliens from nowhere applied for a permit to open a pretentious roadhouse actually within the town, not two miles from the Center, the historic editorial column of the Age fairly thundered. There were public hearings, in the town hall; private arguments in Breckeridge's and in Sam Button's barber shop. In the course of time the selectmen gave those aliens the permit; and a colonial mansion was rebuilt; with glassed-in

porches, in a pine grove conveniently aside from the state road. The place, Jazzland, was opened. Liquor flowed, of course. Girls of the town were lured there. Motorists from Boston, from Worcester, from God knew where, foregathered. Fights occurred. Nearly every Monday brought reports of drunken road accidents. Young Ham refused their advertising and hammered relentlessly on. Every week he hit out. But the swarthy ones shrewdly bought their provisions at the Center. They made friends.

Young Ham seemed, when you met him, a modern enough product. He'd been to college. He came back from France a captain of artillery. He'd had contacts enough; knew the world pretty well, indeed. He wasn't a talker; kept his own counsel. The town discussed him uncertainly. The strange, new, post-war world was so strong. Most of them were, one way or another, caught up in it. At bottom they were a practical folk.

The independent human individual these days had a rather mean row to hoe. Among the puzzling forces that combined in that immense line of force called the United States, the dominant note was organization. The tendency was all toward a pretty complete regimenting of life. Where a man, here or there, undertook to stand up on his own two legs and voice a personal conviction he ran the danger of appearing as an odd one, a visionary, a neurotic. All the old two-fisted editors had gone with the nineteenth century. The city papers had mostly become rather colorless but efficient and businesslike vehicles for news and advertising. But there was a Young Ham Pew. Like Old Ham he stood alone. On his own two legs.

The Bagot property lay half a mile west of the Center on the state road. There had been Bagots in Ackland since 1690. The farm had shrunk to four acres and a woodlot, but the old house stood in all its memories . . . finely proportioned, low, with a restful air of clinging to the soil. The barn was an eastern extension of the house, connected with it by a wood-shed.

Here dwelt Pearce Bagot, his wife Harriet and the younger daughter, Martha, recently graduated from the local high school. A supple youngster, Martha, with a prettily clipped blonde head. The elder daughter, Stella, had flitted some years back, first to college and then to New York, where she had become an assistant editor of some magazine or other and lived her own independent life. On her rare visits home she appeared as a striking young woman, taller and darker in coloring than the wide-eyed Martha, wearing noticeably smart clothes with a New Yorkish ease and smoking cigarettes rather more freely than was common among the girls of Ackland. Pearce and his wife, Harriet, had taken her bold plunge into the world pretty hard. They seldom mentioned her.

Pearce Bagot was a low-spoken man of quiet tastes, something of an authority on local history and given to collecting this and that. Arrowheads in particular. They were still to be found about the farm. In his younger years he had roved far afoot over the pleasantly wooded hills of the region and about the shores of the numerous ponds picking up anything from a stone hatchet to a British belt buckle. He'd never had the vigor of his forebears. During late years, until his health failed, he kept books for the Harmer Coal and Feed Company. After that he took to working his fields and sprucing up the orchard. The endless stream of automobiles that flowed along the state road suggested setting up a wayside stand; as so many of his neighbors had done. Here the family sold vegetables and fruits in season and did well.

ONE sunny afternoon in July, a Friday, Hilda Shirlaw, a plump neighbor, parked her Ford by the gate. "Martha's all through with high school, isn't she?" asked Hilda, opening her knitting bag. "What are you going to do with her? Thinking of college?"

Harriet, a gray, quiet woman, was pouring a cup of tea. Her thin lips drew tightly together for a moment. "No," she said. "Perhaps you're wise. The girls that go to college seem to get their heads full of strange ideas."

Harriet dropped in the sugar and poured the thick cream. "I don't know what to make of girls nowadays," she said, soberly. "I've lost one daughter." Hilda caught her breath. She'd never before heard her friend speak out on that topic. "And I don't propose to lose the other."

"But what can you do, Harriet? Take my Annie. I keep her in all I can, but she slips around me. It's a worry, with

all that's going on these days and the awful stories you hear." "I'm doing it," Harriet was grim. "It seems a little hard on her. She complains that I don't let her have any fun. Some day, I suppose, she'll marry."

"She's attractive enough, Heaven knows."

"Almost too attractive. And the way she will get herself up."

"We can't help that, I'm afraid. They're all flappers nowadays."

"I begged her not to bob her hair. But she simply went and did it. I lie awake nights thinking up ways to keep her occupied and reasonably happy. We put in the radio for her. And it's the real reason Pearce bought the Ford. We didn't need it. The buses do us perfectly well. But something has got to be done about girls nowadays. The only place I know of where they can be protected is the home. And I mean to keep her home. It's the only way. She has done a lot of good reading, and I suspect her of writing poetry in secret."

A MOTOR stopped, out by the road. Harriet called in through the window: "Martha! Oh, Martha! Somebody at the stand!"

The girl, deep in a leather chair with her legs sprawled over one arm, was reading a novel.

With a rather dramatic sigh Martha stuffed her handkerchief between the leaves for a bookmark and went out. The car, beside the road, was a new sedan, shining with olive-green paint. Martha, taking it in, noted a vanity case by a rear door and a vase for flowers. Not a cheap machine. Then, demurely she considered the two young men on the front seat. Her first thought was that they were extremely good-looking.

"Did you want something?" she asked. She'd learned to be impersonal with the roadside people. But her pulse had quickened.

The two looked at each other. The farther, darker one grinned; and, she thought, nudged his friend. This blonde one, apparently, was to be the spokesman. "Have you got any apples?"

"Apples?—Why no. Not yet."

The dark one exploded. "Apples, you fish? Early in July? Ask for something sensible." Both were laughing now. And Martha was trying not to smile.

"Well, it's all one to me. Let's see what you have got." They descended from the machine and went over to the stand. "Strawberries! Mm, what beauties! We'll take those. How much for all of 'em?"

"All of them?" Martha faltered. Then, reflecting that business was business, she did a little rapid mental arithmetic. "Twenty times ten, times two and . . . Just five dollars."

A roll of bills appeared. So they were rich as well as attractive and careless.

They were looking at each other and laughing again. She couldn't help smiling now. How jolly they were.

"Why not own up, Jim?" said the dark one.

"All right. Here goes!" The one called Jim turned on her; and, when she glanced in toward the lilacs, responsively lowered his voice. "We've been cruising up and down the road for an hour looking for you, my dear."

"For me?"

He nodded briskly. "A fellow we know drives by here every day, and he's raved about you. Said you were a peach. So we decided to hunt you up. And here we are." Both were chuckling again. "And here's how it is. We're footloose and we've got this bus and not a blessed thing to do. How about meeting up tonight. You bring another girl. Run over to Jazzland and dance a while?"

Martha stood motionless. Her smile faded. For the moment she couldn't arrange her thoughts. She said, "Oh, no. I couldn't go to Jazzland."

"Anywhere, then. Take a ride. We'll get you back whenever you say. Have you got a friend as pretty as you are?"

Martha told herself she oughtn't to listen. She glanced again toward the lilacs. But her imagination was stirred and colored. She was thinking of Kitty Pew. Kitty was pretty enough for any man.

"Well, we're not kidnapers," said Jim. "Tell you how we'll leave it. We'll be down there on the side road at eight-thirty tonight. If you decide you can make it, just be there. And we'll hope for the best." With which they drove off.

Martha busied herself about the stand. Just as well not to go back to the house with this fire in her cheeks. When she



A supple youngster, with her prettily clipped blonde head and her wide eyes, wondering why her parents were so strict with her, never letting her have any fun!

did go she was demure again. She said, "How do you do, Mrs. Shirlaw?" Then, "That was a funny one, Mother. Two men. They bought all the berries. I'll put some more out."

Half an hour later she put down her novel. She couldn't read. Those boys had stolen her mood. Their breezy, care-free manners were appealing. And their humor. Their speech was good. Nice people, evidently. Just full of fun. And she thought about the green car. What fun it would be to roll secretly, luxuriously through the moonlight. Swiftly. Ride far. Rather different from the Ford.

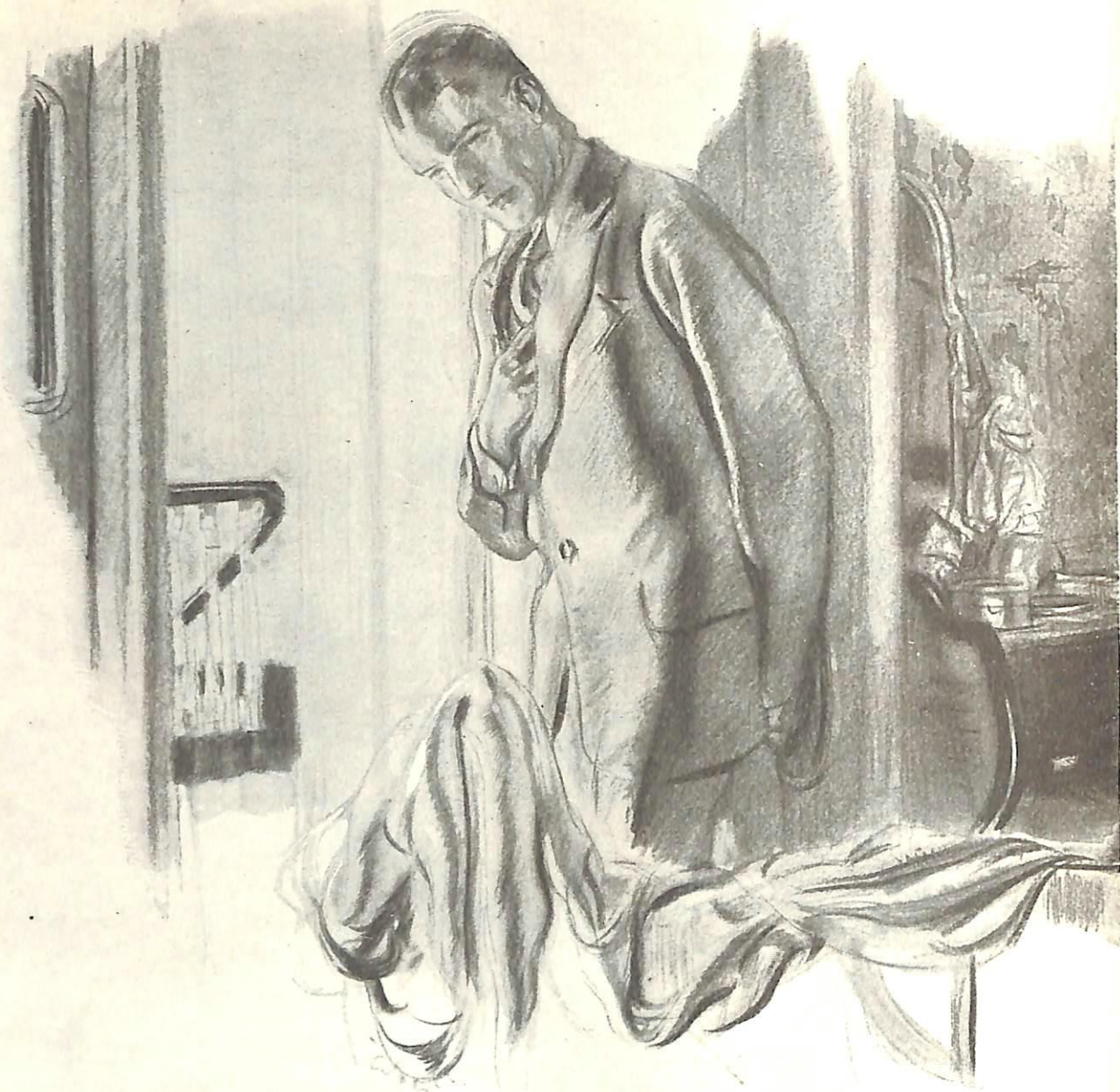
She sat, coloring again, a slim finger pressed against prettily

curved lips. Abruptly then, but quietly, she laid the book on the table and slipped out into the hall. The telephone was in the coat closet under the stairs. If you shut yourself in there and spoke guardedly you couldn't be heard on the porch.

She called the Pews. Kitty answered. Martha giggled before she spoke. And she could feel that fire coming into her cheeks, there in the dark. "Listen, Kit," she said. "Doing anything tonight?"

"Not a thing. Why?"

"I'll tell you. It's funny. I had a sort of pick-up just now. At the stand. Two students. Awfully attractive. And a



wonderful car. They want to take us for a ride." Another giggle. "It's a regular blind date. How's your courage?" "Courage? If an Esquimaux invited me into his igloo I'd jump at it. I'm simply bored to death."

"Then listen! You call up pretty soon and ask me over to dinner."

"Great! And I'll tell Aunt Emma I'm going over with you."

Kitty was giggling, too. "We'll pick up a hot dog or something and meet them. I'll go now. You call back."

It was not their first subterfuge of this sort. The Bagots looked up to the Pews, but seldom met Kitty's aunt socially. To both these high spirited girls it appealed as a device, for occasional escapes into the bright world of adventure.

Soon the bell rang.

"Martha!" called Harriet, from the porch. "Telephone!"

"Yes, Mother." A moment later the girl appeared in the doorway. "It's Kitty Pew, Mother. I think she wants me to come over for dinner. Do you want to talk with her?"

"Why, yes," Harriet hurried within. On her return she remarked to Hilda, "That was nice of the child. Martha doesn't have too many good times. I have to recognize that."

At eight-twenty that evening the two girls were walking discreetly along the side road in the dusk under the elms. The green car appeared; stopped. The blond young man named Jim opened the door with a merry grin and a "Great Stuff! George was a pessimist. Said you'd never be here. But I've told him all along that we could trust those blue eyes. Hop in."

"This is my friend," said Martha, with an outer air of calm. "Her name's Kitty."

"And what's yours?"

"Well . . . Martha."

"Honest?"

"Yes," said Kitty, looking straight at them, taking them in. "Those are our real names."

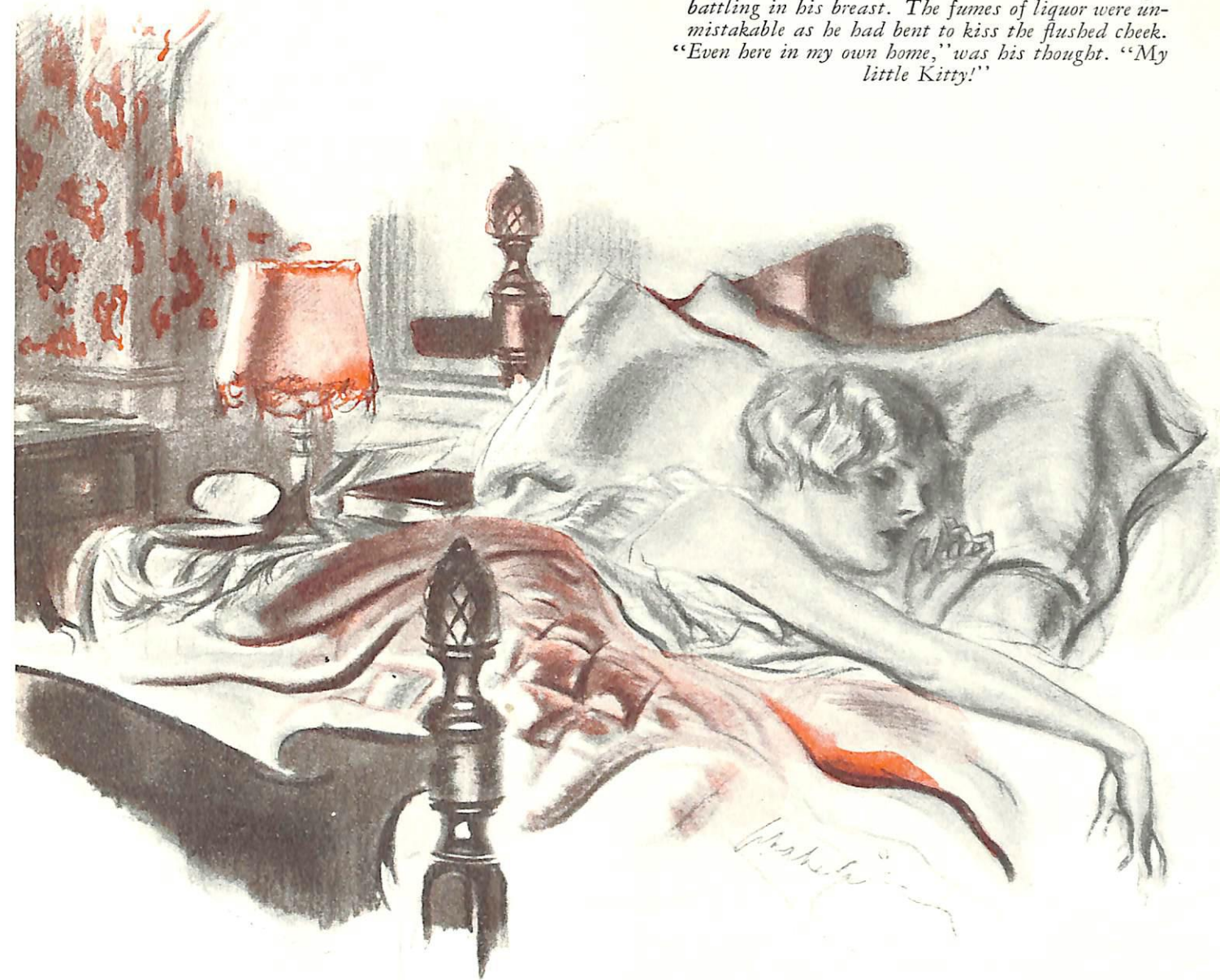
"Great stuff! And we're really George and Jim. You and George can have the back seat, Kitty. Or as much of it as you want. See that you make him behave. Come on in with me, Martha . . . Well, boys and girls, we're off!"

ON THIS same Friday evening, rather late, the Pew brothers, Ham and Homer, sat in their shirt-sleeves at their desks in the front office of the Age. The weekly rush was over. All the late matter was in type and the proofs corrected. Miss Curry had said good-night and gone home. The big press was rumbling, launched on its all-night task. Ben March, the foreman, appeared, sleeves rolled up around his arm-garters, green eye-shade pushed up into his stubby red hair, and laid a damp copy of the new issue on each desk. And each of the brothers settled back in his swivel chair to look it carefully through.

Ham Pew looked much as his father must have looked at thirty-four . . . long, bony; a shrewd, rather wrinkly face with plenty of nose and chin.

Homer was tall, too, but more shapely. His brown hair curled a little in spite of much stern brushing back. The eyes were hazel; clear, frank eyes, set well apart. The forehead square and not too high. An attractive young man, with considerably more than the average distinction. A pleasant but thoughtful face. He was the younger man by nine years.

Both, without speaking, and after a cursory glance at the front-page headings, turned to the editorial; Ham because he



Ham stood there in the dark, incredulity and anger battling in his breast. The fumes of liquor were unmistakable as he had bent to kiss the flushed cheek. "Even here in my own home," was his thought. "My little Kitty!"

had written it, Homer because it disturbed him. For the past six weeks, by Ham's orders, a running head had been used on the editorial . . . "Ackland's Sore Spot."

Homer looked the column over; considered it; spoke, in a casual tone. "How long are you going to keep this editorial head, Ham?"

The older man straightened slightly in his chair; removed his pipe and knocked out the ashes.

"I'm going to keep that head," he said, very quietly. Ham was always quiet . . . "until I've seen that damned road-house gang out of town."

The telephone rang. Homer answered. "Homer Pew speaking . . . What do you want to say to him?" . . . He slammed the receiver on its hook. "That's a new one, Ham."

"What is?"

"A threat."

"So."

"A man. I don't know the voice. A regular rough guy. He said, 'Tell that fool brother of yours that if he don't lay off Jazzland and do it quick we'll get him. And we'll get him good!'"

Ham deliberately filled his pipe. "I'm not surprised. It's quite in character."

For a time nothing was to be heard within the office but the rustling of one or another of the papers. Homer got out his

own pipe; rather absently filled and lit it. The clock in the steeple of the Unitarian Church struck twelve.

Homer tossed his paper aside. "Everything seems to be all right, Ham. How about starting along home?"

The older brother didn't rise; but pulled out a drawer of his desk; leaned back and put up his feet.

"We don't seem to see this local row quite eye to eye, do we, Homer?"

The younger man hesitated. They weren't given to conversation. Least of all to raising issues. This was serious. He cleared a corner of Ham's desk and sat there. "No," he remarked. "No, we don't seem to, quite."

"Hm!" Ham smoked and thought.

"The fact is, Ham . . . I may as well say it . . . I don't see where we're getting with it. We're not making a cent." "No, we're just scraping along. Living off the job business, really. But there's money enough."

"Yes, there's money enough. In a way. But . . . Look here, Ham. I know you're not a fanatic. And you're anything but a fool. You're looking ahead. You're figuring on getting somewhere. But where? We've fought all the modern encroachments in the town. I've been with you there. I'm sentimental about the old place. But we've lost every battle."

"Not yet."

"Haven't we, though? Look at the movies, and the hot dog stands and the dance hall at Harper's Pond. They're in, all

of 'em. I don't like 'em any more than you do. But they're in. We fought Jazzland. Well, it's in, isn't it?"

"What of it?" The color of long-suppressed heat was in Homer's voice now. "This of it! I can't get around the notion that what we're really up against is the very spirit of the age. And if that's true, we can't win."

"Why can't we?" Homer stirred impatiently. "The truth is, Ham, I can't figure you out. Take this Jazzland business. Everybody but you is more or less fatalistic about it. It's the sort of thing that's going on everywhere. People like having an attractive place to eat and dance."

"And drink." "Yes, and drink. But who isn't drinking? Nine-tenths of the decent householders of this town are buying the stuff or making it. Right along. There again, I'm afraid you're up against the mass instinct. And as for Jazzland, while it's true that some unfortunate incidents happen there once in a while, still it's gay and bright, I understand, with good food and good music. It's popular. A good deal more popular than we are."

"It's a symbol, Homer." "Of what?" "Of life today. It's what we've got to lick or go under."

HOMER, in frank disagreement now, spoke out even more vigorously. "I pick up a good deal of the talk about town. And it's pretty clear to me that we're losing ground. We are, Ham. It isn't that anybody thinks, or at least says, you're wrong. They don't. They know you're square, and they recognize your courage. But moral and ethical issues have a way of getting themselves confused. They get tangled up with personal attitudes. People—the folks around town—can't figure out what you're up to. Henry Swan, the other day, spoke to me of a rumor that you were figuring on running for Congress, like Dad."

"I'm not figuring on running for anything." "Of course. I laughed it off. But the devil of it was I realized then, that I didn't know myself what you're up to. I don't now. I hate to see them playing with the notion that you're trying to make personal capital out of our town problems. But I'm blessed if I know how to convince 'em that you're not."

There was a long silence. Pipes were refilled. Homer said, "This isn't getting us any nearer home, Ham." Then, rising—"I'll admit that this business of a mucker calling up to threaten you is a little on my nerves, Ham. I don't like it."

"That? Why bless your heart, Homer, that's the most encouraging thing that's happened in weeks!" "Encouraging? Gosh!"

"Certainly. It proves that I'm right. I'm striking at a vital spot. They find themselves forced to hit back. Fine! We're getting somewhere now. Somewhere real. That Jazzland place is run, of course, by one of the bootlegging rings. That almost goes without saying. But I couldn't go before the Grand Jury of this county with evidence that would stand up for two minutes. That's the real trouble. Getting evidence. I'm working on it, but in the dark. That dirty telephone message tells me I'm on the right track. Bang on the main line. That came from the works. I've touched home."

He reached out for the telephone and asked for the chief operator. "Miss Macy," he said, "a rather odd message was phoned in here a few minutes ago. Do you suppose you could find out where it came from? . . . Thanks. Yes, do, please."

"She says she'll try. Well, that's that. And now, Homer, I'm going to try to state my objective. You ask what I'm getting at. Well . . . here! You'll admit that these are rather abnormal times. Since the war. All over the world. There's a tremendous wave of materialism. Sweeping us off our feet. Morals are chaotic. With a good-looking little sister to bring up and do something about, we know that. All the old institutions are shaky. The church? More or less of a dignified but pretty hollow shell, I'm afraid. Marriage? One divorce to every seven or eight weddings. The Home? Invaded, riddled. Civilization itself? Pretty badly smashed up in the war."

"Pretty sobering, eh? And pretty nearly true. Well, the question is then, What about it? What to do? A fairly decent, normal man has got to grope around for something to cling to, hasn't he? Well, look around this country. Narrow your eyes again, and open your mind wide. What will you

see? Two things, really. Two elements. Not Republicans and Democrats. Not Wets and Drys. No, you'll see on one hand the cities, and on the other hand the country. Little towns. Thousands of 'em. Too many cities. Too many and too big. Packed with aliens and with alien ideas. New York is an alien city today. Hostile to America, really. To all that was the healthy, tough-fibered old America. You can't have real homes in the cities. Or real family life.

"Now try to follow me, Homer. A jazzy world. What health is left must be on the country side. The little places, where people own their homes and work, and live as individuals and are responsible neighbors, and raise honest crops instead of speculating, and breed real honest-to-God families and try to rear them soundly. If there's health to be found anywhere, simple human health, it's there. Here, if you like. Right here in Ackland."

"But what's happening? Here, for example. Why, the crazy world is invading our town. It is littering our fine old streets with its filthy junk. Sapping taste. Reaching right into every home and jazzing up lives. Now perhaps you see what I mean when I say that Jazzland is a symbol of what's happening to Ackland, and to a few thousand other Acklands, East and West. The town is under fire, right now. Is it to live, or die?" Homer's pipe was out. He refilled it, frowning rather wearily. The steeple clock struck one.

"Yes," he said, "I think I see what you mean now. But you'll simply have to forgive me, Ham, if I find it difficult to follow you all the way. I haven't seen as much as you, or thought as much. I don't believe I've worked out any such complete philosophical synthesis as you apparently have. It's rather bewildering, as a matter of fact."

"Naturally. We've lived different lives. And I'm older, and a tougher thinker." He grinned. "Have I answered your question?"

"Well . . . the fact is . . . No, you haven't. What are you up to? You, personally. I'll confess that about all I seem to get out of that very eloquent statement is that the world has gone crazy and is attacking us, and that you, more or less single-handed, are fighting back."

Ham laughed. "Sounds like rather a large order, doesn't it?"

"Well . . . rather."

"What I see in it is a definite job. I make my fight right here. Suppose I succeed in educating our good neighbors to the truth that a well-planned zoning system might curb the devastating growth of the hot dog blight and save something of the beauty of the old town. Suppose, in a lot of ways, little by little, I can rouse the town to gather up its rather battered self-respect and fight back. Then we've got something to show to other towns, haven't we? And something that lies squarely within the province of good journalism. There's my major objective."

"MY IMMEDIATE local objective is simple enough. To drive that rum-running gang out, bag and baggage. Tonight, for the first time, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I'm getting home to them. Later on I'll have more in the way of real evidence. So that if I can't rouse the town with my editorial broadsides I'll go at it through the Grand Jury. It's quarter past one! Come along home."

They drove through the quiet streets in silence.

Ham drove the car around the house and into the garage. But then, instead of opening the door, sat brooding. Homer, one leg out, yawned and waited. Something was coming.

"Homer . . . this was it! . . . I've been thinking. We may as well make allowance for a natural difference in temperament. This thing is, after all, my private fight. You've never had a voice in it. I've got to go on, of course. It's my life, now, really. But do you know what I'd do if I were you? I'd clear out. For a time, anyway. Run down to New York, and look over the chances of breaking into the magazine business. Or newspapers. You've got some talent. You're likeable. Look up Stella Bagot. She seems to be in touch with smart literary life down there. Come back later if you choose to. There's hardly room for both of us on the Age, anyhow, now that you're man-size."

A wave of immense relief welled up in Homer's breast. It was, in a brotherly way, of course, a dismissal. He caught that. Was good old Ham disappointed in him? He stole a sidelong glance. But that sense of relief had captured his spirit. It would be wonderful to break out of the village. Ham, he thought, wasn't quite just to [Continued on page 59]

A New Era for Women

(The Modern School as seen by Miss Rebecca J. Coffin of the Lincoln School

By Norman Hapgood



(Miss Rebecca J. Coffin, a pioneer in the new movement in child education.

(Left) The Lincoln School in New York which is experimenting toward the improvement of elementary education.

WHEN the editor of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE and I talked over this series, the editor was more definite on some aspects of it and I was more definite on others. The preceding article, in which Mrs. Sherman expounded the meaning and the activities of the women's clubs of the country, was a definite proposal by the editor. When we came to education, however, he said he thought, as I was excited about the subject, I should select the woman with whom I would discuss it.

I was glad to do this, for my convictions were strong. In education large numbers of women are concerned. Most of them are still teaching children, even since the rise of women's colleges. I do not particularly regret this, as I think the teaching of children is the most important teaching in the world. However, it is impossible for anybody to teach children as they should be taught unless that person is highly trained.

One of the few ways in which the United States is clearly leading civilization today is in the experiments it is making toward the improvement of elementary education. I started with the premise that our educational system is not

ideally fitted to the needs of the modern world; that therefore experiment is a necessity, and that the woman I would pick out, with whom to look at the present situation, would be a woman engaged not in traditional education, but in the study of present needs.

I might, of course, have chosen one of my several friends who are, or have been, at the head of colleges. Many interesting questions would have come up. But it is my conviction that the questions connected with higher education do not go as deep as the questions which affect the tendencies given to children in the first dozen years of their lives. Therefore, I sought an experimental school and its elementary department.

Next, I considered the experimental schools of the country. Many of them are good, but one has a special advantage. Years ago, when Charles William Eliot was President of Harvard University, he

noticed, with an eye that noticed everything, that the pupils who came from a certain small school in the middle west were better prepared when they entered, and did better work during their course, than other students. He wrote out to the man conducting the school and asked for

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the second article in a series of six of which the purpose is to give an idea of the newer activities of women in the modern world. The first dealt with what the women's clubs of the country are doing. The present article deals with the enormously important topic of education and the effort to remodel it so as best to suit our time. In the four articles to follow, as well as in these two, each subject will be illustrated by being presented through the work of some able woman who is occupied in the particular field under discussion.

an explanation. Abraham Flexner answered. He said the basis of his work with his pupils was to let them know that he was prepared to give them such help as they desired. He would be at his desk at a certain hour, ready to hear about difficulties, and insofar as the problems of several students seemed sufficiently alike, he would organize them in classes. But the basis was that each student was responsible. He was to do his own work. The teacher was somebody to assist him, not somebody to push him along.

As times changed, Mr. Flexner was discovered by two wealthy institutes, which had become interested in problems of education. He became an expert for them. He was told at a certain date that money would be available for genuine research into the needs of public education. While working out a plan, Mr. Flexner went up to see Dr. Eliot, by that time President



(Above) Members of a sixth grade group at the Lincoln School devising time-recording instruments.



(Below) A group of nine-year-old children in the school library reading for pleasure and looking up references for class use.

(Above) In the Pottery Room where the sixth grade children tune panpipes with clay.

Emeritus, to ask if he had any suggestion. "It seems to me," Eliot replied in substance, "that you used to send us our best prepared pupils, when you were running your school, and that you wrote me the principles on which you prepared them. Why is not that a good starting point for the experiment you are planning to make?"

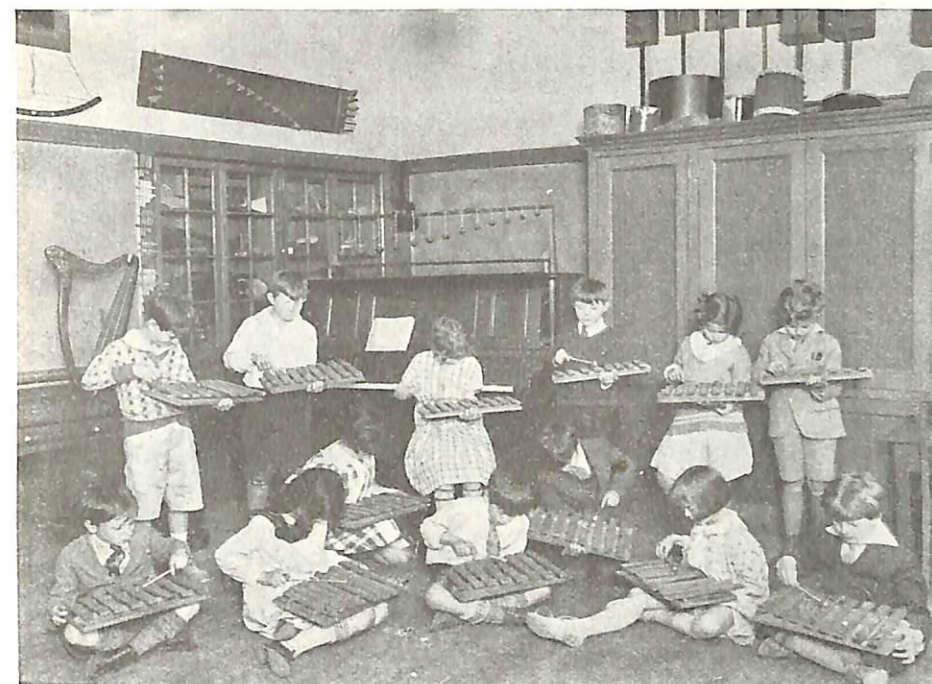
The result of this idea was the Lincoln School of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. It has been at work for ten years. I have read many books dealing with the new experiments in educating children, and a number of them are stimulating. The one, however, that struck me as having the most solid and convincing story of how advanced ideas of the day are successfully carried out in practise will be published this fall, and is called "Curriculum Making In An Elementary School." At the head of this department, in the Lincoln School, is Miss Coffin.

The only difficulty facing me was that Miss Coffin objects strenuously to publicity for herself. However, I was able in the end to convince her that in helping to make clear the new movement, she was speaking not for herself, but for the whole contribution.

When the invitation came from the Lincoln School Miss Coffin was occupied in teaching both children and grown-ups. "I do not think," she said, "that these two things should be separated. It is not possible to teach people how to be teachers, in other words, how they should teach children, unless one is accustomed to teaching children."



One of the remarks of Miss Coffin that struck me forcibly concentrates into human terms the significance that the new movement has for the teacher herself. "When I was beginning," she said, "it seemed inevitable that a woman thinking of devoting her life to education, should choose between that life and the life of marriage and children of her own. Today such a woman might well make a different choice. We have progressed, and there is now so much of interest to be done, that a woman with home responsibilities, who can give only part of her time to outside work, should be able to find places where she can fit into the movement. Eight years ago, when I came East, it did not seem possible to contribute anything except by giving one's whole time, because the hard pioneer work was what had to be done then."



(Above) In the Creative Music Room, the third grade children play marimbas made by the fifth grade.

What is this new education; this modern school? It is based frankly on the assumption that our elementary departments and our secondary grades are not furnishing the kind of information and the kind of training most likely to be of service in the lives of the majority. It is assumed that, as far as curriculum is concerned, there is need of more science and knowledge of contemporary life, and less Latin and less formal and abstract mathematics.

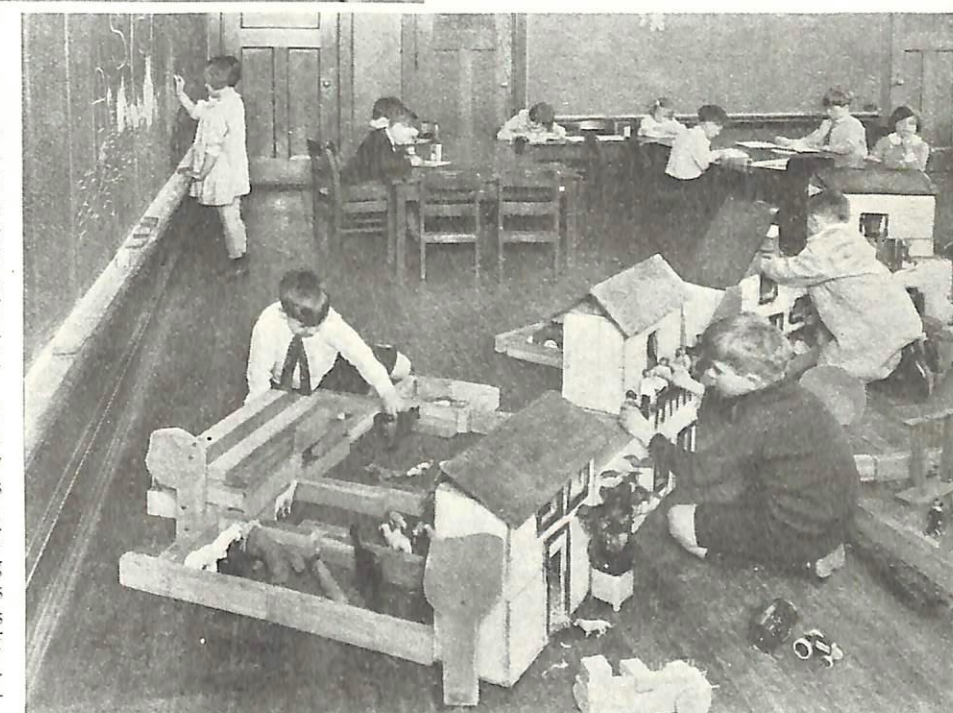
This education assumes as a genuine and important fact what has so often been put out as the thought of philosophers. Huxley says something to the effect that it is ridiculous for a boy to know a lot about Euclid and nothing about the properties of the sand pile in his front yard. According to the modern school, the small child has no business with abstractions. His world is a world of the concrete. It is a world of concrete objects and concrete activities. John Dewey tells us that there is a very incomplete truth in the old idea that education is a process by which things are drawn out of the individual. He admits it is better to draw them out than to pound them in, but he says that as far as small children are concerned, education is not so much drawing ideas out of the child as it is taking hold of what is most important in his life and guiding that thing in a constructive direction. What is that thing? It is activity. The small child's natural life consists in doing things. He is working his arms and legs in the cradle; he is rushing about as soon as he can walk, and doing it most of the day. The games that he invents are games of action. School used to be a place where this natural bent of the child toward ceaseless activity was checked. The modern school is the place where it is used. Shakespeare says: "No profit grows where is no pleasure taken."

The last season, one of my children was in the second grade of the Lincoln School and one was in the third, and I spent a good deal of time there. For two or three weeks little attempt was made to guide the children. There were simple materials around for them to play with and make things out of. There were pictures on the walls to suggest certain activities to them. Until she had studied these individual children and knew them well enough to lead them, without driving them, the teacher's business was observation, not control. The idea was based on that which was practised in Abraham Flexner's preparatory school; the teacher was a constant influence, but in appearance

the responsibility was on the children from the beginning to decide first what they wanted to do and then to do it well. Of course, as a matter of fact the teacher, by watching each child carefully, was preparing to bring about an organization for a definite purpose, which should have behind it the enthusiastic choice of the children, but which should be a purpose found by the experience of the school to furnish the knowledge, discipline, and character desired.

Of course, it must develop before long, that any child in carrying out an undertaking is naturally limited by the presence of other children. He has to consider their welfare and wishes as well as his own. Groups form themselves; activities become divided into the hours of the day. All of this has to happen without the child having a suspicion that it is imposed upon him. It is his will and his ambition and responsibility, with the teacher as a helper.

I told Miss Coffin that the more I see of this school, the more enthusiastic I become, but, of course, there are always questions in my mind. I mentioned art. In



(Above) Six-year-olds expressing individual ideas through dramatic play and drawing.

reading the literature I was impressed with the stress put on the idea of the children expressing themselves in their art. "That is very well," I said, "but it is not the whole story. Great art usually comes in periods. When Raphael was a boy in the studio of Perugino, he no doubt was experimenting himself, but Perugino was there. As a matter of fact, the greatest experts in the world cannot always tell an early Raphael from a Perugino." I thought Miss Coffin might combat this observation but she did not do so. She smiled, as she usually does at a difficulty, and said, "That is one of the hard points. We are constantly debating about it. One must notice that if most children are left entirely alone with the self-expression in art, the result is interesting in the first grades, and disappointing a few years later." That is one reason I prefer the Lincoln school to some others that are devoted to modern ideas. It is not carried away by any theory.

Openness of mind seems to me an important quality in any case, but it is above all desirable in a person who is pioneering in a field so sensitive as that of the young human brain and character. In rebelling against one set of ideas it is easily possible to become equally the slave [Continued on page 49]

Get What You Ask For

— If you ask
HARD enough—
LONG enough—
LOUD enough!

By Harold
Titus

Illustrations by
J. Scott Williams

Gideon's plan was going to work. He had sixty-three cents saved already. "Put it away for me," he said to the reluctant salesman, taking up the toy, "I'll be after it in a day or so."



AND here it was, Christmas week, with Effie wanting to ask something of him for the first time in their married life; and wanting to ask until her heart was breaking, but doing her best to hide that want because she knew he had nothing to give!

It was the final straw. All through those months of fright and pain and debts and rigid economies Effie had offered staunch support for his waning courage. But now she was through, done, finished; her resources exhausted; and Gideon felt panic sweeping over him because he was so helpless to help Effie.

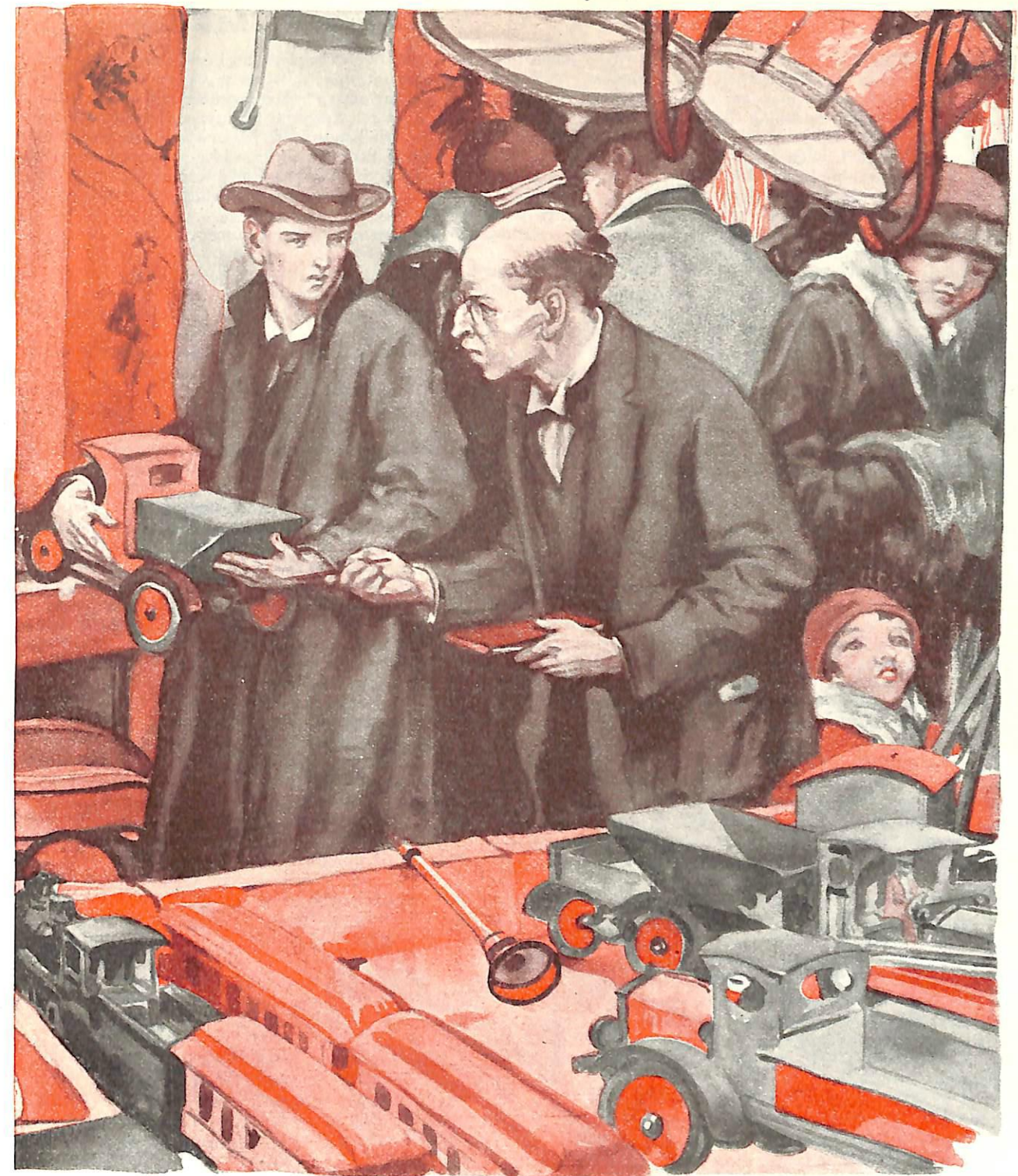
The trouble with Giddy Limes was that he did not believe in himself. He never would admit this, of course; now and then, in the past, he had even spoken of his ability and his determination quite grandly, but down in his heart he had been filled with qualms on this matter of achievement ever since he could remember and after the Fates commenced to buffet him so lustily he spoke but little of his future and then with ineffectual attempts to hide his profound fears.

Physically, he was small; vocally, he was most mild; temperamentally, he was retiring: a combination which made an excellent culture for the bugs of failure.

He had known, for instance, that he was a pretty fair student; perhaps better than that; perhaps an excellent student. But he did not have a record of excellence at his college because he had a distaste for asserting himself no matter how sure he was of his rightness. When he came up before the state board his standing was simply a matter of ability to write answers to questions, but despite the fact that he wrote his examination swiftly and without hesitation he slept very little until he heard the result. None in all that big class of young pharmacists was more surprised than he when the name of Gideon Limes headed the list.

Later when he found himself hopelessly in love with Effie he was plunged into a turmoil of uncertainty that kept him upset for months. This should not have been because Effie, so quiet, so gentle, so sweet in her simple loveliness, did or said nothing from the inception of his attachment to do else but encourage him. Still, he had so many doubts of his ability to make such a wonderful creature as she happy that it required months of self-goading before he dared tell her that nothing but a chance to make her happy would give him peace.

Effie gave him that opportunity so readily that he was quite



amazed. A goal like that, attained so easily! It buoyed him, stimulated him and egged him into what certainly was his first positive dissertations on his own capacities and future.

"I'm second in line, now," he said. "I'm working for the best chain drug stores in the country. They move their men up from the beginning if they have the stuff. There's Meader next above me and Beggs, head prescription clerk. Beggs is due to step out as a store manager any week, Meader will go up and . . . so on." He wet his lips, amazed at his own audacity despite the fact that Effie's eyes shone with the faith that women have in their men. "I guess we can make a go of it on forty a week. I'll have more soon. When I'm made head clerk it'll be sixty, maybe."

A dizzy altitude for Gideon Limes but Effie's faith prodded him on.

"Then, when I've had buying experience, maybe it'll be a store of our own. Perhaps out in a suburb, Effie, with a bungalow on the edge of things where you can have a garden and . . . and . . ." He blushed and grew hesitant when he thought of their children playing on clipped grass. Indeed, he could

romance a bit about his material future but there were things too tender, altogether too desirable to be mentioned . . .

So they were married and were prodigal with his savings and furnished four rooms and were so ecstatically happy that they overlooked the item of fire insurance and when flame and smoke and water had done their worst they had little enough to commence again except Effie's faith in Gideon.

Effie, very wisely, did not mention going back to work because that would have shaken Giddy's feeble belief in himself. She knew him for what he was; her trust could do more for him than any other experience. So she scurried about, priced new things, restored some herself and many an evening they sat with columns of figures before them in the new three-room place and planned how they might pull out of the hole.

"Gee, if we only had another five dollars a week!" Gideon breathed. "That would give us a chance to put a few quarters aside after things are paid."

Effie started to speak but checked herself, watching him. "I've got it due, too," he said. "I'm in line for a raise, specially if the rumor's true they're going to open another store."

That'll likely put Beggs up and make me next the top. Guess I'll speak to McCracken."

McCracken was the store manager and although Gideon had mentioned speaking to him rather glibly a shadow fell on Effie's gentle face. Gideon, she knew, wasn't much when it came to speaking to people about something he wanted. And she was right. After a moment he continued: "Of course, we can get along by pinching, and if anything should happen . . . like getting sick or something . . ." Little beads of moisture pricked out along the edge of his fair hair and Effie knew that illness was not uppermost in his mind. If he should lose his job . . . That was the contingency which bothered him. And McCracken was surly, a driver, bent first of all on showing a profit. More, McCracken was a stockholder and a director of the corporation, a powerful figure in Giddy's destiny, and to incur his displeasure by any means might easily bring on catastrophe.

So Gideon did not go to McCracken. He certainly did not want the blight of unemployment added to his burdens!

Effie smiled and talked of other things when Gideon was home; but when he was gone for the day she spent many a frowning hour striving to cut their living costs still further so this burden of debt might be reduced more quickly. Slowly they climbed upward until they were free from the weekly necessity of paying instalments on the furniture, but by that time Beggs had been moved up to the managership of a new store and Meader was head prescription clerk and Gideon Limes, next in line, was still working and hoping . . . a little . . . and fearing a great deal at forty dollars a week.

There was no good reason why McCracken, though a driver, should have put such fear in Gideon. In the beginning, Limes had been a good salesman, quiet and attentive, quick, with a good sense of what people might want when they themselves did not know and had a good memory for stock.

Later, behind the prescription case, he performed with unvarying reliability. Why, it was only the other day that he had caught even Meader in a dangerous oversight.

No, you see, Gideon was without good reason for fearing McCracken. A reason of a sort was present, of course, and it would have been evident were he given to self-analysis. But he was not, so he just went his fluttering, fearful way.

And now Effie told him, in repressed excitement, that they weren't to live alone so many more months. Being thus aware that he would soon become a father gave Gideon a few days of assurance. He worried some about additional responsibilities, of course, but they had started to save again and, anyhow, nothing much mattered compared to a joy as great as this.

Then, before he had accustomed himself to the warmth of this new anticipation, it was announced that Meader was to become night manager and this promotion would put Gideon in line for the head prescription clerk's place and he bore the news home in high jubilation.

Alas! His relief was ill-timed, his enthusiasm without foundation. For Meader and McCracken conferred and instead of Limes being elevated to leadership behind the prescription case Black, second from the bottom in point of service, was given the post.

Giddy was crushed, broken. He went home to Effie in a sort of dumb panic. So much for his faith in McCracken's fairness!

A telephone call in mid-afternoon sent him scurrying for home. He found a doctor with Effie, who moaned on her bed, a woman from

downstairs standing by to offer what assistance she could.

"I've called the ambulance," the physician told Gideon. "We'll have to get her on the table without any delay."

With cold, trembling hands, the frightened young man hovered over Effie, his mind in a swirl. He rode in the ambulance with her to the white room, with its white gowned figures, his heart throbbing rapidly in his crowded breast. Hours of this, he thought; hours of suspense through which he repressed the impulse to scream . . .

Effie was in her hospital bed, moaning a little, so white, so weak.

"Tough luck, Limes," the surgeon said and Gideon went dizzy. "But then, she can have another."

Oh wonderful relief! Not a regret, in that moment, for the baby.

"Sure, she's all right." The surgeon again, in answer to his question. "We'll have her home in two weeks."

Two weeks. Two weeks of agony because despite Effie's immediate and steady improvement Gideon was filled with apprehension, and when he was finally convinced that she was out of danger his thanksgiving was so pronounced that the nurse left the room while he knelt beside Effie and put his face on her breast and wept.

Effie there-there'd him and stroked his light hair and berated herself for being so foolish as to put all this extra expense on him.

"That's nothing," he moaned. "Money? Oh, dear Effie, that's nothing at all."

But, of course, it was something: a great deal. The hospital bill wiped out their reserve and they were in debt to the surgeon and Effie was not strong and another Christmas was coming!

On that first Christmas together they had been in debt, too. Giddy had borne it well but he thought a great deal about what he would buy Effie were the funds available. But they had compromised last year on things actually needed and they could do it again.

They planned their gifts sanely. Gideon to receive either two new shirts, or socks or ties, all of which were necessary; Effie, aware that her only surprise was to be Giddy's choice between warm slippers or nightgowns. They



"Thanta won't come," the little boy from across the hall kept repeating doggedly. "But when I'm a big man I'll buy a dump-cart!"

made their purchases early, on Effie's first attempt to go out, paid the annual premium on Gideon's life insurance, counted out just enough for his carfare and lunches and put the rest of the semi-monthly check aside for food.

And so matters stood in this Christmas week with Effie cheerful enough about their poverty and dismal future until the child came across the hall to visit and upset them.

Now, they did not know much about the people across the way. The man was a paper-hanger, given to irregular work and drinking; the woman a bright blonde who was as haphazard about her housework as her husband was at following his craft, and who was addicted to many afternoons out and extremely obvious scents. Quarrels were frequent and loud enough to betray their differences to the rest of the floor.

The first evidence of a third in that cramped and ill-kept flat was the woman's voice raised in heckling, spatting and a thin wail. Next, his feet in the hallway as he explored. Then a pawing at their doorknob in mid-afternoon just as Gideon was preparing to go down to the store for another turn at night work.

Effie opened the door and revealed him standing there, dirty of face, soiled of gingham rompers, wide brown eyes surveying the interior.

"Well, little man!" she cried. "Have you come to see me?"

He nodded, pursing his lips. "Yump," he said, and nodded again.

She laughed and stepped back and his feet in their broken shoes carried him within. "And what's your name?" Effie asked.

"Tom," he said, peering past her into the room, good evidence that he had not come to see her so much as to inform himself on the mysteries behind that door.

"Hello, there!" said Gideon rather absently, as he pulled on his rubbers. The child did not reply to that.

"Are you going to live here near us?" Effie asked, sinking to her knees and taking one of the small, grimy hands.

He looked at her gravely. "Mother's died," he said. "Do you live here?"

She did, Effie answered, smoothing his hair and the expression on her face sent a wave of emotion through Gideon. Effie, petting a child. A strange child, when she might have had . . . His nostrils smarted, he cleared his throat gruffly and stamped his feet.

Effie went on talking to the boy and Gideon, searching for his muffler, did not hear the progress of their quick intimacy.

When he came back, though, she was asking, "And why won't Santa Claus come?"

"Thanta won't come," Tom repeated rather doggedly and without emotion, "nope; won't come."

His brown eyes were earnest as though he imparted this news with great conviction.

Effie rose to kiss Gideon farewell and in her face was a look that he had never seen before, a profound regret mingling with unfulfilled want and sharp disappointment.

So Gideon went on night duty and was busy until eleven when he went out to lunch; and after that he worked alone behind the prescription case, filling stock bottles and getting things ready for the morning.

Effie was unusually silent when he awakened at noon. She was ironing and while he ate his breakfast he watched her face and once thought he detected a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

That frightened him. Something weighed on her and he wanted to identify it but he did not know just how to go about it.

But before he had finished eating, the child, Tom, was heard in the hallway and the voice of the woman across the way speaking sharply to him, and after a bit the little boy fumbled at the knob of the Limes flat and Effie let him in.

"Hello, Tommy boy," she said rather huskily, and took him in her arms and held him close, the harried look on her face growing more pronounced even through the beatific light that played across it as his warm weight pressed against her.

The youngster explored the rooms again, somewhat shy of Gideon who was too absorbed in his quandary to give him more than passing heed, and then, without a word, let himself out into the hall again.

Thereupon Effie did an unusual thing. She sat down quickly, put her apron to her eyes and cried!

Gideon in a flutter of dismay was at her feet immediately, imploring her to tell him what was wrong, but it was some moments before she could control herself.

"Nothing . . ." she kept saying. "Nothing, Gideon," . . . stroking his hair. "I'm silly . . . just silly . . ."

But there was some reason, of course, because Effie was not just silly and after a time it came out.

The item which distressed her was Tom's prospect of a giftless Christmas.

"He stayed so long yesterday," she explained. "And that woman began calling for him and when she found he'd been in here she had a fit. It seems Tom is her husband's sister's child; the mother died two weeks ago and she has become his unwilling guardian. It's only temporary; his father will take him in the spring. Gideon, she hates children!" Her face smoldered with a sudden wrath. "She kept referring to him as that youngun and once as a brat! 'See how filthy he is!' she said. Oh, her attitude was terrible . . . And the worst of it is that Sunday is Christmas."

"Yeah . . . Christmas," Gideon echoed helplessly.

"They've told him that Santa Claus won't come this year on account of his mother's death. What a thing to tell a child! . . ."

An inaudible sob shook her.

"Gosh!" said Gideon, rocking back on his heels.

"Terrible!" Effie whispered. "And Tom has his gift all picked out. He explained it all to me yesterday. A big, red dump-cart; that's what he wants. He found a picture of one in an advertisement and you should have seen his face! . . . But it costs a dollar ninety."

"I know. I've seen 'em. I've been watching the window of the Toy Shop next the store. Fun to see the kids, and . . . and . . ."

His eyes fell before Effie's searching gaze.

"Oh Gideon! You too? . . . If he had lived, we'd have bought him a little something this year. I . . . I've thought about it, too; what we might have bought if he were here . . . just a little something. But he isn't here and now little Tom has come and . . ." Her pale face flooded with color and she spoke with a vehemence that Gideon had never heard before. "Oh, if we could only make Tom happy!"

This was an expression of rebellion against their poverty. It was the first time Gideon had ever caught an intimation of it.

"Let's!" he cried. "Let's do it. Why, we could . . ."

She shook her head and smiled bitterly. "Oh, no; we can't give him what he wants, Gideon. We had so many things to meet that there won't be a dime left by Monday. I'll make him something but . . . His heart is set on that dump-cart and he can't get it. That's all there is to it!"

She shut her jaws as though defying Fate to wring her heart further and then smiled and put her arm around his neck, drawing his face close to her breast.

"I'll make him something, Gideon. He's so little; maybe he'll forget the dump-cart . . . on Christmas day."

She spoke slowly. The words seemed like weights. She was doing her best to be acquiescent and failing.

This was the first time Effie had ever betrayed a want; as near as she had ever come to asking of Gideon that which he could not give. Her endurance, beneath the strain of poverty, was yielding, and the thought was heavy about Giddy's heart as he set out into the December dusk to wait for his car.

A delivery truck from the Toy Shop [Continued on page 65]





Brown Bros.

((Above) The prehistoric age of buggies. Horses ambled along on quiet roads in the simple nineties, and the slightest noise in the thicket made drivers nervous.



Brown Bros.

((Above) The old fire engine of thrill and dash. Nothing can ever replace the breath-taking excitement of the old-fashioned fire apparatus. Boys do not chase madly after the new.



Brown Bros.

((Above) The phaeton with tan fringe to the top and dazzling colored wheels—the sport model of the nineties.



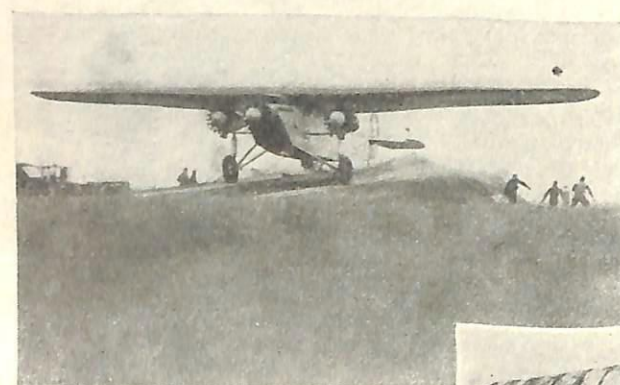
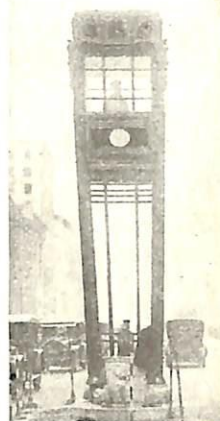
((Above) The "lady" singer once recorded her voice like this. It is the old Edison method.



((Above) The motor thunders. But nothing so marvelous as the distended nostrils of the old fire horse.

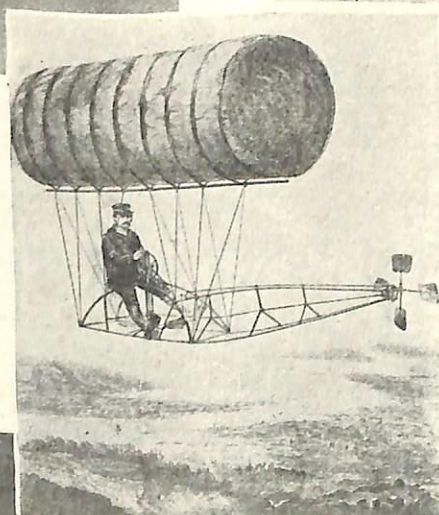
((Right and below) Two generations of traffic towers. The old time police, with Dundrearies, had no need of red and green lights.

Underwood



((Above) The last word in tri-motored airplanes may tomorrow be the discarded word for some other marvel in the air. The madcap flights of recent weeks indicate that some new word is needed.

((Right) But the first word in flying will always be romantic, even though we may have our doubts as to the thing being able to fly! See the brave aviator, how calmly he scans the landscape.

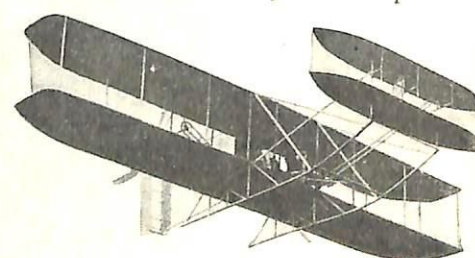


((Left) What better name than Byrd for aviation! The Navy contributes a good officer to the science of flying.

Underwood

((Right) There is always a right way to begin—and this is a Wright speed plane—a pioneer exhibit.

International



((Above) All that's necessary—just "We"—Lindy and his ship.

Underwood

HISTORY

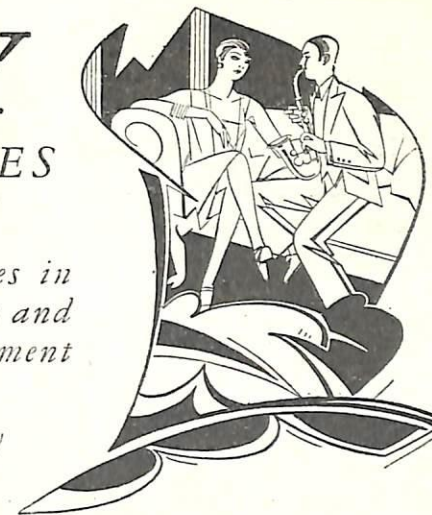
AS TOLD IN PICTURES

To the Swift—SPEED!

(A series of articles which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Fourth Article

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES



AS A NATION I think we are wedded to Speed. We may have such slogans as "Safety First," but our object is to get there in a hurry. We are always racing against record time, we always want to get ahead of the fleetest, we are always calculating how to jam in minutes between operations of business, how not to allow anything like distance to interfere with routine. In other words, how to Get There! In such a spirit, the railroads established their fliers between New York and Chicago so that in the interim of time betwixt the closing of the Exchange in one place and its opening the next day in the other, one could span a thousand miles in a thousand minutes. To do this the railroads had to guarantee safety, but more than that, guarantee arriving on time, which meant a rebate should any delay occur.

American life has been speeded up similarly in every direction. Tall buildings and express elevators, subways and express trains flashing between stations, motor tunnels passing thirty-six thousand motor vehicles back and forth every hour, the air filled with planes carrying mail, carrying passengers, hopping across the ocean and to Paris in a day and a half. Last summer I listened to a symphony orchestra over the radio. I was in the depths of the country, the orchestra was in the city. Actually the sound of the music reached me in my aloofness before it reached the people seated before it at the stadium. Strange this distance that can be nearer than those who are near!

Speed has about it the fascination of the Serpent's Eye. Once you feel you can govern it, it runs away with you—you press harder and harder upon it. You think you are the master; in reality you are the slave. The Psychology of Speed is a peculiar phenomenon, it leads you so imperceptibly yet surely into the Realm of Taking Chances. Your hand is on the throttle and you believe in your Engine; no possible misplaced pin, no weakness of tire, no faultiness of signal, no upsetting of time-table can deter you. You rush past a second before an Express is due, clattering down the track to the railroad crossing; you streak North and South, with traffic whizzing East and West. Your blood is tingling and nothing can daunt you. Sixty miles an hour on steel rails, and a signal set against you. Brakes grind upon the revolving wheels and your engine stops a fraction of an inch before Death, steel plates trembling, bolts taut and hot, the whole machine boiling with Energy. Engineers tell us that when they arrive in the zone of danger, they know they are there, but nothing can stop them from taking chances. Speed is in their veins. Then comes the moment when they know there is going to be an accident, but they can't help themselves. The fascination is upon them—they stare wildly at the crash to come—and go on!

Rapid living has had to keep pace with science and invention. First movement, then quick movement, then Speed. The boat with sails; the boat with engine and sails; the boat with engine burning coal; the motor-driven boat and the oil consumer; the rotor boat. And with each change time cut down epoch by epoch between America and Europe—a month, three weeks, two weeks, five days, four and a half,

and now Paris within almost sounding distance of an aviation field.

This progress has not come about without opposition. There were people who shook their heads when steam was first suggested as a driving force to move heavy vehicles. When James Watt conceived the steam engine, people tried in every way to circumvent him, to put a stop to his diabolical scheme before it gained irremediable headway. "The smoke from such a machine will so befoul the air," they asserted, "that hens will refuse to lay eggs!" But once it moved, the engine gained speed and the timid cried out breathlessly, in consternation. We have driven machinery as we drive the race horse—faster, faster, faster. The thrill of it is in our blood. First the horse race, then the bicycle race, then the speed of the motorcycle—from the race course to the motordrome! The minutes speed, the seconds, the fraction of a second. There is the excitement of time consumption, there is the terrorizing thrill of the human handling of the machine, there is the wonder at the human endurance.

We want to stretch the human frame to see exactly how much pressure it can stand without breaking; how well it can be trained to respond to the mechanical device we have invented. Believing that there are moments when the psychology of the human being is put to too severe a test, we make safety devices that will act, if the human brain does not respond quickly enough.

In other words, man must keep pace with his own invention; otherwise the invention must needs run away with him. Lindbergh's one consuming fear was that he might fall asleep to the heavy drone of his motor. Railroad engineers say that oftentimes they know an accident is about to occur, but they have not the will to prevent it. The human frame is handling a Supermachine, and what is needed is a Superman. The railroads say, "We will give our engineer the assistance of a mechanism to make him sure of having his engine under control." Hence the safety device. The deadman's throttle is the principle of safe use of speed under abnormal condition.

The old Persian proverb has it that three things come not back—the Sped Arrow, the Spoken Word, the Lost Opportunity—all of them involving the element of Speed. For Time after all is a matter of speed. There may be no clocks in the Forest of Arden, but one can tell the approach of noon by the light of the sun. We mark speed, therefore, in relation to objects near and far. Looking from the car windows, the telegraph poles click by, one by one, now slow, now fast, now faster, click, click, click, until a town is reached, is swallowed up and left in the distance. The hum of the wheels gives us a rhythm that is unmistakable. Speed throbs, jumps, swerves from side to side. The car wheels remind us, as they rumble, of the old nursery jingle:

"Big black woman, nigger-named Betsy.
All your relations never can-a-catch-ye.
Chug-a, chug-a, chug-a, chug-a, chug, chug, chug."

If you don't believe this, try it some time when you are

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

traveling. Speed is Geometrical. The Aviator loops the loop, practises intricate glides and circles. The train turns a curve in sharp lines that are varying tangents to it.

In a way we have become callous to speed. At the circus the man on a trapeze twirls ten times; if he twirls twenty times it is not more marvelous, yet he is in the act using technique developed to twice its capacity. When we are on the road in a car, we give as an excuse to the motor cop that we didn't know exactly how fast we were going, yet our speedometer may register seventy miles. We put on goggles, we encase ourselves in armor, we do everything to protect our bodies from the wind. But the principle is that we must GO. We think we are testing the endurance of the motor, for this is a Motor Age. It plows the field, it plows the road, it plows the air, at so much horsepower, at so many revolutions a second, at so many miles an hour. It gives pleasure, it gives thrills, it defies the advance of the sun. There is no point of the globe isolated from the Motor. Consider Peary's trip to the Pole and then Byrd's.

HAVING calculated by his science the number of light miles a ray must travel from the sun to reach the earth and how long the time, man himself ascends into the air—the god and his machine. As the ship once spread consternation among the Indians, so the airplane sends challenge to the fowls of the sea. The neurologist declares that man has about reached the limit of his nerve endurance, and denies the possibility of the human frame to stand the pressure of height and speed required to cover over two hundred miles an hour. But as the inventor constructed the diving helmet so that man might walk the floor of the ocean, so there will come an aeronaut's helmet, which will allow man to travel to the speed capacity of any engine.

Speed in the Motor Age. It is not merely a dare-devil venture; the world is becoming deprovincialized. Speed of photography gives us the moving picture; speed of the road gives us the car and the motor truck; speed of the air gives us the airplane. These industries develop rapidly, how rapidly one can measure by a consideration of one industry alone—the motor-car business and its expansion. Like the moving picture, the radio, it has taken gigantic strides within a few decades. In 1899, there were only 3,700 passenger cars built in the United States; there were no trucks. In 1925, the figures had mounted to unbelievable proportions, 3,668,675 cars and 487,970 motor trucks. It was only in 1904 that the motor trucks had an output capacity of 411!

With the present persistent experiments in air service, mail and passenger, it does not behoove us to be too doubtful of what the future may hold in store for the airplane factory. Since the days of the old kinetoscope and the crude nickelodeon houses where Edison's phonograph and slot pictures were exploited, the moving picture industry has grown to involve a production cost of \$93,636,347 in 1925, an increase of 8.4% over 1923.

Of course one may question how necessary it is for man to move as rapidly as these motor experiments will allow. Certainly the ordinary pursuits of life call for more slow consideration. In his business man demands thoroughness and accuracy rather than speed. He uses speed merely to get there. He wants to rub the lamp of speed and find himself transported in the twinkling of an eye to his office. He wants communication between persons to be on a par with communication by radio and telegraph and telephone. Thought transference becomes almost a practical consideration with him. "It is cheaper to radio than to write" runs the slogan. We know what effect speed is going to have on international relations, now time and distance can be consumed. We know to what heightened power Speed is going to

be put in the next war, unless Speed, through an exercise of man's wisdom and humanity, becomes an element in the international consideration of lasting peace.

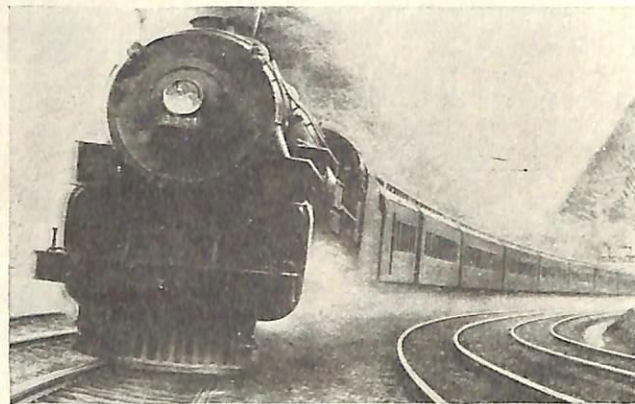
We claim with certain assurance that Speed is no more dangerous than the slowness of old. In the face of the daily casualties due to reckless car driving, a judge acquits a motorist of the charge of exceeding the speed limit. "There are times," he is reported to have said, "when it is much more a public menace to go slow." Our railway stations are constructed with runways so inclined as to speed up or retard the public on its way to catch trains. We are ourselves "motorvated" and run on time schedule and we don't know it as we walk the streets and watch the signal towers.

Speed may be fluid, but none the less it keeps us at a tension. It may expedite matters, but it gives us no rest. If we can do things with Speed, we have time left to do more things. The Subway rushes us through crowded cities; traffic has no meaning for such tunnels, which are subject to their own laws and signals. The business man may reach places in a trice. He calculates to the fraction of a second how long it will take him to get home after closing his desk. He allows himself no margin of time. I remember one man who had each evening to catch a Municipal Ferry. He had a schedule, and tried never to deviate from it by the fraction of an inch—so long to get to the wharf, so long to buy himself an afternoon paper, and on deck just as the gates were closing. One day he reached the dock and it seemed to him that his boat was pushing off. "Pay you tomorrow," he yelled to the newsboy, as he sprinted toward the boat. One leap and he was aboard—only to find the Ferry was coming in! Schedules of life and living are not always exact. And Speed has two directions—it may be coming as well as going!

The thoroughfares and the bylanes are astir to the hum of motors. The clatter of horses' hoofs is a rare experience. What a record Paul Revere could have made on a motorcycle. Cattle in the fields stop grazing before the whir of the plane carrying mail through the countryside from city to city. One confuses the stars with the beacon lights of tall buildings, and whirling folk go up and down in these towers at almost instantaneous speed. How fast these elevators ascend, they don't dare tell us. We enter an encased decorative room, the operator presses a button, there is a slight tremor and stir, and we are there. Life thus moves with kodak swiftness. In the actual hours saved by Speed, in the actual distance overcome, we can guess the effect this will have on speeding up economic and social matters.

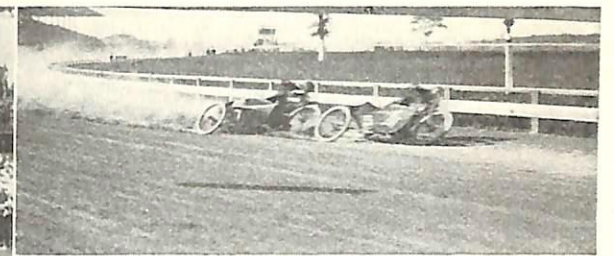
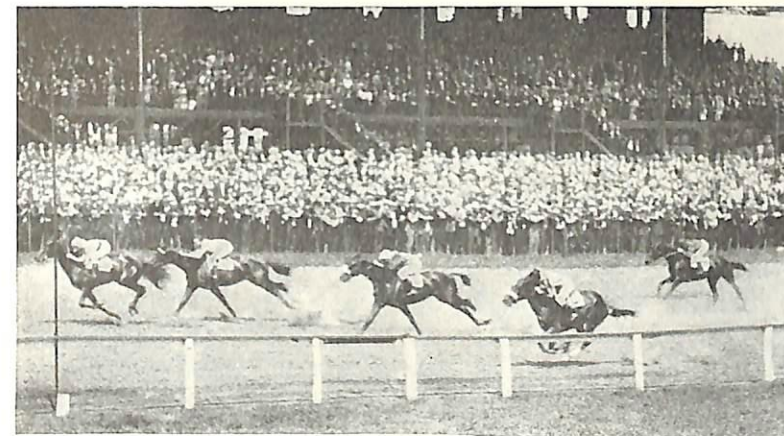
Doctors will say that Man has reached the very end of his rope—that he trembles on the verge of a breakdown—that the human organism has come to the limit of its capacity for strain. Something must be done about it. The curious thing is that man is an adaptable animal—he can create anew within himself to suit the needs of every age. Scientists call this ability creative evolution. It has about it the will to be different. And even though through man's brain, he has taught himself to fly with the aid of a machine, he looks curiously, enviously at the head of the goddess Minerva, at the heels of Mercury, at the shoulders of Niké of Samothrace—wings everywhere in the long ago, why not now? The Greek gods flew without airplanes—why not man? It may yet be that beneath the business suit of the average man of the future, there will sprout those very wings he so facetiously laughs over whenever he speaks of himself in the category with Angels. "I've been so good," he boasts, "I'm fearful of having wings." But no longer fearful, for they would be put in the list of useful and essential things. Yet one must face the truth about it.

Both angels and Beelzebub had wings.

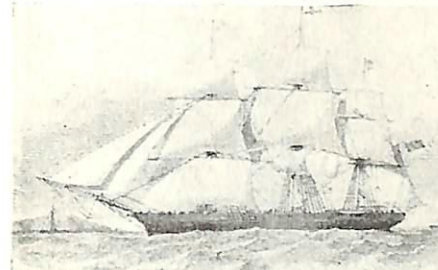


(Sixty miles per hour—the glitter of steel rails, the swish of steam, the wail of a whistle in the night!

Courtesy of New York Central



((Above) Daredevils of Speed. The "steenth" mile in a motorcycle race may conquer a second of time—if something doesn't happen.



((Above) The live horse-race thrills us more than any horse-power.

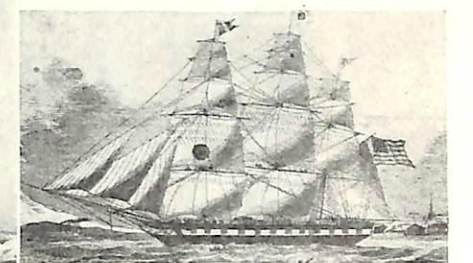
((Right) When the "bike" was King, and legs were the motors!



((Above) The old "sails" told tales of clippers and schooners. No new sailing rigs to compare with rigging.



((Right) We say—ocean greyhounds, hotels afloat, palaces at sea, when we mean ocean travel.



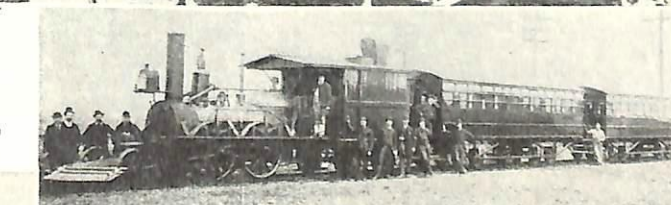
((Above) But the shipping news of yesterday thought the limit of speed was fourteen days across the ocean.



((Above) In the pioneer days of transcontinental railroads, buffaloes littered the tracks.



((Right) The pioneer flier with its funny high smoke stack.



((Above) The rails of the Twentieth Century trains have become electrified—Speed without smoke.

((Below) The social rallyho days with the fanfare of horns and red-coated outriders!



((Above) In the long ago days of horses, tandems and whips, coaching was quite the rage.



((Left) The veteran automobile sported no "accessories". Everything was "extra", and hung, like jewels, on the car.

THE HONEY-



*Love and Fame came easily
to Thomas Burham but the Test
of Greatness was to hold them*

I NEVER saw Mary Kennett. I do not know the color of her eyes, the tint of her hair, the style of her clothes, and yet I think that I shall recognize her voice, if I ever hear it; for a voice is the most pervasive as well as the least destructible element in personality, and Mary Kennett's tone runs like a thematic melody through the story. Ben Morey told me of Thomas Burham's ambition.

Full, rich, vibrant, lowered in sweetness or lifted in trumpet, it floats down vistas of that Washington she opened to him, and drifts over laureled slopes of those Virginia hills where she once idled with him. Hurt, disillusioned, a little derisive, it jangles mockingly through the darker passages of Morey's tale of Burham's career. If Burham shall one day be President of our United States—and Roger Hale believes yet that the chance lies in the cards—I fancy that I shall hear an echo of Mary Kennett's laughter above the murmur of the crowd on the day he takes the oath of office on the Capitol steps.

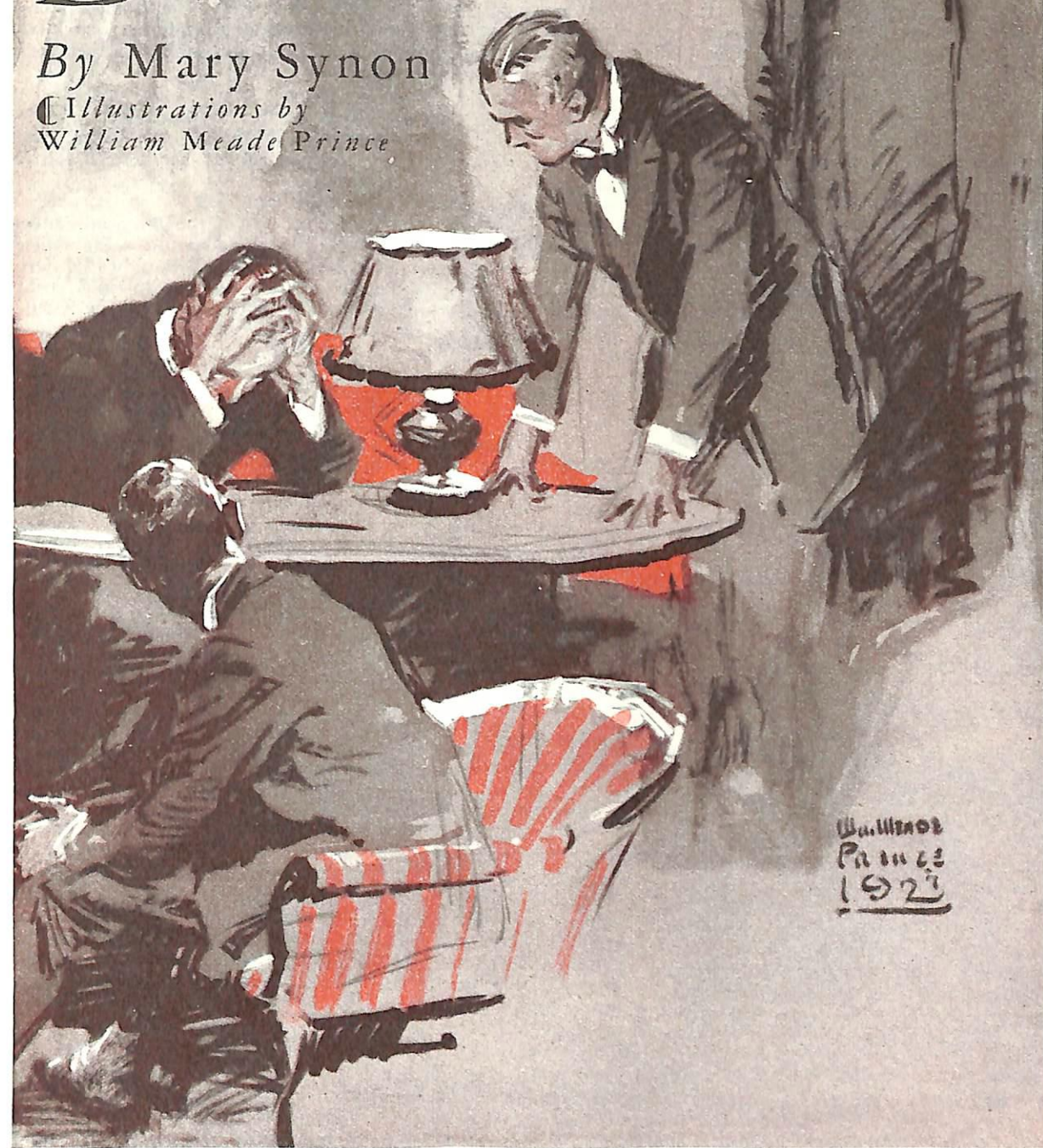
Over now in her home of exile on the Côte d'Azur she knows that she gave him a key to unlock a door which kept him from fulfilment of the ambition she helped to kindle in him, but she can not know all that key opened. Through the drama of those fevered hours when Hale and Ben Morey kept Burham on the witness stand of their inexorable probing to determine his fitness for their party's candidacy Mary Kennett stayed off-stage. She wrote no parts, she gave no cues, and yet she was as potently present in every moment of that parley as was the city outside, the Washington which is always part of any history that is lived within the circle of its hills.

High, white and gleaming, it rose above the marshes of the Potomac, less a city than a symbol, less a picture than a power to Morey as he waited with Hale in the big drawing-room of the hotel suite which Burham's wife had chosen for Washington abode. Through the long windows of the roof bungalow atop the fashionable Yorktown they looked down on

BIRD

By Mary Synon

Illustrations by
William Meade Prince



William
Meade Prince
1923

*"'Laurel, the
flower of fame,'"
Vida laughed
mockingly. "The
flower you called
mine, the flower I
suppose you call-
ed hers! You
haven't loved
either of us, Tom.
You loved only
yourself."*

panorama of Dome and Monument, of St. John's steeple and Fort Myer sending towers, of wide avenues and narrow streets, of tradition and of promise, seeing it all from the same angle of sight, but from widely separated points of vision.

To Morey, just off the train from the west, summoned to a conference of which he guessed the portent by the urgency of Hale's telegram, the city was, as always, significantly historic in its springtime loveliness. A lawyer from the Corn Belt, risen to fame on the wings of his success in presentation to the Supreme Court of certain pivotal cases of Constitutional interpretation, he saw Washington through the mist of his own idealization of it. Out in the valley of the Mississippi he might scan political situations with the shrewd eye of a politician's measurement, watching legislators and executives and judges with keen sense of their human frailty; but in the valley of the Potomac the brooding spirit of a glorious past veiled men and issues with an aura golden as the April sunset

above the river. To him, cynical of the roots of statesmanship, the flower of the capital opened magnolia petals for fragrance, not for such botanical analysis as Roger Hale gave it.

For Hale, with politics for avocation, saw the high game and the men who played it as Morey saw his own home town. Given the power of wealth, he sought wealth of power, and found amusement on the highroad of seeking. Holding no office, he sometimes regarded men he had helped into high office with a visible disdain which had made one President seek to banish him by an ambassadorship, and had driven another into a break which had cost him re-election. As a rule, he watched the progress of politicians with a scorn as detached as the manner of his native Maryland toward the upstart capital, but even Morey, anesthetized by the glamor of the hour and place, realized that, here within the other man's threshold, Hale was talking of Burham with a darkened intensity of feeling inexplicable in an avowed backer of Burham's fortunes.

There ran, he decided without taking his gaze from the loveliness of the Lincoln Memorial, an undercurrent of almost passionate contempt through Hale's discourse of Burham. Why? The question buzzed through Morey's brain, awakening him to keener apprehension of the crisis which waited Burham's return. If Hale so despised Burham, why was he troubling to help him to power? Why was he trying to get him out of this tangle of association with the Tropic Traders, a connection which would cost him the nomination he sought if the truth of it could be proven? Hale's interest was not based in expediency. He had no organization, he needed to abide by no rules. His money and his influence would talk as loudly for Whittaker, for Ross, for Almy, as they would for Burham. Even if he aided Burham to success, he'd gain little beyond self-satisfaction. Why, then, did he bother to aid a man he scorned? "How do you figure his chances?" he flung at Hale as bait for the trout of confidence.

"Good," Hale said negligently, filling his inevitable pipe in careless disregard for the elegance of Vida Burham's gold and orchid silken pillows. "He's statesman stuff. He's had just enough chance to prove it, and not enough to make visible serious mistakes. He's right age. He's personable on a platform. He talks well, but not too well. He looks the part. He has powerful connections, but he hasn't had them long enough to scare off the boys from the bush leagues."

"Is that why you're for him?" Morey's lawyer mind probed under the damping of the faint praise.

"They're as good as any other reasons." Hale's eyes gleamed for an instant back of the smoke of his pipe, appraising Morey. "Do you know Mary Kennett?" he asked him.

"No."

"You've missed something."

"I've understood that."

"What have you heard of her?"

"Nothing much. Carmichael told me that Mrs. Kennett first brought Burham to his attention."

"Barstow and Wade could have told you the same. So could I. So could every man of power in Washington who's with him. Mary Kennett saw that he met them, and that they liked him."

"A honey-bird."

"What's that?"

"Don't you know? The bear follows the honey-bird through the forest to the wild bee's hive."

"And eats both bird and honey?"

"If the bird isn't quick enough to get away."

"You've said it. Mary Kennett led Burham to the hive. He was a raw congressman when he came to Washington. He had plenty of native power, I'll admit. There's a chance that he might have risen on his own, but it would have taken time he couldn't afford. Mary Kennett met him, felt the power in him, saw the possibilities for him, and showed him the way to them. She has had a peculiar position here. She has been able to do things few other women dared attempt. She has a genius for politics, and the money and standing to give it swing. She used it all for Burham."

"Why?"

"She loved him, I suppose."

"Why didn't he marry her?"

Hale shrugged. "Who knows? A woman less fine would have brought it about, I fancy. Mary Kennett might turn the world upside down for a man she loved, but I'll vow she wouldn't raise a finger to force him into an avowal that did not come from his own desire for her."

"What's she like?" Morey asked him, seeking less for definite information than for prolongation of this vehemence of Hale's which was giving him light on the other man's attitude.

"She's hard to draw. I've known her since we were children, and yet I can't tell you much of how she looks except to say that she's small, with something in her poise that reminds you of the little statues the diggers pull up from the buried cities of Greece, and that she has gray eyes that seem to have been made to express her emotions rather than to see objects. It's her voice you remember." His own voice softened. "They'll all tell you that, Barstow and Carmichael and those other old boys who think they're hard-boiled when it comes to women in politics, on the platform or in the wings. They go down before it the way the elders on the walls of Troy went down before Helen's beauty. She came from one of the old families on

the Eastern Shore, and married Kennett before she was twenty. He lived long enough to disillusion her, and left her rich enough to do as she pleases.

"She kept house for her brother when he was in the Senate, and stayed in Washington when his term ended. She knows everybody here worth knowing. She has a sense of values that's like a willow wand for a water hunter, and a power that she never sought to use for any one but Burham. She'd have made him a wonderful wife." Hale's gaze went to a framed photograph of Vida Burham, a disclosure of a vivid, gay, reckless, young personality who was going to be liability rather than asset to a presidential candidate.

"Met Vida?" He flung at Morey.

"Once, when they came west on their honeymoon."

"That wasn't their honeymoon. To Vida a honeymoon meant a journey down the Nile. Burham almost lost an election to take it."

"He was, I thought, quite mad about her."

"He is yet. To use your metaphor of the bear, he dances at the end of her string. It's a merry dance, too." He smiled as if he found especial reason for appreciation of the jest.

"Vida is, by no stretch of the imagination, a wife for a rising statesman who has to figure on the woman vote. She should have married a dancing partner. I'm fond of Vida," he added with apparent inconsequence. "She's honest. She gets what she wants for herself out of life, but she's no hypocrite. I'd rather deal with her than with Tom in this tangle, but she knows no more about the truth of it than you do."

"I don't know anything about it." Morey went back to the core of their mission with Burham. "I can't see yet why you thought it necessary to bring me here for this session with him. I never even heard before you told me this afternoon that he'd ever had any connection with Tropic Traders."

"You wouldn't have. He's a canny bird. As a matter of fact, the only direct evidence I know about yet is the letter he wrote Almy when Almy was Secretary of State, asking him for recognition of the revolutionary government of Guatemala on the ground that this recognition was needed by Tropic Traders. It was a fool letter at any time, but it wouldn't be political dynamite if Burham hadn't written it as counsel for the company while he was still in Congress."

"Did Burham state himself counsel for the Traders?"

"No."

"But he was?"

"He was."

"What's the proof?"

"I don't know. That's why I sent for you. We've got to wring the truth out of him so that we can save him from its consequences. The letter to Almy isn't strong enough to stand alone, but I'm afraid there's something else not yet come to light. The man who makes one mistake is likely to make two, and the two'll kill Burham. Your gang'll fight for him to the end if he comes into the convention with clean hands. You owe it to them to see that he puts his cards on the table now. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then go at him." He glanced at his watch. "He's late."

"If I do, will you tell me why you want him to win when you hate him as if he were a rattlesnake?"

Slowly Hale put out the fire in his pipe. "I once promised Mary Kennett to help him," he said, "and she has not released me from that promise."

"I see."

He saw, too, as he looked down into the violet dusk deepening over the river, that Hale was depending on his questioning to lead Burham into admission that would destroy him, and free every one from necessity of giving him further aid. Had there been no other element involved in the situation he would have refused the probing, for he saw in Burham his party's highest hope for return to office. He recognized however the justice of Hale's contention that he owed his faction the right of knowledge that Burham would bear their banner honorably, and, as he heard the sound of footsteps in the corridor outside the apartment, he braced himself as he was wont to do when he stood up to state a case under the Capitol dome.

He was still tense with expectation of his own part in the looming fray when a dark, slim girl, bright as a tanager in her clinging gown and close little helmet of scarlet, swayed into the room, and greeted Hale with easy friendliness. "Waiting for Tom?" she asked him. Even to Morey's senses, untrained



"I'm willing to admit," Burham went on, "that I wouldn't be where I am today if Mary Kennett hadn't helped me. I think I meant to marry her when I could get along without her aid. Then I met Vida!" Morey was reminded of the story of the bear trailing the honey-bird to the wild bee's hive—and eating both the bird and the honey.

in the nuances of feminine charm, Vida Burham radiated a certain overmastering power of appeal. She was, he thought, youth winged for daring flight, beauty making imperious demand for homage. Before her smile at him his wonder that Burham had jilted Mary Kennett for this younger, gayer girl changed into surprise that she had married Burham. "He's always late," she said, but in no apology. She snatched off her hat, and flung it across the room as she sank down on a low couch near them. "Are you going to make him President?" she asked Roger Hale.

"You flatter us."
"I don't. Are you?"
"That depends on—"
"On what?"
"On him?"
"That means on me."
"Does it?"
"He says so. He says he'll run if I want him to."
"Do you?"

"I don't know." She rumbled her dark curls, and looked like an impish little girl. "I don't have much fun in Washington. I miss New York—dreadfully."

"You New Yorkers always do—but you come here."

"I was lured by false pretenses." Beneath the surface of her laughter Morey caught a glimpse of deep waters. "Tom told me that I could go up to New York whenever I wanted to go. Now he's roaring like a hurt lion because I want to go to poor old Henry Westgard's party at his Long Island place this week-end. Can't you keep him so busy that he won't miss me?"

"That wouldn't be possible," Hale said. "But why does he disapprove of poor old Henry?"

"Henry throws wild parties. I like them."

"You would."
"Is that a nasty slam?" She lighted a cigarette deftly, and watched the smoke rings contemplatively.

"Not at all. I like Henry's parties."

"You're a man of the world, Roger. Tom's a candidate. He likes me just as I am, but he wants to make me over into the proper wife for a statesman." She flung out the words with an assumption of pompous patronage which vaguely recalled Burham's platform manner, then laughed at her own clowning. "Tom's a dear," she said as if in defense against herself, "but I do want to go up to New York on the midnight train."

"Why not take Tom with you?"

"Can you see him there?" Her dark eyes gleamed, and Morey warmed to the gaminish quality in her mirth. "No, I can't go. Tom's issued what he'd call an ultimatum. He's given me to understand that our ways are twain if I play with Henry Westgard's crowd—and I've played with them all my lifetime."

"He doesn't mean it," Hale smiled.

"He does! He'll speak for himself," she declared as the hall door opened. "Come in, light of my life," she called lazily, "and tell these two elegant gentlemen that you are going to divorce me if I go to Long Island tonight."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Burham queried as he came into the room, a man whose dominant power seemed to leap out like a sword from the scabbard as he faced Morey and Hale. "What's Vida trying to put over now?"

"Nothing," she said, and made room for him beside her. "I'm just telling them what a Bluebeard you are." She lifted her vivid face expectantly, and, with an embarrassed consciousness of the other men, he kissed her. "They're looking for your scimitar."

"They're the ones with the weapons." He could not quite succeed in making his tone light. "We've a lot of things to talk over, Vida, dear." His voice hinted dismissal, but she did not move. "If you're going out—"

"I'm not." There was an edge of defiance on the assertion.

"You wouldn't be interested in our conference." It was an elder brother's polite rebuke to a naughty child.

"I'm immensely interested. Roger wants me to stay, I'm sure."

"I'd be charmed if you would."

"And Mr. Morey."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," he said bluntly, and knew that it was an obscure fear for Burham rather than consideration for her which had animated his rudeness. Vida Burham was, he decided, eminently well able to take care of herself, to soar aloft on those eagle wings which Burham was mistaking for

butterfly pinions. If this probe he must use on Burham's soul brought up anything for hurt, it would be Burham who would suffer doubly in his wife's presence. "I'm not a criminal lawyer," he said with forced lightness. "I don't like juries."

She arose, flashing him challenge, but went nonchalantly out of the room. He could hear her singing some gay, syncopated melody as Hale spoke to Burham of his reason for bringing Morey.

"Of course I wrote to Almy," Burham was saying with a veneer of patience which seemed to cover an intensity of annoyance. "Why shouldn't I? The Tropic Traders had certain rights down there that any citizen, even a member of Congress, was bound to respect."

"Unquestionably," Hale said. "There's no criticism of your right to have and to express an opinion. That's not the point, Tom."

"Then what is it?"

"It's this, I think," Morey cut in, catching Hale's glance of signal. "I represent, I suppose, the group on whom you'll have to lean hardest in the convention. We're not the dyed-in-the-wool partisans Ross or Whittaker'll have. We do quite a little independent thinking. We stood by Mahon to the end in the convention because we knew he bore our banners. We're likely to be with you because we've believed that you have much the same standard. We don't ask perfection of any man in public life, but this Tropic Traders story is going to hit us hard if it's true."

"Why should it, Ben? I wrote Almy a letter, presenting to him the facts in the case as I saw them."

"For Tropic Traders?"

"They had the right of it."

"There's no question about that. Did you write it as a private citizen or as a member of Congress?"

"How could I differentiate? And what harm was there in a member of the House asking the Secretary of State to take into consideration certain facts he had not been given before?"

"None, if your motive was purely altruistic."

"Well, it was."

His tone went sulky, and Morey had the feeling that Burham fought with his back to the wall, ready to lie for his own salvation. It was the sort of pragmatism he was accustomed to seek and find in his own bailiwick, and it angered him to find it in a place he had regarded as too high for its exercise. Thomas Burham was, he told himself, almost a great man. Why couldn't he go the little distance that would make him a giant? In his disappointment Morey took a leap in the dark. "How can you call it that," he demanded, "when you had taken a retainer from the company?"

"I hadn't."

Too often had Morey listened to disclaimer in just that tone of attempted convincingness to be diverted by it. "You had," he insisted. "Look here, Burham," he flung at him. "Hale and I aren't children in this game. We pretty well know what you've done, and haven't done, but we're your friends, not your enemies trying to beat you into confession. We're trying to get you out of this hole. You've got to help us, if we're to help you. Now, come clean. What's there to show that you were acting as counsel for the Traders when you wrote Almy?"

"Nothing—much." Try as he might, Burham could not make the leap over the barrier of his vanity.

"Did the company people write you anything? Did you write them?"

"No." He sank lower on the couch as if he sought escape from the relentless search. "Conant came to see me. He asked me to act as advisory counsel for them in the Guatemala cases. He knew I was interested in these Latin-American relationships."

"How had he known it?"

"I'd met him."

"Where?"

"At—at Mrs. Kennett's."

"Did she have anything to do with your taking the job?"

"Only that she thought I ought to know Conant."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know." His voice rasped. "It's not as cut-and-dried as it looks."

"These things never are," Morey said. Roger Hale refilled his pipe. "In black and white, though, they've put many a man back at the plow. Is there any document in this? Did you write anything to any one that can show you'd tied up with Conant?"

[Continued on page 76]



From IMMIGRANT to MAGNATE

*How a Penniless Boy
became the Hero of a
Commercial Fairy Story*

By Earl Chapin May

EQUIPPED with nothing but sound health, ambition and an infinite capacity for taking pains, a Bohemian boy of nineteen arrived in Savannah in 1885 and annexed the job of shipping clerk in a department store. The same Alfred Fantl whose first salary was \$6.00 a week is now the personally directing head of two great individual institutions—Alfred Fantl of 120 West Thirty-second street, New York, which does the buying in this country for two hundred department stores and specialty shops, and the Alfred Fantl Co. of 116 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, which buys abroad for some of the biggest stores in the country, and maintains a large staff of buyers in the principal market centers of Europe. The retail value of all these annual purchases is more than half a billion dollars.

This makes Alfred Fantl, in his sixty-first year, the leading resident buyer of the world. His rise to this unusual eminence is one of those commercial fairy stories possible only in the financial center of the globe. But the Fantl story has a little different slant because Alfred Fantl made a pioneering study of his job.

From the day he began to nail up boxes and wield the marking brush the boy from Carlsbad specialized in trade analysis. He discovered where, when and by whom all kinds of purchases were made. And when, because he stayed early, late, and intelligently on his job, he was promoted to the selling ranks, he learned that colors are of vast importance to customers of the gentler sex and became an expert in color complexes before he was twenty-one. He also learned, a little later, that women have a larger selling vocabulary than men. And for these and sundry other personal assets including unflinching courtesy, keenness in reading customers' peculiarities and general trade efficiency, he became, in his sixteenth year of service, merchandise manager for a Brooklyn department store.

Had he been a normally able business man the native of Bohemia would have stopped right there. But Alfred Fantl used brains as well as personality. He was one of the first specialists to realize that when a store loses a single sale that "missing sale" means a customer gained by an opposition retail establishment. For the man or woman intent on securing some particular item will shop around until that item is found and will trade thereafter at the item-carrying store.

Our currently popular hand-to-mouth buying was seldom thought of in Fantl's early days. Large orders of staples were the rule. Even the remotest retail stores supplied their wants by ordering through traveling men or through semi-annual visits of their department buyers to central trading points. But Fantl believed then, as now, in novelties—that merchants could

beat the game of "missing sales" by having buyers on the job, especially in New York, then as now the market for world merchandise. So in 1906 he became a New York resident buyer for two outlying stores—one in El Paso and one in Los Angeles. Today he knows more than any other individual about the needs of different trading centers. That's why two hundred stores depend for their prosperity on him.

Although more than fifty of his specialists comb New York markets for the latest things in style and individuality and one floor of a large office building is devoted to desks for them and buying visitors; although he employs fifty buyers in Paris, thirty in Berlin, sixteen in Vienna and other squads in various other parts of Europe, Alfred Fantl knows everything that's going on.

That's why the lad who came over here with sixty cents, home-made clothes, no English and scant education, speaks seven languages fluently, travels extensively and is a true cosmopolite. That's why he knows that seventy-five percent of our derby hats are worn in the northern Atlantic States; why Corpus Christi, Texas, is one of our poorest umbrella towns and that more rain shedders are sold in California during December than any other state buys in two months.

He knows that walking sticks are seldom carried, except by invalids, beyond the confines of New York, and that brass beds, no longer popular in the eastern states, are still called for in the middle west. He also knows that San Franciscans are keen for latest styles while Boston is less apt to adopt innovations than Little Rock, Arkansas. But it is in personal service to his clients that the master buyer takes his greatest pride.

I do not refer to such famous "freak" cases as finding a gown to match the color of a rose some woman discovers in an old trunk in Illinois; or the filling of a telegraphic order for a Texas bride's trousseau, or some high speed cabling across the ocean so that a customer in Chicago may have a certain foreign motor laid down in his home town within six weeks. Those are stunts that merely test efficiency. This man has built his business on eternal watchfulness for style and price trends—and for novelties. He has to know what people patronizing stores in widely scattered towns will want, then find when, where and at what price he can supply those changing wants. After that, he picks up the needed merchandise and delivers it at the psychological moment. It's some job, yet Fantl fattens on it.

But "bargain sales" are his bête noire. He's dead against them on principle. Even in such bargain-hunting cities as Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis and Phila- [Continued on page 49]

L & N

SOME

MISTUH S MELT wiggled his spine luxuriously to conform to the irregularities of the turf. The gentle rustle of the leaves above him filled to overflowing his magnum of contentment. He flicked a lady bug from off his nose.

"Elam," he inquired of the recumbent gentleman at his side, "how come fo' ten yeahs us is been scratchin' gravel whilst dis golf plum wuz waitin' t' be plucked?"

"Ask me 'nuthah," came the reply. "They wuz big dough in de 'surance bizness. De Florida boom done ride us high. But fo' a life o' ease an' c'tentment, Ah ballots unanimous fo' bein' a golf club managah."

"Mebbe," replied Mistuh Smelt, "mebbe. But jes' doan' hatch de notion dat yo' management title calls fo' nothin' else but wearin' fancy raiments an' sleepin' 'round 'neath sycamore trees three shifts straight."

"Ain' hatchin' no sech notions. Ah knows mah 'sponsibilities. But ain' Ah been doin' mah stuff? Ain't de eatments been tasty? Ain't de spittoons been bright an' shiny an' de winders sparklin' clean? Huh—an' how! Yassuh, am dis a sample o' managin', Ah craves t' manage de L & N!"

"P'raps ain' no membahs been yowlin'—yet," came the ominous reply. "P'raps yo' job looks lak roast hawg an' yams today. But, flathaid, git dis straight: fust time dis club doan' show no profits undah yo' 'ficient management, yo' dream o' L & N comes true—'ell an' 'en some!"

Elam jackknifed to a sitting position. "Lookey heah, Mist' Smelt," he demanded, "how come dis sudden an' stringent demand fo' div'dends? Ain't yo' said yo' organized an' p'moted dis club fo' de social, cultural an' athaletic progress o' de cullud folks o' Barbours? Wuzn't yo' very words at de openin' night sutthin' 'bout a proeck mutually beneficial an' based on de pursuit o' de ancient an' honnable Scotch game?"

Mistuh Smelt clucked pityingly as he sat up. "So young," he sighed. "So han'some—an' so dumb!"

"Dumb—?"

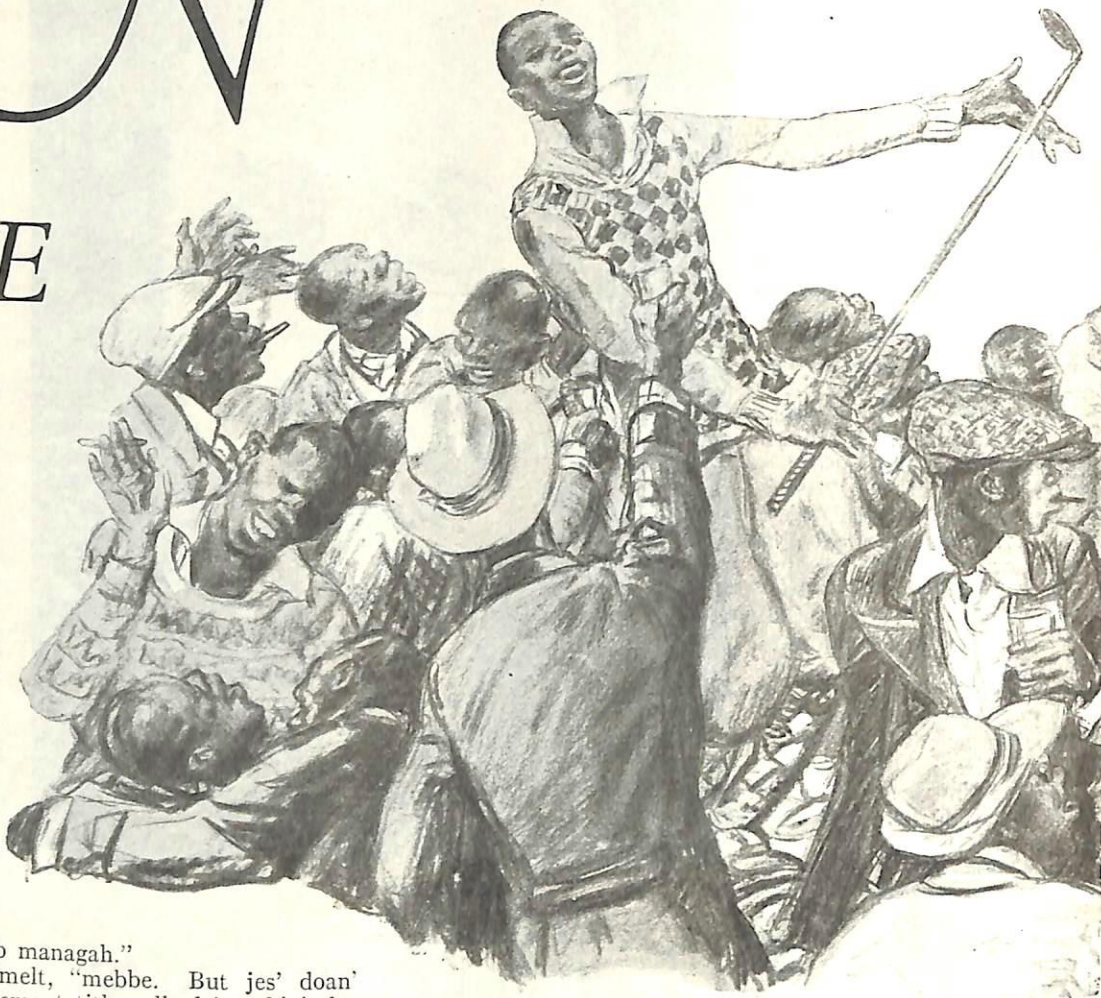
"An' how! Boy, ain't yo', in yo' five yeahs 'socation wid me, discovered dat Ah nevah lavishes mah time fo' de sole benefit mah feller man? Does yo' think Ah been pavement-pressin' all ovah town, wheedlin' an' oratin' entrance fees outen folks, seein' contractors an' fightin' wid golf cou'se experts—solely 'cause Ah craves foot an' chin work?"

"Den whut wuz yo' doin'?"

"Ah been makin' mahsef a financial killin' whut gwine make de 'surance bizness look lak a sick flea in a silk hat!"

Elam's eyes glistened. "Financial killin'? Splain me!"

Manipulating himself against the tree trunk into a half upright position, Mistuh Smelt began to relate the chain of events which had culminated in the Idlewould Golf, Country and Recreation Club.



Pandemonium broke out. Any man who could hold two golf clubs and drive two saltcellars right smack against two pictures in one shot, well, sub, even Mr. Smelt was willing to admit this lad was there.

Two years previous, Mistuh Smelt had dodged the chill Kentucky winters by joining the Florida trek. Once there he had dodged the Florida sunshine by following the shade of a spreading magnolia tree. Picking up a New York daily one day, he drowsed over the funnies and the sport section, turning thence to the real estate and financial pages.

Eventually his eye fell on a filler—an innocuous article which related how a syndicate of wealthy men had purchased 275 acres in a section of Long Island then sparsely populated, but destined to become a logical subdivision area.

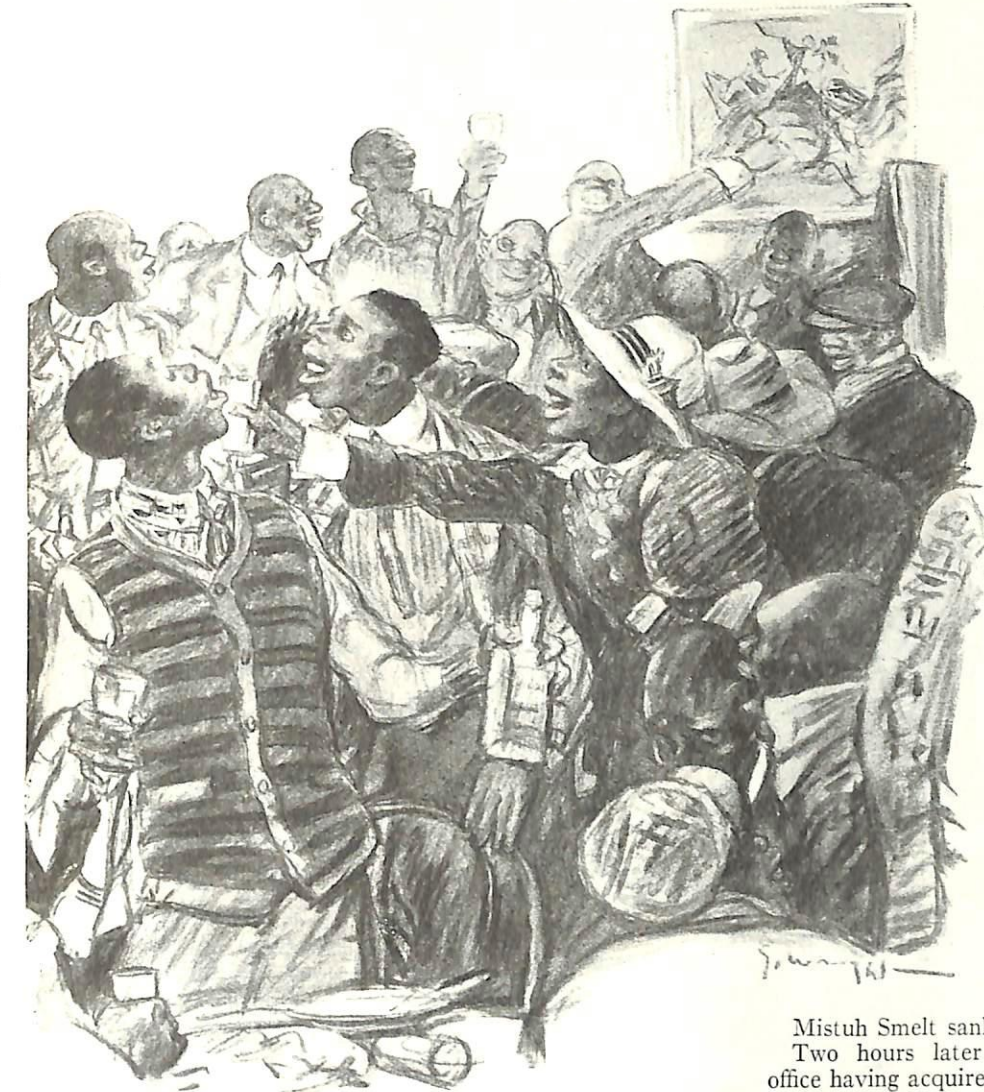
Capitalizing the golf mania, they had organized a golf club, constructed a course and a clubhouse, and solicited memberships on an attractive price basis. To the club, the property had been leased for ten years on a rental basis which would cover taxes and interest. And the article closed by pointing out that this adroit scheme had made it possible to hold the acreage without cost until such a time when its value would have multiplied and a handsome profit made.

Handsome profit. Mistuh Smelt began to think. Now back in Barbours, the railroad was buying property in the negro district for an extension of their division switching and distribution yards. The tobacco business was booming.

With such prosperity, reflected Mistuh Smelt, why wasn't the colored population of Barbours ready to take on that fascinating Scotch sport with which he had of late become enamoured? Hot dam! Hadn't he sold life and act of God insurance? Hadn't he organized the hottest burial society north of Memphis? Had he? Huh! And such was his opinion when he, with spring, came north again that year.

By W.A.P. John

Illustrations by George Wright



Quiet prospecting revealed a suitable eighth section which a discouraged farmer was willing to sell at a discouraged farmer's figure—\$2,000 down and what Mistuh Smelt termed a flock of slow notes. Then followed a feverish three months of promoting an idea—an idea that the black belt was ready for a golf club of its own. With the appointment of an organizing committee, Mistuh Smelt stepped forward, and as a public spirited citizen who knew the benefits of golf, offered to do his stuff, to wit:

Supply nine holes of golf and a clubhouse which same he would lease for ten years to the club corporation for a nominal annual rental, he to receive all initiation fees and to operate all club concessions.

"An' right then," continued Mistuh Smelt, "ev'body in town gets bit by de golf bug."

Mistuh Smelt surveyed the rolling country spread out before him. "Nice l'il club," he said, "nine snappy holes an' a han'some clubhouse. In ten yeahs Ah sells it all at a han'some profit."

"Den whyfo'," inquired Elam, "all dis efficiency talk on profits?"

"Flathaid,"—scornfully—"they is notes comin' due. Notes on de land. Notes to de contractor. Notes to de 'quipment folks. Fust one fo' twel' hundred bucks due in sixty days."

"An' you 'specks me t'—"

"Ah does! You got plendy customahs which is ample heeled. Mebbe ain' nobody yet squeezed blood outen de p'verbial turnip. But ef you doan' squeeze twel' hunderd bucks outen de membahship o' Idlewould Golf, Country an' Recreation Club in de nex' two months, yo' writes an 'ex' befo' yo' name an' us bof rides de rattlers on a outbound freight!"

Mistuh Smelt p'motes a Golf Club fo' de social an' athaletic progress o' de cullud folks o' Barbours

Over Elam's countenance crept a look of serious reflection. "So thass it," he said slowly.

"Thass it. Whut am yo' profits so fur dis month?"

"Ah—well, sub—Ah been havin' mah 'sistant do de figger work whilst Ah been socializin' wid de membahs. But—but Ah reckin' he kin tell us right off."

"He bettah."

Across the new mown fairways, Mistuh Smelt and his companion made toward the clubhouse. And once in his office, Elam drove straight to the point. "Raymon'," he said to his functionary, "am yo' books up t' date?"

"Up t' las' night, Mist Cheesley," came the prompt rejoinder.

Elam expanded his chest. "Kin yo'," he inquired, "kin yo' infawm Mist—"

"How much," interjected Mistuh Smelt brusquely, "am de profits?"

Raymond threw a surprised look at Mistuh Smelt. "Good Lawd, man," he ejaculated, "does yo'—"

"Funny face," said Mistuh Smelt directly, "doan' guggle at me. Shet yo' mouf an' say sutthin'."

"Ain' no profits, Mist' Smelt. Hit's losses!"

"Losses! Sez how? Sez which?"

"Sez red ink! Two hunderd an' eighty bucks wuth!"

Mistuh Smelt sank back in his chair with a hollow groan.

Two hours later he slowly emerged from the steward's office having acquired a liberal education in golf club operation. One hundred and twenty minutes ago the world had been laved with sunshine. Now it was all wet. He turned to Elam.

"Fo' thutty cents," he announced, "fo' nuthin' almost, Ah'd slap yo' loose f'um yo' chibbone."

"Me?"—with wounded dignity. "Me? Whaffo yo' picks on me? Kin Ah he'p it dat it's been they own eatments de membahs is been bringin' in an' consumin' at de tables? Dat de chef is been cookin' chickens on de days when hash wuz craved? Dat de membahs fo'gits t' sign de docket when they brings guests? Me, Ah's a managah, not a mind readah. An' whut's mob—"

"Elam," said Mistuh Smelt wearily, "frequent Ah thinks yo' starts yo' mouf workin' an' goes off t' Loueyville an' fergits it's runnin'. Dis am sech a 'casion. Go on ovah to de fust tee thah, an' tell Revner Peebles D.D. how yo' manage yestiday t' turn in a 106 whilst takin' 146 strokes. Do anything so long's Ah cain't see yo' face an' heah yo' bazoo blowin'. Ah gotta think me up a money makin' thoughtless us does roadwork ahead o' de sheriff fifty-nine days hence."

ON A KNOLL east of the Idlewould Golf, Country and Recreation Club stands a majestic catalpa tree. Its foliage is dense and beneath the turf is like a pillow of green. Despite vagrant juney bugs and occasional dropping caterpillars, it offers perfect haven to those who require solitude, of which same Mistuh Smelt at the moment felt acutely in need. He flung himself down, covering his face with his cap. Sixty long minutes ticked by, minutes during which a big parade of twirling ideas tumbled through his throbbing head, each to be studied for traces of pay dirt and then discarded.

"As chaf'man o' de house c'mitte," he mused, "Ah kin pass a rule fo'biddin' lunchbox eatments. Ah kin double up de prices, an' tie de can to a coupla' waitahs. As de greens

c'mittee, Ah kin raise de greens fees an' have de fust tee watched fo' daidhaid guests. But thass jes' chicken feed. Whut Ah needs am a genewine 18 carat, two thousand buck idea—an' Ah needs it quick! Mebbe onct had a reppitation as a champion idea gitter, but—

Champion—Mistuh Smelt's mind clicked. **CHAMPION!!**—it hesitated and then began to imitate a pin wheel. Ideas? Hot dam! They could stump Mistuh Smelt just so long—but when he had to produce an idea, well he just up and did it! Clapping his cap on his glistening skull, he set out for the clubhouse walking fast and thinking faster.

Five minutes later Elam Cheesley came charging breathlessly back to his office in response to a message to agitate his ankles. There he found Mistuh Smelt blithely blowing smoke rings and spearing them with the tip of his cigar.

"Elam," inquired Mistuh Smelt, sniffing luxuriously, "whut's de price on dis heah seegah which Ah plucked f'um de case comin' in?"

"Sixty cents."

"Pop'lah?"

"Wid de ginned up spohts, yassuh."

"Den fo'thwith, de price am a buck."

"Yo' means—"

"Eggzackly. On 'count o' de high tariff an' sech."

"But—"

"Boy, how come whenever Ah talks, you butts me 'round lak a billy goat? Yo' ain' debatin' now—yo's gittin' ordahs! An' de fust one is dat all prices goes up f'um de lickrich drops in de candy case to de chicken fricassee on de bill o' fare. Add fifty p'cent up an' down de line."

"Folks won't pay hit," said Elam promptly.

"P'raps. But when yo' posts a notice fo'biddin' lunches bein' brought in de club undah penalty o' bein' dropped f'um de membahship, unless dey eats, dey starves—an' Ah ain't nevah saw a 'maciated nigga yet!"

"Yo' third ordah am t' double up de greens fees, post de notice an' stand a boy out thah t' see dat all de visitin' firemen checks in at de rulin' rates. An' as fo' yo' fo'th ordah"—he exhaled a billowy cloud of smoke—"git yo'se'f an' yo' staff organized to hold on de 26th an' 27th o' August, de fust national open exclusively Afro-American golf champeenship tou'nament!"

Elam collapsed into a chair. "De which?"

"Nigger golf champeenship, ign'ance. Prize o' \$500 cash an' de Smelt Trophy emblematic o' de title, same t' be held one yeah an' 'en defended in pusson. Lots o' entries which all pays a entry fee. Big gallery whut pays 'mission. Big crowd whut eats plendy. When Ah gits all de details puzzled out, Ah 'vises yo' in detail on yo' p'ceedure."

Now Mistuh Smelt might not have qualified as an experienced manager of golf clubs. But he had the gifts of passionate oratory and cajolery, and he knew his Afro-American brothers. Forthwith he set out to make an event of the First National Open Exclusively Afro-American Golf Championship Tournament. On the club bulletin board there appeared a placard, done in red and green:

National Open
Exclusively Afro-American
Golf Championship Tournament.
Aug. 26th and 27th.
Idlewoud Golf, Country and
Recreation Club.

All members of this club and friends are permitted
to enter without preliminary
qualifying. Special prizes for ladies.

Entry Fee.....\$25
Blanks at Manager's office.
Come one! Come all!

One sweltering August afternoon the feet of Mistuh Smelt were gracing the desk of the manager of Idlewoud Golf, Coun-

try and Recreation Club. Plaintive was the tune he whistled. Yet peace illumined his face.

"Pickin's, Elam," said he genially, "easy pickin's."

"Humph. All Ah sees am bones."

"Fo' zample."

"Well, suh, yo' is got a twel' hunnerd buck note due on de twenty-fust."

"Right!"

"Yo' is got 48 folks entered an' they dough is in de bank. Thass yo' twel' hunnerd."

"C'reck!"

"Yo' pays off de note—"

"Yo' brain powers am amazin', Elam."

"—an' den, when yo' is got t' crash through wid de fi' hunnerd buck cash prize, de Smelt Trophy an' de wimmen's prizes, whah at is yo' gwine raise de jack?"

"Ain' gwine fork ovah no cash an' no spensive trophy"—blithely.

"Huh?"

"No, suh! Ah wins 'em mahse'f."

"Wins 'em yo'se'f? How kin yo' say dat when—"

"Elam, kin yo' 'magine me resortin' two yeahs in Florida an' shootin' dis yah dishpan course in 98?"

"But thass been yo' average."

"Yo' means de average Ah been turnin' in."

"Yo' means you kin shoot bettah dan 98?"

"Left handed an' wid a shinny stick! Lissen—an' does yo' evah open yo' mouf 'bout dis, Ah gwine fill it wid knuckles—yestiday Ah clicked off a 77 an' missed a three foot putt on de sixth fo' a birdie!"

"Den whaffo' yo' been handin' in de silly scores? Could Ah burn up a course lak dat, Ah sho' would be postin' mah cards in de lockah room."

"Yeh, but yo' wouldn't be gittin' no easy money bets. Yassuh! Ef Ah cain't win de champeenship shootin' in de seventies, Ah eats ev' club in mah bag!"

Elam shook his head in undisguised admiration. "Boss," he asserted, "yo' am sho' de nuts!"

"Cheer me!" said Mistuh Smelt easily. "Come de big day, Ah clicks off two fast 18 holes, hands mahse'f mah own check fo' half a grand, assepts de simple, dignified trophy, an' counts up de receeps f'um de dinin' room an' otha grafts. Cain't An knock off two thousan', Ah's cuckoo."

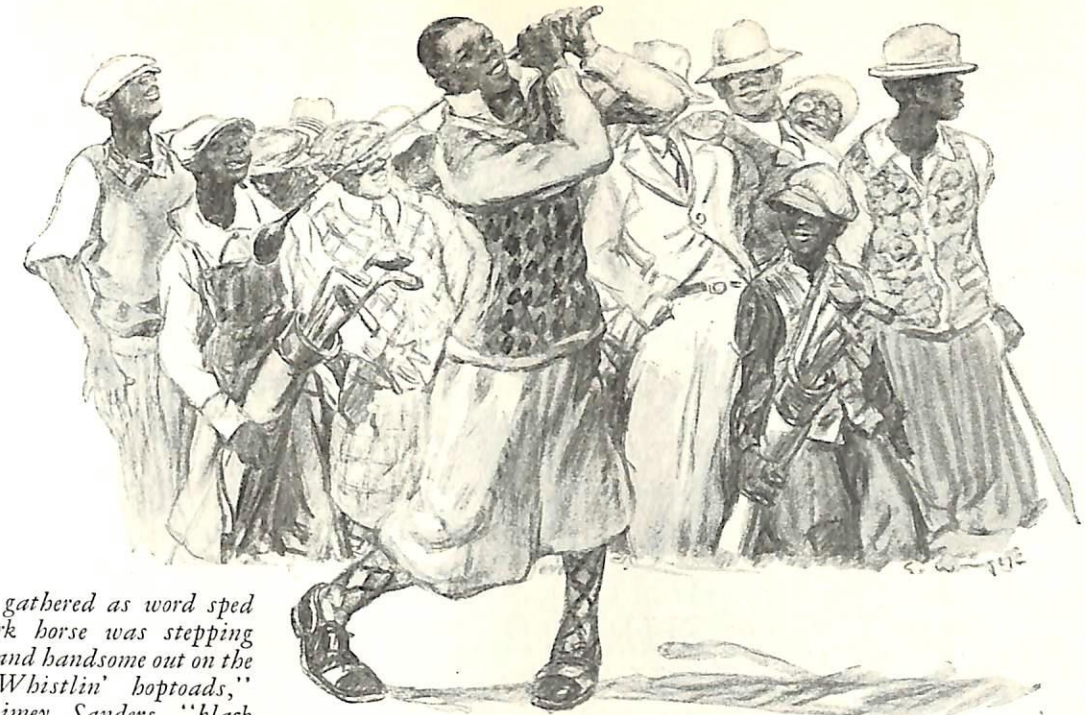
TUMMEY—tittie—tum-tum. Wheedle-deedle-dee. Mistuh Smelt fished his Silver King out of the cup and sauntered toward the clubhouse treating himself to a whistle. A flat 80 and he had messed up the thirteenth through sheer carelessness. An eighty or better for \$1400, now that the entries had increased to 56. One more week and it was collection day. Duly canceled, the note reposed in his desk—paid in advance to keep his credit green. Well, suh, life was gettin' creamy.

At the door, Elam greeted him with an entry blank together with a money order and a letter. "Heah's numbah 57," he announced.

"Fifty seben v'rieties o' fish," commented Mistuh Smelt. "Nyman Pinney," he read. "Res'dent o' 'Lanta, Gawgia. Seen de ad in the Liberator, encloses fee an' promises to be on hand one day early t' f'miliarize hisse'f wid de course. Well, suh, Nyman, come ahead. An' may you bust yo' pick."

But when Nyman Pinney of Atlanta hove into appearance wearing a purple and gold pull-over and socks, it was no such prosaic object as a pick that he proceeded to shatter. Oh, no. He stepped out on his first practise round and proceeded to bust the course record at Idlewoud so completely that the pieces are yet to be found.

His drive from number one tee whistled viciously away and



The crowd gathered as word sped that a dark horse was stepping high, wide and handsome out on the course. "Whistlin' hoptoads," gasped Limie Sanders, "black boy, how yo' smacks 'em!"

rolled to a halt some 285 yards down the middle of the fairway. For a moment the gallery seemed stunned.

Then Limie Sanders in the front row punctured the silence. "Whistlin' hoptoads," he gasped, "black boy, how you smacks 'em!"

The stranger smiled unctuously. "Trail me, brothah," he suggested, "an' mebbe yo' sees some sights."

Limie trailed; as did the whole gallery which quickly swelled as word sped around the club that a dark horse was stepping high, wide and handsome out on the course. When Pinney reached the tee of the long fifty hole, Mistuh Smelt himself was sitting there, his back against the sand box.

Surrounded by half a hundred admirers, Nyman strode toward the tee. At his heels trailed Limie Sanders, proudly shouldering a big leather bag of clubs, which privilege he was enjoying by virtue of a greenback he had forced on Pinney's unwilling caddy.

Mistuh Smelt rose. "How do, Mistuh Pinney," he said casually, "How they goin'?"

"So, so," came the airy answer. "Only three undah par so fur. Yo' greens is kinda new an' rough. Hence Ah is missed a coupla' long putts." He glanced at the yardage on the sand box. "580 yards," he read. "Any traps ovah yondah hill?" he inquired of his self-elected caddy.

"Trap?" exclaimed Limie. "Trap? Man, theh is a regular Panama Canal! Ol' crick an' a marsh. Yo' bettah drive to de top o' de hill an' use yo' brassie fo' long seckind."

"How fur," Nyman inquired, "must Ah wham it to carry to de fairway?"

"Wid a clean 225 yard carry, you just gits by."

Teeing his ball, Nyman set his feet firmly. He gave his club a single businesslike waggle and with a perfectly timed, rhythmic stroke, lashed out. Plick! The ball shot away amid ill-suppressed "ahs"—rose—rose—cleared the distant hill and dropped out of sight.

The gallery swept forward—all except Mistuh Smelt. With a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach, he stood on the vacated tee, staring down the fairway with a dazed and vacant expression. He shook his head dolefully—then shambled off in the wake of those who were dogging the stranger's heels.

Within twenty paces of the 300-yard-marker rested the ball which Pinney had driven. "Yon green," he inquired, "am hit trapped?"

"Only to de left an' right," came Limie's prompt reply. "Shoot straight fo' de flat an' yo' rolls ovah flat ground all de way."

Pinney selected a long bladed iron and waited for his milling gallery to jell. Then another magnificent full-bodied swing and the ball sped away toward the right-hand corner of the green from which course it broke in mid-flight and began drifting to the left and toward the flag. Suddenly the cluster of figures gathered about the distant green began waving fran-

tically. From the gallery came a conglomerate babble. "On de green!" "An' wid a midiron!" "Sho' am a'whangin' boy!" "Hot dam!"

"Yo' sunk it!" quavered Limie, enraptured.

"No," was Pinney's modest reply as he relaxed from the pose he had been holding. "Ah wuzn't aimin' to do dat!"

Perhaps Nyman had not been aiming to sink his second shot. But had he been aiming to annihilate the last vestige of hope in Mistuh Smelt's breast, he could not have been more successful than with the stroke he had just completed.

An hour later Elam slipped quietly into the office. Mistuh Smelt, draped over the easiest chair, did not even raise his head.

"He—he's finishin'," ventured Elam. "He—he had a 65 up to de 18th tee, an' he wuz goin' strong."

Mistuh Smelt remained immobile. Into the office drifted a distant cheer.

Five minutes passed—then a vocal explosion from the direction of the 18th hole.

"Sunk it," whispered Elam, peering out. "Now they's hoostin' 'im on they shouldahs an' totin' him up heah."

With a hurly burly of shuffling feet and excited voices, the gallery carried Nyman Pinney to the dining-room. Slowly Mistuh Smelt looked up. Wearily he passed a hand across his brow.

"Grief," he said feelingly, "Grief, stay 'way f'um me!"

"Is—is we sunk?" inquired Elam.

Mistuh Smelt groaned.

"How much jack yo' needs, boss?"

"Fi' hunnerd cash an' de price o' de trophy."

"An' how much is yo' got?"

"Eighty-six an' whut us takes in at de till t'day an' t'morruh."

"Caint yo' loan it somewheres—at de Afro-'Merican State?"

"Ah's loaned to de limit. Maxon wouldn't gimme anuthuh dime, did Ah have a two-bit option on de Standa'd Oil."

"Den onless yo' p'motes fi' hunnerd bucks cash money 'twixt now an' den, us funrelates?"

"—an' me de corpse!"

With Mistuh Smelt and Elam wrestling with impending financial disaster, out in the dining-room jubilation was unconfined. At the head of the largest table sat Nyman Pinney, wearing his overcoat of glory while around him clustered the gallery, now swelled to an adoring mob.

"Nyman," exclaimed Limie Sanders with an air of unctuous camaraderie, "Nyman, yo' is a golfin' fool! How come?"

The visitor tossed out his chest. "Brothah," he said, "whut yo' saw ain't nothin' t' whut yo' gwine see t'morruh. 'At's when Ah quits foolin' an' hangs up a record whut am a record."

"Looks lak yo' kin, aw'right, sonny," exclaimed Dr. Merton Breckeridge, M.D., "but whah at yo' learn all dem fancy strokes?"

"Doctuh," said Nyman with impressive slowness, "even you could shoot mah kind o' golf, wuz you borned in 'Lanta an'

hung round de famous Eastlake club all yo' life as a caddy."

"Whut so special 'bout dat club?"

"Dat," said Nyman, "is whah Mistuh Bobby Jones do his stuff."

"Yo' means yo' is played wid de champeen?" asked the doctor, incredulously.

"Ah means dat fo' yeahs Ah been havin' mah chanct t' caddy fo' him. Caddy fo' him onct, an' yo' is got a lesson free. Do hit 'bout hunnerd times, an' yo' is fo'got moh golf dan most folks evah learns. Pay 'tenshun t' mah tee shots t'morruh. Notice de easy pivot, an' de wiggerous foller through—dat's Jones."

While Nyman Pinney in the dining-room was promising great things for the morrow, Elam, re-entering his office, was adding to the load of Mistuh Smelt's misery.

"Jes been out to de kitchen," he said softly.

"Uh-huh."

"—An' moh grief," Elam was looking the picture of misery.

"Go ahead an' hit me,"

said Mistuh Smelt.

"Place all filled up wid eatments," said Elam, "—an' nobody eatin'." He paused uncertainly. "Chef got all steamed up when he sees de crowd swellin' an' cooks up a lot o' chicken, cawn, yams, shawtcake, whip cream an' sech. An' thah it stands, whilst de most people us is evah had, sets thah drinkin' ice watah an' lissenin' whilst dat Pinney man tell how come he kin make a golf ball scream lak a eagle . . . Mus' be two hunnerd folks thah"—wistfully—"an' six hunnerd bucks wuth o' vittles goin' t' rack an' ruin."

Mistuh Smelt sat immobile. Finally he glanced up at Elam, his eye alight with commingled hope and desperation.

"Six hunnerd bucks wuth o' food thah?" he inquired softly. "An' could us git 'em eatin', us'd collect?"

"Sho'ly. Ain't de rules dis week cash on de drumhaid?"

"Den," promised Mistuh Smelt, rising, "den Ah makes 'em eat!" He took out a ring of keys. "Elam," he said while detaching two of them, "evah heah o' cocktails?"

"Sho'ly!"

"Know why folks drinks 'em?"

"T' git elegant!"—promptly.

"Tck. Tck. T' git they appetites wet," corrected Mistuh Smelt. "An' which am de main ingredient o' cocktails?" he continued.

"Gin!"

"Go to de head o' de class! Now heah's two keys—fo' mah ottermobile an' fo' dat big closet in mah office. You drive down an' in de closet you finds six cases o' Mistuh Gordon's 'mergency rations. Fetch 'em out heah an' us'll git some chinbone action, orange juice'r not. Now lookit heah, Elam," continued Mistuh Smelt earnestly as Elam lunged toward the door, "Watch yo'self an' doan' let no cop pick yo' up. Dat stuff is all whut stands 'twixt us an' a ramble-gamble black boy fadeout."

After Elam's departure, Mistuh Smelt slipped into the locker room to don white knickers and his pet blue and orange

blazer. Then he strode confidently toward the dining-room of the club.

Pinney, who at the moment was explaining to a crowded table the accepted stance and grip to avoid slicing, stopped and looked up while Mistuh Smelt was striding forward, hand extended.

"Hail to de chief," Mistuh Smelt exclaimed. "Congratulations, Mistuh Pinney. Whilst winterin' in Florida Ah is watched all de champeens do they stuff. But nevah did they exemplify de dexterity yo' is displayed fo' de delectation of ouah membahs"—a sweep of the arm—"herewith assembled preparin' t' celebrate yo' exhibition wid one of ouah famous special dinnuhs."

He pumped Pinney's hand until the applause subsided. "Ain't had de pussonal pleasuah o' gittin' well acquainted wid yo' suh. But as president o' de club Ah is been responsible fo' makin' folks roun' heah 'quainted wid de grand ol' game yo' plays so noble. Now suh, Ah doan' orate so good as yo' wields de mallets. But wid yo' kin' p'mission, Ah gwine express a few brief an' movin' thoughts."

Mounting a chair, Mistuh Smelt reiterated that this was an auspicious occasion. Out of the Southland, the sunny Southland, had come a golfing Lindbergh, as it were. A general celebration was in order. Now ordinarily Idlewould sternly demanded recognition of the law, as the placards in the locker room would testify. But there were occasions when even the law must be constrained to wink. Certainly this was one of them. Now it was his good fortune to have at his disposal a certain commodity no longer bartered or consumed in public. He would deem it a privilege and a pleasure to offer it to the assembled guests with his compliments. It came in bottles. Nice square bottles. It was—

At this dramatic moment, through the door strode the beaming Elam, carrying a tray of said bottles, with six waiters behind him similarly engaged. Whango!—and the din smote the rafters! From his seat next to the guest of honor, Mistuh Smelt surveyed the scene with waxing satisfaction. Hardly had the bottles been distributed, their corks tweaked, and their contents canted into glasses when the waiters, instead of just standing around began stepping around in high.

From one table—"Wuff! How 'bout sutthin' special an' spensive waitah, 'stead o' dis heah reg'lah dinnuh?"

From another—"Sho' noble lick. Hey, boy! Cain't Ah git mahse'f some quails on toast when it sez so on de card heah?"

And another—"Ne' mind dem reddishes, boy. Fust thing us craves am a co'kscrew!"

While out in the kitchen four cooks and four cooks' helpers, quickly pressed into service, began a frying pan concerto that rose in magnificent volume and tempo.

Mistuh Smelt turned to Nyman Pinney. "Grand crowd," he said.

[Continued on page 75]

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Ah git mahse'f some quails on toast when it sez so on de card heah?"

And another—"Ne' mind dem reddishes, boy. Fust thing us craves am a co'kscrew!"

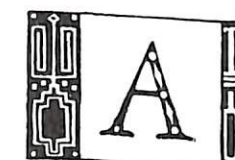
While out in the kitchen four cooks and four cooks' helpers, quickly pressed into service, began a frying pan concerto that rose in magnificent volume and tempo.

Mistuh Smelt turned to Nyman Pinney. "Grand crowd," he said.



round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



not a confession; it's a boast.

With five other friends I was asked to act as pall bearer at his wife's funeral. In that last sad half hour before the ceremony he stood at the head of her coffin and, looking down into her pale calm face, he cried aloud in his agony:

"She never knew how much I loved her!"

Why, in the name of Allah, in the name of Mohammed the Prophet, in the name of every houri in paradise, in the name of all the good wives on earth, hadn't he told her how much he loved her?

For twenty years he had faced her at the breakfast table, had met her again at dinner, had long intimate domestic chats with her as they sat alone around the fire-side after the children had been put to bed! With twenty years of such opportunities he had let her pass into the valley of the shadow without telling her.

I never had any use for him after that. He was no longer my friend nor can he ever be again. He wasn't the fellow I thought he was. I did for him the physical service which the occasion required, but mind service I will never again render him or his.

The man who lives beside a wonderful wife for twenty years and lets her die without knowing how much he loves her is little less than a criminal. The man who has a friend for twenty years and lets him die without knowing how much he liked him is the same.

Thus far this has been academic and abstract. Those are eleven dollar words! You are a Shriner and so am I. This gives me the privilege of being a little personal with us. I

have the right, in the most kindly manner, to remind us of our faults, if any!

Do your wife and mine know how much we love them? Just how long has it been since we told her so? I am not talking about the occasional, casual kiss, the little pat of approval on her arm or things of that sort. I am talking about an actual outright statement to her of the love which is really in our heart for her. How long is it?

At our elbow is a telephone. On the other end of that wire is a candy shop. How long has it been since we sent our wives a box of candy except on her birthday or wedding anniversary? There is the telephone—I dare you! "She never knew how much I loved her."

On the other end of that wire is a florist. Do we remember which is our wives' favorite flower? Suppose we call up the florist and send her a bunch of her favorites, unexpected like? Oh, yes, I remember the story of the man who took a bunch of roses to his wife and she cried because she thought he had come home drunk—but whose fault was it that she was so surprised? There is the telephone—I dare you!

She is on the other end of that wire, too! Why don't we call her up and tell her that we are thinking about her and loving her and just wanted to tell her what a nice girl she is? It will surprise her, of course, and she may faint, but she will come to and be the happier for it.

Don't want to make a fool of ourselves? She knows we love her? How does she know it? Do we expect her to take it for granted? Let me tell you something, Noble, if that sort of thing is making a fool of ourselves our wives want to be married to just exactly those kinds of fools!

We were not always "sitting pretty" like we are today. There was a time when we didn't have cars and radios and all the luxuries we have now. Remember how she skimped and saved and helped us in the old days when we gave some real estate man a wheelbarrow full of [Continued on page 70]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

EVERY NOBLE SHOULD PROTECT HIS FAMILY BY A REGULAR OUTLAY IN INSURANCE

NO ONE organization can do all the good work needed in this world. From time to time comes the proposition that the Shrine should widen the scope of its work among under-privileged children, with an orphanage as the first thought which comes to mind. Without straining our arms to pat ourselves on the back, we can brag a little about the work of our Crippled Children's Hospitals. But extending our funds to orphanages would be beyond the scope of the Shrine.

Reports of the Masonic Homes in the various states show that the number of guests is on the increase. The demands on the Grand Lodges sponsoring these institutions are rising steadily. The cost per capita is also steadily increasing.

No matter how good the work of an orphanage, it must be admitted that it can never hope to really fill the need that every child has of individual guidance in the formative period of its life. The proper place for every child is with its mother, or in the absence of a mother, with some interested relative.

The per capita cost of maintaining children in homes of relatives or in the home of a widowed mother who must work, is less than the cost of maintenance in an orphanage. Wherever possible, widows should be supplied with money to help them to keep and bring up their own children.

The Children's Welfare Bureau of New York states that the cost per capita of children in state institutions is but little less than \$30.00 per month. The cost per capita for children through the Mother's Pension System, direct aid to widows or relatives, is only \$14.00 per month. Experience indicates that children of institutionalized children are more likely to land in orphanages because their parents were educated to the idea of some one providing a home for them. They feel their own children are entitled to the same privileges.

Humanitarians have invented no perfect system of looking after widows and orphans, but it would be much to the point if Temples of the Mystic Shrine made a great effort to educate the Nobles to the idea that each of them should write off depreciation on himself by a regular outlay in insurance, savings or investment, which would provide protection to his family and make them independent of Masonic charity, homes, orphanages, hospitals, et al.

Our work with crippled children is constructive; it enables the child to become a useful member of society instead of an object of charity. But until that program is perfect in its working and has fully accomplished the work for which it was planned, let us avoid orphanages, Shrine Children's Homes and other such institutions. One job well done is worth a dozen half done.

Envy no man the heights he has reached until you have examined the ladder up which he climbed.

There is hope for the saphead but none for the sorehead.

IF YOU THINK YOUR CEREMONIALS UNINTERESTING WHY DON'T YOU WORK TO IMPROVE THEM?

HE BELONGS to one of the smallest Temples. To the man on the glad hand committee of the big Temple he was visiting he announced, "I always come to your Ceremonials when I can. My Temple is a little one. Our Ceremonials never amount to much. I come here oftener than I go to my own Temple."

The fact that this is absolutely true should not prejudice the reader. It is odd that a Noble should be guilty of such a statement. He was doubtless one of those nice people who mean well but never do anything about it.

What would he have said had someone asked him what he had ever done to make the Ceremonials of his Temple better? Why did he expect his Temple to entertain him without effort on his part? Why was it that he felt no sense of personal responsibility?

Try to drive a stubborn mule. He won't drive. But get out in front and pull, and he goes!

In the Shrine as well as elsewhere, if we want things to move we have to pull instead of push. The Noble not satisfied with the way his Temple functions need only grab hold and begin to pull. Pushing the officers, shoving the floor team, criticizing those who do work, is not the way of Shriners.

Any dissatisfied Noble who tells the nearest active member of his Temple that he wants a chance to pull, will be surprised how promptly he will have a man size load to yank. It is just as much his job as it is that of any other member.

LONG STAGE WAITS, LONG SPEECHES, LONG DRAWN OUT BUSINESS MEETINGS SHOULD BE SHORTENED

THE world does move. Old timers to the contrary, it moves toward the right. Every issue of every daily paper tells us that we move too fast. There is too much tendency these decadent days to step on the gas.

The Shrine has kept abreast of most of the movements in the world in which it has its fun. We change every day to meet new conditions, and keep abreast of the times. We have not lost sight of the fundamentals of the founders of the organization, but have added usefulness to happiness.

But Potentates are reminded that the tendency of the times is to step on the gas. The most serious handicap of the amateur entertainment is long stage waits. Here is a good place to step on the gas. Business meetings are not debating societies and should be shortened as much as is consistent with keeping the Nobility posted as to the affairs of the Temple. Here is another place to step on the gas.

Yes, yes! Do not get impatient! We were just coming to that! The Potentate and distinguished guests have to gas a little, but . . . Here is another place to step on the gas!



The Shriners HOSPITALS for Crippled Children

News and Notes from the Hospitals



HOW ST. LOUIS UNIT FACED THE TORNADO

Their building struck by a tornado and in imminent danger of being destroyed, and with death and disaster all around them, the little crippled patients in the Shriners Hospital at St. Louis escaped unharmed when a devastating storm swept through part of that city early in the afternoon of September 29th.

The peril lasted less than five minutes, but in that short space of time scenes were enacted that brought into play in a striking manner the loyalty and devotion of the officials, doctors, nurses and attendants, and the high degree of efficiency maintained at that institution. When the blow came, the first thought was of the little wards. Not one was injured, so quickly were they removed to a place of safety.

There are more than one hundred boys and girls in the hospital. When the tornado struck the building school was about to begin. Suddenly, with a roar, the roof on the north wing was swept away and many of the windows blown out. Then came a deluge of rain. There were no cries, no pleadings. There was no time. Before they realized their peril the children had been removed to the south wing and out of the danger zone.

Signs of the approaching storm were noticed before it broke, but nothing like the immensity of its proportions was expected. The teacher, whose services are contributed by the city, was getting ready to marshal her little pupils to their classes when from across Forest Park the tornado could be seen headed directly for the hospital. Quickly, but in a way not to cause alarm, the Superintendent, Miss Ariel L. Cargo, her assistant and the doctors on duty, went into the wards to be near their patients. Nurses and attendants were nearby, all prepared for any emergency. They did not have long to wait. With demoniacal fury the tornado struck the north wing, swept off the roof, shattered many of the windows, circled behind the building, ripped off some of the tiles on the roof of the south wing and whipped off chunks of masonry on the roofs of the two towers over the main building. Swirling back, the tornado touched the roofs of the attendants' building near the north wing, the garage, and the nurses' home, in the rear, carrying away some of the tiles and blowing out more windows. The hospital was the first building struck by the storm which then continued its erratic course, leaving in its wake the wreckage of scores of homes and buildings and a terrific loss of life.

While the patients were being moved to a safer place, two surgeons were busily engaged on the upper floor of the main building. Ether had been administered to two children and everything was in readiness to operate when the tornado struck. The surgeons wheeled the patients into other rooms in the rear where they calmly continued and completed their work.

Within an hour after the storm, the hospital officials were

sending telegrams to parents, guardians and sponsors of their wards informing them that all were safe and unharmed. Many grateful replies were received. A few minutes after the storm had passed on, Congressman-elect Henry F. Niedringhaus, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and other members arrived at the hospital. They were followed quickly by William B. Ittner, R. G. Alexander and R. W. Smith, architects, and E. A. Steininger, President of the Construction Company that built the hospital—all Shriners, and all eager to help. As a result, workmen were there before dark to make the roofless north wing habitable. The entire roof, 100 feet long by 52 feet wide, had been swept away. A waterproof roof was put on, and a few days later the repairs there were completed. Meanwhile work was being pushed rapidly to repair the damage to the outside of other parts of the building.

The total damage to the hospital was estimated at about \$60,000. Principally through the insistence of its Chairman, the Board of Governors had taken out tornado insurance to the extent of \$180,000. Other insurance included \$24,000 on equipment. G. A. Weiss, an insurance adjuster, and a member of Moolah Temple, offered his services as adjuster which were gladly accepted.

With the first news of the tornado the Board of Trustees who were in session at Montreal sent its Chairman and Secretary to the hospital. They gave valuable aid in speeding the work of recovery from the effects of the storm.

Among the interesting incidents recorded is the fact that on the morning following the tornado the teacher had resumed full session of the school and classes were going as usual.

Truly, Allah watches over the little wards committed to the care of the Faithful.

PORTLAND UNIT GETS A THRILL

It was a day of thrills for the little patients of the Shriners Hospital at Portland, Ore., when Colonel Charles Lindbergh visited that city recently. The news that the transatlantic flier was coming caused a buzz of excitement at the hospital.

"There's going to be a parade," said one little girl.

"Can we see it?" asked another.

"Perhaps Lindbergh will come to see us," came from one of the cots.

"Sure he will," declared a tiny optimist.

Questions of all kinds were asked of the nurses, the most insistent being: "Can we see the parade?" and "Can we see Lindbergh?"

All their hopes were to be realized, but they didn't know it. Miss Letha Humphrey, Superintendent of the Hospital, and Mayor Geo. L. Baker, who is Chairman of the Hospital Board of Governors, made the arrangements, and many willing workers helped to carry out the plans. [Continued on page 66]

Colonel Charles Lindbergh made the Portland Unit a place of joy when he sent his cake model of "The Spirit of St. Louis" to



the little patients. It was presented to "Lindy" by the city of Portland and was an exact reproduction seven feet long.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE ROBERT S. REGAR
*Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.*

Noble Robert Smith Regar, Oriental Guide of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C., is responsible for more things that touch the daily life of most of us than almost any man in public life. If you mail a letter you have to put on it, first, a postage stamp made under Noble Regar's supervision. If you want to send a parcel and the postmaster tells you it's too big, take your kick to Regar—he's the man who decides the classification of all mail. If you want to send a money order—see Regar. If you want to send cash by mail you certainly ought to get one of Regar's specially delegated people to register your letter for you. And if you keep your money in a Postal Savings Account Regar is, in a manner of speaking, president of your savings bank. For he is Third Assistant Postmaster General, and the six divisions under him attend to all these matters—and a good many others.

Noble Regar was born in 1882 at Swartzville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and still lives, when at home, in Lancaster. He studied law at Georgetown, working, the while, as a stenographer in the office of the Solicitor of the Post Office Department. He stayed in the service and worked his way to his present high office through every clerical grade, becoming Chief Clerk in 1923 and Third Assistant Postmaster General in 1925.

Noble Regar is Senior Grand Steward of the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., D. C., past master of the New Jerusalem Lodge, has attained the 32° in the Scottish Rite, is Principal Sojourner of Columbia Chapter, No. 1, Royal Arch Masons, is a member of Adoniram Council, No. 2, Royal and Select Masters and of Columbia Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar and of the Royal Order of Jesters. He has been Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Reformed Church of Washington for many years.



NOBLE CHANNING H. COX
*Aleppo Temple
Boston, Mass.*

One of Noble Channing H. Cox's claims to fame—but only one—is that he succeeded Calvin Coolidge as Governor of Massachusetts when the man who is now President of the United States left the old State House in Boston to go to Washington and sink into the relative obscurity of the vice-presidency, only to become one of the few holders of that office whose name history will recall.

Noble Cox is a member of Aleppo Temple, Boston, of the Scottish Rite Bodies of Boston, of St. Bernard Commandery, Knights Templar, St. Andrew's chapter, R. A. M. and St. John's lodge. He has attained the 33°.

Long well known as a lawyer, Noble Cox is vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston.



NOBLE HARRY RAPF
*Al Malaikah Temple
Los Angeles, Calif.*

Noble Harry Rapf, of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, is vice-president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, but as a golfer his reputation is of the worst. None the less he challenged Hobart Henley, a Metro director and a fellow Noble of Al Malaikah, to a match, lately, and they played over the links of the Hillcrest Country Club for a purse of a thousand dollars in gold. It seems that for years Rapf

of a thousand dollars in gold. It seems that for years Rapf



and Henley have met in various sports, and, having exhausted the games they knew, they fell back upon one they didn't.

A large gallery appeared for the match, with pipers in kilts preceding the players, and two internes from a local hospital bringing up the rear, with stretchers, nurses, and full supplies of first aid equipment. Rapf won the first hole, 11 to 16, and was never down thereafter, finally winning on the twelfth green, when he was nine up. Henley says he will get his revenge at handball.



NOBLE C. BERT CLAUSIN
*El Katif Temple
Spokane, Wash.*

Past Potentate C. Bert Clausin, El Katif, Spokane, has a hair-raising reputation in his own locality as a demon motorist, especially on mountain roads. If he can round a curve on the right hind wheel he considers it a distinct accomplishment. And he takes especial delight in regaling his chance passenger on the heights with stories of tragedies which have occurred in the past at the particular spot he is breaking records on. He is a manufacturing jeweler and devotes a good deal of his time to service as Chairman of the State Parole Board of Washington. He reverts to captaining the Patrol every once in a while treating that job as in the same class with golf, pedigreed bulldogs and motoring. Bert's friends claim that Lindbergh would get some new, interesting and distinct thrills if he would permit Bert to give him a trip on the auto air line to Lewiston.



NOBLE S. SATTERWHITE
*Kosair Temple
Louisville, Ky.*

Noble Stanley Satterwhite, of Kosair, Louisville, isn't often home to enjoy the siesta in his oasis. America entered the world war in April, 1917, but Noble Satterwhite must have anticipated that contingency, because, when the war came, he was in the army already, and had been since May, 1914, when he enlisted as a private. They made him

a second lieutenant as soon as we got into the war, and he came home, after the armistice, as a captain, and was honorably discharged.

Then, a little bored, he joined the navy, and was one of those sent from the Philippines to be on the job in China when the trouble started there. Just now he is on duty at the Naval Hospital in Washington—and they say he is thinking of getting a transfer to the Marines.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE PETER E. HOWELL
*El Zaribah Temple
Phoenix, Ariz.*

Noble Peter Elisha Howell lives in Tucson, Arizona, but is Potentate of El Zaribah Temple of Phoenix, Arizona. He is a young fellow of 63, having been born April 24th, 1874. He is a charter member and the First Master of Epes Randolph Lodge No. 32, A. F. & A. M., Past High Priest, Tucson Chapter No. 3 R. A. M.; Past Eminent Commander, Arizona Commandery No. 1 K. T., and has been crowned 33° Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. He is Past Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. Elks and a Patron of the Salvation Army and active in the work of all charity organizations in Tucson. On the side, to keep him out of mischief, he functions as president of the El Conquistador Hotel, director of the Consolidated National Bank and officer of the Tucson Steam Laundry Company.



NOBLE E. FOSTER HELLER
*Irem Temple
Wilkes-Barre, Penna.*

The popular conception of a Judge is an austere and solemn man. Even if he were to forfeit his position of Judge of the Orphans' Court of Luzerne County, Penna., Past Potentate Foster Heller would continue to carry that wonderful smile of his. Judge Heller is serious in his work of adjusting the decedents' estates of his county, which is as vast as a number of states in the Union, but when engaged in the Shrine affairs of Irem Temple he abandons his judicial mien and becomes one of the boys.

Judge Heller was for four years Potentate of Irem Temple and it was during his incumbency that Irem acquired its wonderful country club to which every member of Irem belongs without extra initiation, dues or assessments. He also inaugurated the Out-door Ceremonial which draws thousands of Nobles from all over North America to witness the al fresco meeting.

Judge E. Foster Heller is past president of the Pennsylvania State Shrine organization and is an enthusiastic golfer and one of the expert marksmen of the Irem Gun Club which captured second prize during the Imperial Council Meeting at Atlantic City.

His Masonic affiliations are: Landmark Lodge 442 of Wilkes-Barre, Keystone Consistory of Scranton, Dieu le Veut Commandery 45 and Shekinah Chapter 182 of Wilkes-Barre and Mary Conclave No. 5 Red Cross of Constantine, Allentown, Pa.

Judge Heller has been for five years a representative of Irem Temple to the Imperial Council sessions.

NOBLE SAM T. BLAIR
*Bagdad Temple
Butte, Mont.*



Potentate Sam T. Blair, of Bagdad Temple, Butte, Montana, is the youngest Potentate his Temple has ever chosen to preside over its destinies. Born in Decatur, Arkansas, in 1883, and a graduate of the University of Arkansas in civil and mechanical engineering in 1910, he came to Anaconda, Mont., twelve years ago. He is now Superintendent of the Foundry Department of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. He is no politician, but he is a member of the Police Commission of Anaconda, which makes some of his fellow Nobles a little nervous sometimes, but not very nervous, at that.

Noble Blair is a Past Master of Acacia Lodge, of Anaconda; Past High Priest, Anaconda Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Past Commander, Montana Commandery, No. 3, of Butte; he is a member of all the Scottish Rite bodies of Butte, and is now Thrice Illustrious Master, Royal and Select Masters, of Butte.

A brilliant executive and a financier of much ability, Noble Blair has, in every high Masonic office he has held, improved the standing of his Organization. Bagdad Temple expects him to leave it in far better shape than he found it when he assumed office in January.

NOBLE JOHN L. MEYER
*Tripoli Temple
Milwaukee, Wis.*



EVERY Shriner in Wisconsin knows the Meyer Brothers. They are all editors, but the attack of editoritis seems to have bitten John a little harder than the other two. Noble Meyer is editor of the National Printer Journalist; managing editor of the Meyer News Service Company which supplies news reports to 80 different trade papers; contributing editor of the Tripoli Tattler; associate editor of the Milwaukee Athletic Club "Candle," a monthly magazine, Ford Dealer & Service Field; Ford Power Age; and Wood Turning, everyone of them a well-known and prominent publication in its field. He belongs to the Commandery and the Consistory in Milwaukee; he is a member of Sigma Delta Chi; National Editorial Association; the Milwaukee Press Club; and the Wisconsin Press Association. Noble Meyer is a member of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee.

NOBLE WILDEN E. JOSEPH
*Aladdin Temple
Columbus, Ohio*



No one in Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, can remember when Noble Wilden E. Joseph wasn't Recorder. He may have had a predecessor, but you can't prove it. He has been a Representative to the Imperial Council for about thirty years, and is one of the few Emeritus members. A quiet, soft spoken man, who never speaks except when the need is dire, Noble Joseph manages, none the less, to get a good deal done.

He nearly broke a record in the Imperial Council. One of its more important and influential members, he did his work in silence, as a rule. Not until quite recently did he ever rise to speak. Then it was to second a motion—and the rules make no provision for seconding speeches. So the chair, to its regret, had to rule him out of order. He didn't care. He had accomplished his purpose; the fact that he had risen to speak at all made more of an impression than many a sixty-minute oration has done.

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

WITH THE IMPERIAL CARAVAN

AFTER placing the keys to several cities in a safe place in his home at Providence, R. I., Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar started on his second tour of visitations on September 17. Less than two weeks later, at a banquet, he had received an oral deed to the second largest city in the country, and an offer to deliver to him the United States when he felt like accepting the gift. A Western State, too, was about to be presented to him, but at the last moment the Governor hesitated, and the distinguished guest gracefully accepted the will for the deed.

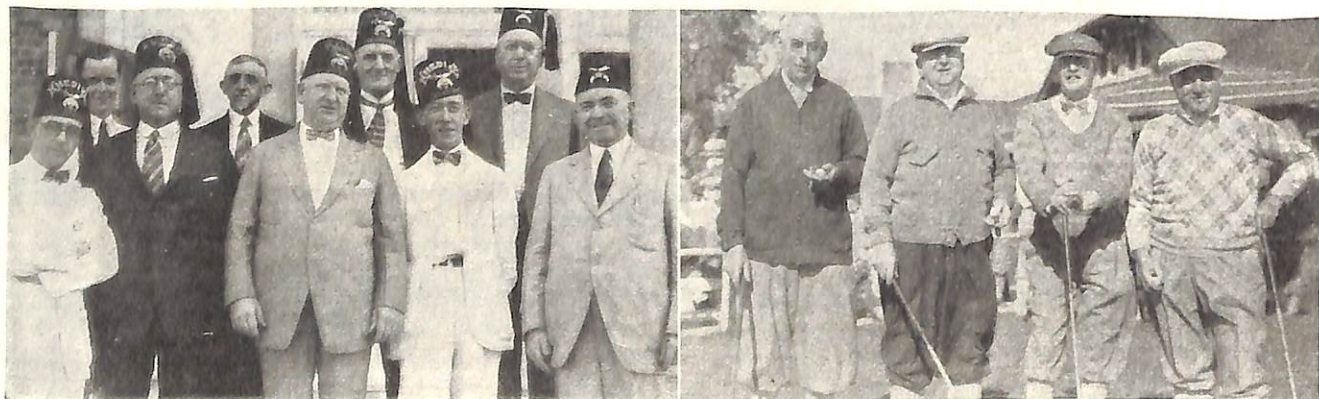
Accompanied by his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar, Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cyprus, and Mrs. Watt, the Imperial Potentate went to Norfolk, Va., by boat, and was welcomed to that Oasis by Potentate J. Binford Sadler of Khedive Temple; Past Potentates William Chapman and G. H. Lewis, and Imperial Second Ceremonial Master John N. Sebrell. After luncheon the visitors enjoyed a scenic drive, and in the evening they attended a dinner and dance in honor of the Imperial Potentate, at which a beaded bag was presented to Miss Dunbar.

During the day a delegation from Acca Temple, headed by Imperial Recorder James H. Price, arrived to escort the Imperial party to Richmond, where there was another large gathering of the Faithful to welcome their Chief. After luncheon at the Jefferson Hotel, the plans for the opening of the new Mosque, and the matter of a hospital location were discussed. The hospital site was inspected and the party then went to the Country Club. A banquet was served in the evening which was attended by fifty Nobles and their wives, after which the visitors went to the Temple, where Past Potentate Preston Belvin introduced the Imperial Potentate. One of the most impressive events in the proceedings was the reception to the flag. Acca has its own particular way of doing this work and it made a strong impression upon the visitors. After demonstrating his ability on the cornet, the Imperial Potentate was made an honorary member of Acca, and presented with six of the famous Virginia hams. A reception, followed by a dance, closed the activities of the day.

The Imperial party was welcomed to Charleston, W. Va., by Potentate Pat M. Wilson and Nobles Gory Hogg, Seth C. Savage, Fred M. Hawkins and Joseph Ruffner of Beni Kedem Temple, who took the visitors to the [Continued on page 42]



At Acca Temple, Richmond, Va. (Left to Right) Alexander B. Andrews, Past Potentate, Sudan; Leonard P. Steuart, Imperial Captain of the Guard; John N. Sebrell, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master; Mrs. Thomas Whitter; Walker C. Cottrell, Past Potentate, Acca; Mrs. Mack Bullington; Mrs. Preston Belvin; the Imperial Potentate and his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar; James H. Price, Imperial Recorder and Potentate, Acca; Mrs. Robert Ford; James R. Watt, Secretary Board of Trustees; Mrs. James R. Watt; Preston Belvin, Past Potentate, Acca.



A prominent group of Shriners gathered at the Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach, Va., to do honor to the Imperial Potentate, who is shown in the center of the picture.

A foursome at Tripoli Country Club. President Tompkins, the Imperial Potentate, Potentate James B. Leedom, Past Potentate Julius P. Heil.

DECEMBER, 1927

41

First for Finer Flavor—No Throat Irritation—No Cough

11,105* doctors give written opinion



Holbrook Blinn, the noted actor,

writes:

"Each performance brings with it its attendant nervousness and I relish the opportunity for a soothing smoke while playing. During the course of 'The Play's the Thing' I am called on to smoke at frequent intervals. It is always a Lucky Strike. I know from many years' use of this cigarette that my throat is constantly protected and that it will give me the greatest enjoyment."

Holbrook Blinn

WHAT is the quality that Giuseppe Danise, Queena Mario, Adam Didur, Antonio Cortis, Nanette Guilford, Wilton Lackaye, Lenore Ulric, Holbrook Blinn, and other famous singers, actors, broadcasters and public speakers have found that makes LUCKY STRIKES delightful and of no possible injury to their voices?

For the answer we turned to medical men and asked them this question:

Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105* doctors answered this question "YES."

Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



* We hereby certify that we have examined 11,105 signed cards confirming the above statement.

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



WITH THE IMPERIAL CARAVAN [Continued from page 40]

Country Club for luncheon. The party then joined the caravan to Mount Hope, where a Ceremonial Session was held and the Imperial Potentate witnessed the pilgrimage of 155 novices across the sands. The distinguished visitor met with a most enthusiastic reception. During the session a silver fruit dish and candlesticks were presented to him.

At Ashland, Ky., the next stop, the Imperial party was met by a committee from El Hasa Temple and entertained at the Home of Past Potentate J. Tom Field. Other guests were Potentate C. R. Callihan and Nobles J. W. Alexander, A. N. Richardson and Charles Weaver. Later, a reception was held at the Mosque, followed by a dance. A handsome lounging chair was presented to the Imperial Potentate during the evening.

From this Oasis the Imperial party went to Lexington, Ky., where the Imperial Potentate dedicated the Mobile Hospital Unit, an account of which appeared in the November number of the Shrine Magazine. The party then went to Greenville, S. C., where the Imperial Potentate dedicated the new Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, the gift of W. W. Burgess of that city. It was at Greenville that, in addition to the elaborate program prepared for the dedication, the Imperial party met with much that was out of the ordinary. One of these incidents was in connection with the luncheon, when the Chairman, John M. Holmes, made rapid-fire introduction of the visiting Nobles, their wives and families. With an abundance of wit and humor he accomplished about a score of introductions without duplicating on virtues or attractions, and did it in such a manner that the guests burst into applause.

At the earnest request of Nobles at Asheville, the Imperial party paid a visit to that town where it received an enthusiastic reception. Miss Dunbar was presented with a platinum bracelet set with beryl, a native stone.

The Imperial Caravan then went to Chicago where it received a royal welcome. Potentates and their retinues from many Temples were there to join in the reception which began with a luncheon, with hundreds of Nobles attending. Among those introduced to the guest of honor were

United States Senator Deneen of Illinois, and Mayor William Thompson of Chicago. The reception to the Imperial Potentate at the Temple in the evening brought out an immense gathering of Shriners. The Patrol appeared as Pilgrim Fathers, and the Veteran Patrol, led by Past Potentate Frank C. Roundy, paraded as Rhode Island Reds. After his address to the Nobles, a handsome oil painting was presented to the

ARE YOU GOING ON THE SHRINE CRUISE?

The Shrine Magazine has received the following letter from the Imperial Potentate:

"September 14, 1927.

"Mr. Fred O. Wood,
Executive Director,
The Shrine Magazine,
1440 Broadway,
New York.

"My dear Fred:

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to inform you that I have definitely decided to go on The Shrine Magazine Cruise, leaving New York January 17, 1928.

"In my opinion, this Cruise affords a wonderful opportunity for Shriners and their families to get together for a three weeks' trip in the sunshine of the West Indies, Panama, South America and Bermuda, and will benefit us all in health, happiness and education.

"I understand that our ship, S. S. Megantic, is a very large, commodious vessel and that there will be ample accommodations for all who go. I approve of your arrangement which will prevent crowding. The comfort of everyone should be carefully looked after.

"My daughter will accompany me, and we are both looking forward with most pleasant anticipations to the trip, which, with the support already assured, will be an outstanding success.

"Yours in the faith,
(Signed) CLARENCE M. DUNBAR
CMD/N Imperial Potentate"

For further details about the Shrine West Indian Cruise, see page 3 of this issue.

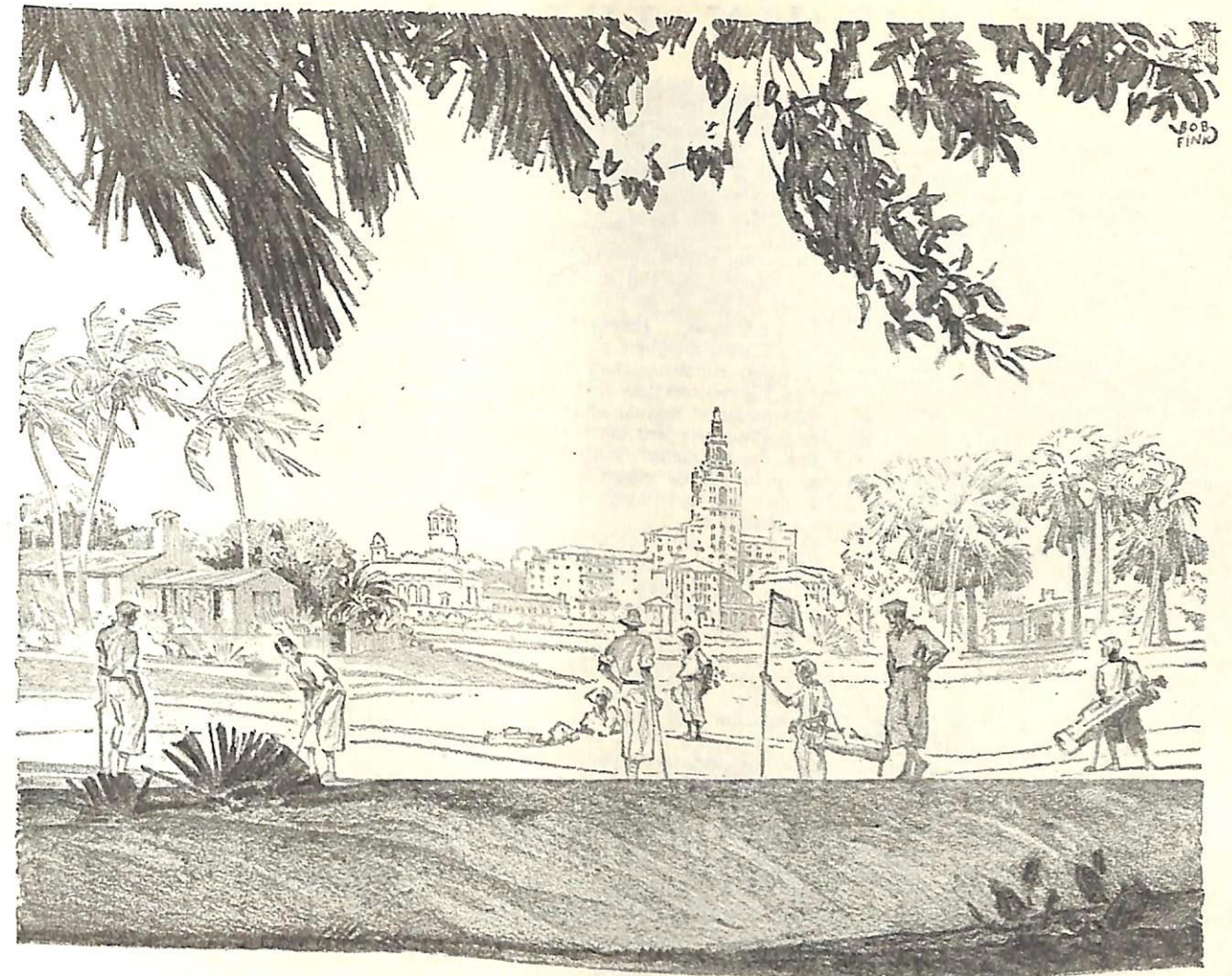
Imperial Potentate, and while presentations were in order, a gift of the city was made to the distinguished guest by Mayor Thompson. Not to be outdone in generosity, Senator Deneen made a present of the United States. Governor Zimmerman, a member of Tripoli, was about to give away the State of Wisconsin, but hesitated. Appreciating his caution the Imperial Potentate came to his relief by saying that if he came into possession of a State like Wisconsin he would not know what to do with it when he got it to Rhode Island.

The following day the Shriners Hospital was inspected, Chairman W. H. Wade of the local Board of Governors being in charge of the party which, in addition to the Imperial Potentate and his daughter, consisted of Imperial High Priest and Prophet Thomas J. Houston, Imperial Oriental Guide and Mrs. Earl C. Mills, Potentate and Mrs. Richard E. Kropf, Past Potentate Walter S. Suggen, Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va., and "Pinkie" Pierce of Salaam, Newark, N. J. In the evening a dinner was given for the Imperial party at the Union League Club.

The Drum Corps and Patrol of Tebala Temple escorted the Imperial party to the Masonic Temple upon its arrival at Rockford, Ill. In the afternoon the Imperial Potentate visited the various Masonic benevolent institutions, and in the evening a banquet was given in his honor. Potentate Burton E. Chapman was toastmaster. Among the speakers, besides the Imperial Potentate, were Lieutenant Governor Fred E. Sterling and Congressman John T. Buckbee. In a brief address in which he eloquently expressed the loyalty and esteem of the Nobles for their distinguished guest, Potentate Chapman presented a gold humidor to the Imperial Potentate. The address of Noble Dunbar aroused much enthusiasm, and while the applause was still going on a cornet was handed to him. He readily complied with the unspoken request.

A "get-acquainted" session followed. A committee from Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, with automobiles, was at the hotel the next morning to drive the Imperial party to that Oasis. The visitors were entertained at luncheon and dinner at the Tripoli Country Club and the Imperial Potentate won a prize at golf for the low-

[Continued on page 44]



Again! FLORIDA CALLS

ONCE MORE Florida trumpets its call to thousands of winter visitors. It is the call of climate, good health, sport, outdoor life, and welcome rest. It is the open-armed welcome of the tropics extended countrywide to those who have never come to Florida. It is the "blue Peter" sent aloft to call back the mighty host which in former years has come again and again for those worth while things which this section offers in abundance to its friends.

No spot in Florida presents more advantages for a happy winter vacation than Coral Gables. Just west and south of Miami—the two cities contiguous as to boundaries—contributing to and enjoying all of the rare advantages of Miami—Coral Gables has great attributes of its own not possessed elsewhere. You may bathe in the ocean at Tahiti Beach, or at the beautiful pools of the Venetian Casino and Biltmore Country Club. Golf on three fine courses. Tennis on eighteen courts. Enjoy saddle pony riding on shady bridle paths. The motorist has a hundred miles of paved and parked boulevards for

his pleasure and dances are held every evening at the Country Club and Biltmore Hotel.

Coral Gables is but six years old, but already it has accomplished more in magnificent architecture, distinctive planting and landscaping, and in the achievement of real beauty than cities many times its age. It is the one place to bring the entire family for a winter vacation. The University of Miami at Coral Gables offers wide range of studies; the Military Academy has over two hundred boys enrolled; St. Joseph's Academy has an even greater number of boys and girls as day or boarding pupils. High School, Grammar School, Kindergarten and private schools—all housed in modern, open-air buildings—offer ideal educational advantages. The whole family may enjoy the winter vacation here without sacrifice or separation, and without denying parents their favorite pleasures or children their school duties.

With vastly greater facilities and accommodations which meet every need Coral Gables is ready as never before to welcome all who respond to the call of Florida.

The entire Miami district is preparing to entertain the Nobles of the Shrine at their convention next May. Ample accommodations are assured at reasonable rates. Coral Gables will do its part to make this the greatest and best of the Shrine Conventions. "Come on Ex—Miami Sez". During the winter season, six fine hotels including the magnificent Miami-Biltmore and eighty apartment houses offer suitable accommodations. For rates and information, write today to the Chamber of Commerce.

Coral Gables



Miami, Fla



MIAMI'S CHRISTMAS CARD

Mabi Temple, Miami, sends the above to the Shrine Magazine as a Christmas Card. It is a scene on Miami beach photographed on Christmas, 1926. And it should be a reminder of what is to come in May at the meeting of the Imperial Council. Great preparations are being made to take care of the thousands of Nobles who will be there at that time.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



[Continued from page 42]
 est score with the biggest handicap. During the day the Mosque, now under construction, was inspected. This Mosque is being paid for in full as the work proceeds, no contracts being awarded until the money is in hand to pay for them. While the Imperial Potentate was at the Club, Miss Dunbar was entertained by a committee of ladies who presented her with a handbag. At Rock Island, the visitors were aroused at 5 o'clock in the morning by a committee from Kaaba Temple which took them in automobiles to Davenport. There they were welcomed by the Mayor. After breakfast the party went to Keokuk where a Ceremonial Session was held. It was a busy and a noisy day and the town was all dolled up for the occasion. Shriners from Hannibal appeared with a Drum Corps, and the Kaaba Patrol drilled and the Band played to the delight of the crowds in the streets. President O. W. Sandberg of the Keokuk Fez Club, carried out an elaborate program and gave valuable assistance to Potentate D. Fred Scribner in entertaining the Imperial visitors. Fifty novices crossed the sands at the Ceremonial Session which was declared to be one of the most successfully conducted in the history of that Temple. During the day traveling bags were presented to the Imperial Potentate and his daughter.

It would have been a rocky road to travel to Cedar Rapids, the next Oasis on the itinerary, had it not been for the courtesy of the Milwaukee Railroad which sent a business car to Keokuk for the Imperial party. The car was in charge of Noble J. L. Brown, superintendent, who went as far as Des Moines, when Noble R. W. Stuart of Zuhrah relieved him and continued to Chicago. Noble James E. Blake of El Kahir, piloted the party to Cedar Rapids. There, the rain fell in torrents and the program prepared for the visitors was washed away. Despite the weather, the Imperial Potentate and his party, which had been increased by the arrival of Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, accompanied by W. Kaskell, Jr., visited the grave of Past Potentate Willis G. Kaskell, on which the Imperial Potentate placed flowers. The party was entertained at luncheon at the home of Potentate Charles Charles Kuning. Potentate Kuning is rather proud of the distinction of having dual Christian names. It appears that when he was born his grandfathers, both of whom were named Charles, insisted that he be named for them. He was; for both of them.

In the evening there was an informal dinner at which a painting was presented to the Imperial Potentate. He accepted it on behalf of his daughter, explaining that he was sure she would take possession at sight. The Faithful were out in force to welcome the Imperial Potentate and his party at Des Moines. A Ceremonial Session was held in the new Mosque in the afternoon. Za-Ga-Zig's Mosque is a work of art and cost more than \$1,000,000. There was a loud clamoring for admission by a crowd of novices that afternoon. All found shelter—and other things. The ceremonial work was fast—and furious for the refugees. Potentate Harry S. Haskins welcomed Shriners from many other Temples who went there to join in the welcome to the Imperial Potentate. Among them were Potentate O. H. Swearingen and thirty Nobles from Ararat, Kansas City, Mo.; Potentate Howard H. Kellogg of Abu Bekr Temple; Sioux City, Iowa, and Nobles from Tangier Temple, Omaha; Moila, St. Joseph; and El Kahir, Cedar Rapids. At the banquet, to which ladies were invited, Governor John Hammil,

a member of Za-Ga-Zig, welcomed the Imperial Potentate. After an address by Noble Dunbar, Potentate Haskins, on behalf of the Temple, presented to him a moving picture machine, expressing the hope that the activities of the Imperial Potentate might be recorded for the benefit of posterity. A ball followed the banquet.

It was late when the Imperial Party reached Omaha, and the reception by the Band and Patrol of Tangier Temple had to be abandoned. Potentate Theodore W. McCullough, members of the Divan and the reception committee, however, were waiting when the visitors left their car. There was no Ceremonial Session scheduled, so the Imperial Potentate was taken to the Golf Club, where he distinguished himself by making a course in 107 on which par was 73. At a banquet Noble Dunbar was presented with an Oriental rug.

A little of the spice of life in the way of variety was injected into the entertainment by El Riad Temple at Sioux Falls, S. D., where Potentate George W. Talbott and Nobles Ayres, Nichols, Brownell, Hurd, Girton, Lanning, Fairbank, Stewart and Sterrell met the Imperial Potentate, equipped him with a hunting costume, and escorted him one hundred and three miles to a camp in the woods. There, as the result of two days' shooting, two hundred Chinese pheasants were bagged.

Returning to the Oasis of Sioux Falls, a rousing reception was given to the distinguished guest at the Coliseum. The Past Potentates and members of the Divan of El Riad served as the reception committee. There was a program by the Sunshine Organizations, and the Imperial Potentate was pressed into service with his cornet. The evening concluded with a dance. As soon as six of the best specimens of the Chinese pheasants, trophies of the hunt, can be mounted, they will be forwarded to the Imperial Potentate.

At Sioux City, the home of Abu Bekr, Potentate Haskins of Za-Ga-Zig, Potentate George Talbott of El Riad, Sioux Falls, and Potentate Volney B. Trimble and Noble William J. Rinderspacher of Tehama, Hastings, joined the party. There was a luncheon and a parade, the Mounted Guard being the especially attractive feature. At the



V. Munroe Henderson,
Potentate of Kerak
Temple, Reno, Nevada.

V. Munroe Henderson, Illustrious Potentate, Kerak Temple, Reno, Nevada, is also the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge F. & A. M., Nevada. He has been Master of Reno Lodge No. 13 F. & A. M. Reno, and has occupied the principal offices in Reno Consistory. As if these Masonic honors were not enough for one Temple Kerak points proudly to another member of the Divan—Frank D. King, who has been Recorder for twenty-one years. Noble King is Present Grand Secretary of M. W. Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Nevada, Past High Priest Reno Chapter R. A. M. of Reno and Past Grand High Priest, Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Nevada.

Temple the Imperial Potentate was introduced to the Nobles by Noble Mills and he responded to the enthusiastic greetings of the Faithful with a speech that gripped his audience. Later, requests came from all sides for a cornet solo and Noble Dunbar complied. During the evening the Imperial Potentate was presented with a projector to add to the equipment of the motion picture machine given to him by Za-Ga-Zig Temple. Following this, the captain of the Mounted Patrol presented photographs of that organization to Nobles Dunbar and Mills, and the Imperial Potentate delegated Noble Mills to the task of accepting for both, after which he proceeded to accept them for himself.

In the Second Section of the Ceremonial Noble James Gray put a few of what he termed "imperial touches" to the initiatory work, which were more appreciated by the audience than by the novices. The session closed with a vaudeville performance. Although it was then well past midnight a reception was held at the home of Potentate Howard H. Kellogg.

There was scant time between the arrival of the train in Chicago and the departure of the train for Cleveland, but Imperial High Priest and Prophet Thomas J. Houston, and Potentate Richard E. Kropf of Medinah obtained Mayor Thompson's official automobile for an escort which gave the party the right of way through the traffic. There was a delay of only two minutes which the train soon made up. Potentate Guy W. Galbraith of Al Koran Temple welcomed the Imperial Potentate at Cleveland and escorted him to the hotel, where delegations of Nobles from surrounding cities arrived at all hours during the day. After an informal dinner the visitors were taken to the Mosque where a reception was held. Among those presented to the Imperial Potentate were Potentate William D. Murphy and about fifty members from Aladdin Temple, Columbus; Potentate James A. McDonald and Nobles from Syria, Pittsburgh; Potentate William Curtiss and about thirty Nobles from Moslem Temple, Detroit, and delegations from Zenobia Temple, Toledo; Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va.; Zem Zem, Erie, Pa., and Tadmor, Akron, Ohio.

The Imperial Potentate was then introduced with Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown of Syria, Pittsburgh, and Imperial Assistant Rabban Esten A. Fletcher of Damascus, Rochester, N. Y. Senator Theodore E. Burton, Carmi A. Thompson, recently returned from the Philippines, where he had been sent by President Coolidge as his personal representative to investigate conditions on that island, and City Manager William R. Hopkins also were presented.

One of the pleasing incidents following the introductions was the yielding by the Al Koran Chanters of the fifteen minutes allotted to them on the program to the visiting Aladdin Chanters of Columbus. A grand finale by the two organizations closed the musical program. Here, as elsewhere, there was a demand that the Imperial Potentate play a cornet solo. Remark that the weather had not been quite up to standard, Noble Dunbar played "Aloha" instead of "The End of a Perfect Day." Later the Temple presented to him a silver platter, pitcher and goblets.

While the ceremonial was in progress, Miss Dunbar was entertained by the wives of the Past Potentates and members of the Divan and was presented with a beautiful evening wrap.

Everywhere the Imperial Potentate was acclaimed. In many cases Nobles journeyed from far distant points to the nearest Oasis to greet him.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 46]

The
Shriners'
Special



It's a Gift

Some people just seem to have the gift of giving. Their gifts are always useful and, above all, appropriate.

The secret lies in giving what the recipient would choose for himself. And what could delight any Noble more than the beautiful Shriners' Special? For husband, father, brother—for any member of the Mystic Shrine—this watch, specially designed by request for Nobles, is the perfect gift they would be proud to own.

Give him a Shriners' Special. It will be a joy to him for a lifetime. Distinctive, individual, it will be an enduring symbol of his



Give other members of the family an Illinois wrist watch. The model illustrated here is the Mary Todd, an extremely fine watch of excellent time-keeping quality in addition to its artistic appearance. A 17-jeweled movement in solid 18K white gold, hand engraved or inlaid enamel cases, \$75.00.

affiliation, a treasured possession as well as a superior timepiece, backed by the Illinois guarantee.

The Shriners' Special has a 17-jeweled movement, guaranteed for accuracy, durability and service. It is fitted in a thin-model case of 14K filled white gold, full chased. The beautiful Shrine Emblem dial is the work of a real artist. The dial is of satin-finish sterling silver with raised numerals in gold. The center of the dial, beneath the emblem, is highly polished so that the enameled gold, blue and red of the emblem are strikingly effective.

At all leading jewelers, \$43.50.

Illinois Watches

ILLINOIS WATCH COMPANY, Springfield, Illinois

MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE WATCHES EXCLUSIVELY



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44])

AAD, Duluth, Minn.—J. R. Stack was elected Potentate at a special election, to succeed the late John Quincy Adams. Walter H. Borgen was elected Oriental Guide.

ACCA, Richmond, Va.—Although it is not yet completed, the new Mosque was dedicated at elaborate ceremonies marked by the appearance of Madame Schumann-Heink. Many visiting Nobles were entertained.

ALADDIN, Columbus, Ohio—The next Ceremonial Session will be held on December 17, and as the Imperial Potentate will be the guest of honor, elaborate plans are being made for the event. It has been the custom to hold two Ceremonial Sessions on consecutive days, one for members residing outside Columbus and Franklin County, and the other for the so-called resident members, but on account of the Imperial visitation it was decided to hold one session in the new Columbus Auditorium which has a seating capacity of 7,000.

ALCAZAR, Montgomery, Ala.—Many of the Faithful made the journey to Opelika to respond to the call of the Shrine Club there for assistance in the care of a large number of pilgrims seeking the light. Before the Ceremonial Session the Nobles were guests at a barbecue and at the races at the Fair grounds. Later, the Patrol gave an exhibition drill, and after a concert by the Temple's Band, the Divan led a parade through the business section. A dance at the Country Club was the closing event of a busy day.



(Above) One of the buildings at Camp Alzar, the Shrine's recreational center at San Antonio.



(Above) One of the fifty cottages at Camp Alzar which are occupied by Shriners and their families.

(There is a large clubhouse with a dance pavilion. (Left) A corner in the clubhouse.

ALEPPO, Boston—Many reservations have been made by Shriners for their forty-seven days cruise to the Mediterranean on the White Star liner Laurentic, sailing from Boston on January 17. The book stores report a sudden increase in the sale of Arabic dictionaries. Arrangements are being made for a Christmas Carnival from December 12 to 24, for the benefit of the charity fund. It is planned to have a circus, with the accompanying side shows; a midget city and vaudeville. It is to be a gigantic undertaking but Aleppo always does things in a magnificent way.

AL KADER, Portland, Ore.—The Faithful are now comfortably established in their new home which occupies the entire top floor of the new Masonic Temple, one of the most massive and imposing structures in the city.

ALZAFAR, San Antonio—An all-season recreational and vacation camp, consisting of 320 acres of land high in the hills, has been opened. About 3,000 Nobles attended the informal exercises. There is a large clubhouse with a dance pavilion; fifty cottages have been erected, and bath houses are now being constructed along the bank of the Guadalupe River, part of which runs through the property. One of the most successful Ceremonial Sessions in the history of the Temple was held on Armistice Day. There was a large class of novices for the occasion, and the unregenerate were led to the light through much travail. The Temple was the seventh to be organized in Texas. It received its charter in June, 1916, and started with a membership of 416, which has grown to nearly 5,000. Its Widows and Orphans Fund has paid out about \$150,000 in the past eleven years, and now has \$125,000 in reserve.



Noble S. X. Callahan, Illustrious Potentate, Alzar Temple, San Antonio, Texas.

ALI GHAN, Cumberland, Md.—Shriners from neighboring States were guests at the Temple's annual picnic held at Berkeley Springs, W. Va., just across the Potomac River from Hancock. The historic grove there, which contains an elm tree planted by George Washington, and the millstone of John Rumsey, who is credited with being the actual inventor of the steamboat, was recently turned over to the members of this Temple.

BALLUT ABYAD, Albuquerque, N. M.—The fortieth anniversary was celebrated by the Faithful of this Mosque on October 15, at one of the best Ceremonial Sessions in the history of this Oasis. There was a great outpouring to witness the pilgrimage of a crowd of heathen across the desert. The Temple was instituted June 11, 1887. Noble Christopher Blackwell of Raton is the only living charter member.

BENI KEDEM, Charleston, W. Va.—Many of the Faithful made a pilgrimage recently to Mount Hope, where they converted a group of heathen at impressive ceremonies marked by the presence of the Imperial Potentate.

BOUMI, Baltimore—Three thousand Nobles went to Ocean City recently where they held a parade and Ceremonial. They were joined there by nearly as many Nobles from LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, headed by Potentate William J. Highfield. On the way to Ocean City, the Nobles from Bomi took part in a parade at Hebron, Md., in connection with a carnival of the firemen of that town.

CAIRO, Rutland, Vt.—This is the way the clambake was prepared for the Nobles at their recent outing at the State Fair Grounds: All day a fire of hard maple logs blazed over a layer of stones to provide an open air stove. At 2 P. M., the ashes were raked away and the red hot stones covered with seaweed, on which were placed baskets containing the uncooked food. Over the whole was laid a canvas and a layer of sand, and for three and a half hours 500 lobsters, many bushels of clams and equally generous quantities of Irish and sweet potatoes, sausages, sweet corn and chicken were kept sizzling. When the covers were removed the savory odors brought a rush to the tables, leaving nothing for the servers to do but to set the wire baskets where they would do the most good, and tell the guests to do their worst. They did.

CYPRUS, Albany, N. Y.—The Fall Ceremonial Session was marked by a large attendance with many visiting Nobles present. Some new features were introduced which made the pilgrimage of the novices unusually interesting.

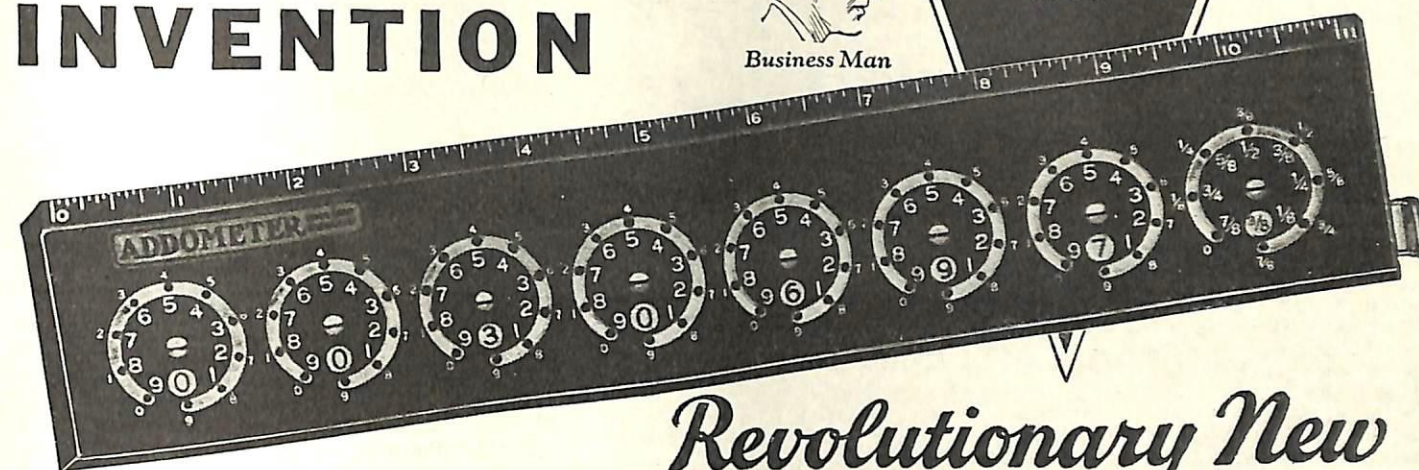
DAMASCUS, Rochester, N. Y.—The Sunbeam Committee is one of the most active bodies for its size of all such committees in the Shrine. It has a record of making at least a call a day upon the sick for several years. Noble Edward C. Widman, Chairman, has supplied the various hospitals with magazines, books and phonograph records, and also has been instrumental in sending several carloads of clothing to needy orphans in the Near East. Assisting him are Willard H. Cross, Frank E. Dyer, Robert H. Holter, Edward Magson, Philip O'Rourke, Whitney W. Sicker, Thomas B. Skucus, J. Leslie Weller and Wiley H. Wilson.

[Shrine News Continued on page 50]

Everybody Needs this MIRACLE INVENTION



SENT FREE For Ten Days Trial



Revolutionary New ADDING MACHINE!

Does all the work of bulky, \$300 machines, yet costs but \$10 COMPLETE

HERE'S an amazing invention worth many times its cost to everyone who works with figures! A new kind of adding machine, called the ADDOMETER, that's truly a wonder! A thoroughly practical and efficient machine that does every kind of figuring swiftly and with perfect accuracy—at a price of only \$10!

Just think! A real honest-to-goodness adding machine capable of doing all the work of bulky, expensive \$300 machines, at no more than the cost of a good fountain pen! Why, it seems almost impossible! But it's not—it's a FACT! And we're ready to prove it by sending you a machine FREE for 10 days trial without the payment of a penny!

A Mechanical Marvel

Undoubtedly the most ingenious invention in 25 years, ADDOMETER possesses an almost uncanny ability to do any type of work. It ADDS—clear up to \$99,999.99%—quick as a flash! SUBTRACTS instantly with the same speed, agility and ease of operation as it adds! Even

adds and subtracts FRACTIONS in units down to 1/8! And it MULTIPLIES and DIVIDES just as easily and quickly as the most costly machines. You can use it to total invoices, take inventory, balance ledger accounts, figure discounts or perform 1001 other useful everyday computations.

And you can depend upon ADDOMETER to always give you the right answer—in a jiffy!

Operates on New Principle

Revolutionary in principle as well as in price, ADDOMETER has been acclaimed by experts as the neatest, most compact and remarkable adding machine ever in-

vented. It works entirely without the use of keys or awkward levers. Yet it is lightning fast and never makes a mistake. Shows the total visible at all times. Clears by a flick of the finger. Every action is simple—direct—positive.

But that's not all! ADDOMETER is also radically new and different in design. It is made entirely of metal and embodies



Equip all your employees at small cost.

a host of features that have baffled the best mechanical designers for years. Only 11 1/4" long, 2 1/4" wide, and 5/8" thick, and weighing but 14 oz., it can be carried anywhere right in your coat pocket—the only adding machine made that really "goes to work." Being flat, it fits right over the sheet of figures being computed, keeping your place, preventing troublesome eye-strain, and speeding up your work. No other machine at any price is so convenient, simple and easy to use!

A Machine Everybody Needs

ADDOMETER performs a useful, practical, necessary service in the daily life of almost everybody. Does all your figuring for you quickly and accurately. Eliminates mental strain, prevents costly errors, saves you time and money every hour of the day. Even if it sold for \$100 or more you shouldn't be without it! At only

SALESMEN—A WONDER!

ADDOMETER is the biggest selling sensation in years! Sells on sight to everyone who uses figures! Every territory jammed with buyers! Write quick for details of our attractive Special Sales Plan whereby you can profit handsomely. You won't regret it!

\$10 you couldn't buy anything that would be such a handy helper. Yet that's all ADDOMETER costs—and you don't pay a single cent until you've had a chance to use it for 10 days!

10 Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE!

We want you to have an ADDOMETER for 10 days' FREE TRIAL in your home or office. So we are offering it to anyone on our famous "No Risk" Plan. We ask NO money in advance—NOTHING on delivery—NO deposit of any kind. Simply fill out and mail the coupon and we'll send you a machine postpaid. Try it! Test it! Use it for 10 days! Then if satisfied,

remit only \$10 in full payment. Otherwise return the machine. That's all we ask. By all means send the coupon for your machine NOW—TODAY!

NOTE: ADDOMETER is made in 3 models—to fit everybody's requirements. Every machine fully guaranteed a year. Fractional Decimal Model A (described in this announcement) counts to \$99,999.99%. This is the ideal model for general use. Standard Decimal Model B counts to 999,999.99. Does not figure fractions. Especially designed for folks who deal in very large numbers. Lineal Measure Model C counts up to 999,999 feet 11 7/8 inches. Particularly adaptable for use by architects, builders, etc. Be sure to designate model desired.

THE ADDOMETER CO., Dept. 689, (Division Reliable Adding Machine Corporation) 184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me an ADDOMETER (model indicated below) for 10 days' FREE TRIAL on your special "No Risk" Plan.

☐ Fractional Decimal Model A ☐ Standard Decimal Model B ☐ Lineal Measure Model C

Name _____

Address _____

Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Please accompany coupon with your business card or letterhead, or give name of one reference. This is important to us. THANK YOU!

The Addometer Co., Dept. 689, 184 W. Washington St., Chicago

SHRINE SERVICE
Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

(Above) Putting on the makeup preparatory to playing the chief rôle at the holiday dinner.

(Right) A festive table—savory roast goose or duck served with tangy sherbet or tart jelly.



TURKEY, our 100% American bird, is regal enough to easily hold first place on the platter of honor at either the Christmas or New Year's feast. It was Benjamin Franklin who thought that the turkey and not the eagle, should have been selected as our "National Bird." Garnished with greens and a rope of cranberries, turkey makes an entrance as impressive as the roast peacock or boar's head which graced the feast days of the Yuletide of long ago. But the small family may find a turkey too large for its requirements, or after dining at many functions, it may be a pleasing change to make another choice for the home dinner. Goose, duck, guinea-hen, capon, partridge, rabbit and some of the familiar meat cuts may serve equally well if garnished in holiday attire.

These suggestions are helpful in selecting all poultry; choose birds with plump breast and smooth moist skin; see that the end of the breastbone is flexible when moved with the finger, and that the wing joint turns readily backward; avoid birds having dark purplish skin, scaly legs, coarse hairs and sunken eyes—all signs of age and toughness; have the butcher pull the tendons in the drumsticks to make easier and more tender eating; ask him to cut out the small oil-sac which lies just above the tail; remove pinfeathers with a toilet tweezer; "plump" cold-storage birds by soaking ½ hour in water; do not choose too large a bird, as it is better to purchase two small birds than one very large one on which the proportion of bone and waste is much greater.

Select a goose which is a young or "green goose" not over six months old; scrub outside with water and white soap, rinse thoroughly in and out; use one unpeeled but cut-up orange and a cored and cut apple and stuff into the body cavity; roast goose with this fruit for 30 minutes to remove greasy taste and odor; then remove and stuff with usual dressings and continue roasting. Elevate on rack while cooking to allow excess fat to run off; dredge with salted flour and baste every ten minutes with hot water.

Duck, guinea-hen and partridge have dark flesh and are more dry than either goose or turkey. Duck is preferred underfed, and should be cooked in a quick oven. Stuff the entire body with whole celery stalks and roast for 30 minutes; remove, fill with usual stuffings and continue cooking. Guinea-fowl may be roasted like turkey, but is more juicy if braised or given a casserole method of cooking. While the usual practice is to place birds in roasting pan, breast up, it is better to place them on the side, or breast downwards so that as the bird cooks, the juices will fall down and automatically baste and keep the breast tender. Covering

breast with bacon or salt pork strips skewered with toothpicks, or with heavy brown paper, will also keep the flesh moist.

Capon and chicken can be varied from the monotonous "roast" by preparing in what is known as a "smothered" dish. The bird should be split directly down the back and extended, breast down. Then follow a braising process, using moderate temperature and plenty of seasoned liquid for the basting. The addition of a rich cream giblet gravy makes this a dish distinctive enough for the guest meal. Rabbit deserves mention because a "jugged hare" so frequently held the spotlight on the festive board of yore. Use only the choice legs, cooking in a casserole fashion with plenty of gravy, and serve with dumplings or riced potatoes, or with a "crust" after the manner of a "hare pye." This latter is a he-man dish, much liked by husbands, and one that need not be confined only to the holiday season.

While pork chops may seem a homely enough dish, the crown ribs of pork make a most festive and luscious special occasion meat. Have the butcher take almost the entire loin of pork, and make a standing or "crown" roast by removing the excess meat from each chop bone and tying the loin so that there is a cavity within. Roast as usual; garnish each bone tip with a ruby cranberry and place baked or glazed apples between the base of the ribs. Fill center cavity with preferred vegetable, or with dried lima beans baked separately. Two other pork dishes are equally able to take the hero part in the menu. One is the



(Above) If you don't want turkey, a crown pork roast with baked apples makes an attractive meat for holidays.

entire smoked ham, and the other its counterpart—the "fresh ham." After a short parboiling, the smoked ham should be encased in a paste of flour and water, or covered with brown sugar and stuck full of whole cloves in a fancy pattern. After slow baking, it may be served with cider or raisin sauce, and a contrasting accompaniment of "trimmings" in the form of candied sweets, spinach, etc.

The fresh ham should be prepared pot-roast fashion, and is delicious served with a tart cabbage, or tomato dish and still sharper pickles or relish. Indeed, with all holiday meats, there is need of some marked contrast in acid form to "cut" the oil and richness of this class of food and thus make its digestion easier. Such acids may be the familiar tart jelly, or equally well side courses of orange and grapefruit salad, lemon or grapefruit or cranberry sherbet.

The first course of a holiday dinner having a heavy meat as the chief dish should be either chilled shell-fish or a cup of light soup, or both, if one wishes the menu elaborate; fringed celery or stalks stuffed with sharp cheese paste, olives and toasted crackers belong here. With the meat serve only one kind of potatoes and one contrasting green vegetable. It is no longer good taste to offer many side dishes, usually duplicating one another in quality and texture, or both sweet and white potatoes when there is a starchy stuffing. Remember the acid accompaniment which may also be in salad form, but generally a salad is unnecessary and unappreciated with this type of dinner and may very well be omitted. And even the typical holiday desserts, mince and pumpkin pie and plum pudding are best served in small individual form because they appear more attractive and because after a heavy menu a dessert is really a tradition and not a necessity.

HOLIDAY MENU No. 1

Oyster Cocktail Stuffed Celery Sticks
Roast Goose with Stuffing
Baked Apples with Currant Jelly
Browned Potato Balls Brussels Sprouts
Orange-and-Cress Salad Mince Tarts
Coffee

HOLIDAY MENU No. 2

Cream of Celery Soup
Casserole of Rabbit Molded Spinach
Stuffed Baked Potatoes Cranberry Ice
Pumpkin Pie with Cheese Sticks Nuts and Candies
Coffee

HOLIDAY MENU No. 3

Anchovy Canapé
Clear Tomato Soup Cider Sherbet
Baked Fresh Ham Creamed Cauliflower
Candied Sweet Potatoes Grapfruit and Pimiento Salad
Individual Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
Fruit Punch

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FROM IMMIGRANT TO MAGNATE [Continued from page 29]

delphia he discourages them, because he believes that profit-taking in all retail business is based on selling style instead of price.

"Stores no longer make their money on staple merchandise," he declares. "There's too much price cutting just to get a volume which fails to show the necessary net. Moreover, the public tends to purchase articles which are out of the ordinary, regardless of the selling price. Merchants who handle such lines increase their net profits by rapid turnovers. It is the resident buyer's job to find such profit-making lines. Hence retailers from coast to coast are learning that it does not pay to push volume beyond normal limits, because by trading wildly on a low-price basis they increase their overhead without making any money at all.

"All merchants may be divided into two classes, the style getters who are price getters and the price getters who are mark-down getters. The only merchants who will survive will be those who handle unusual, stylish and up-to-date merchandise."

Alfred Fantl believes each merchant should study his own business instead of watching his competitors. Here are some of the rules for the success of retailers:

"Avoid an inelastic budget. Volume of stocks should be adjusted constantly, not only according to the season but according to the current needs of the public, with especial attention to the type of price that public is willing to pay."

As will be observed, this man has a genius for taking pains. He believes in watching little things. The other day while I was talking to him and marveling that he knew intimately the whys and wherefores of the thousands of items he purchases for his clients, he picked up a small hand mirror which had a silver-plated handle so shaped that the mirror could stand upright on a dresser or be hung upon a wall.

"There's nothing so profit-making in this world of trade as a new and practical idea," he announced. "My clients will sell a million of this novelty."

And I suppose that explains why Alfred Fantl is the leader in his field. He never overlooks a bet. No wonder two hundred retail merchants associate themselves with him.

A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 15]

of a contrasting set. It is altogether right that a revolution should be undertaken against the old conception of education, and training, but this revolution should be led by people who fully recognize the complicated nature of the problems they are facing. Miss Coffin is characteristic of the new education at its best in that her very readiness to admit difficulties and conflicting purposes makes her more persuasive in putting her own point of view.

Latin is one of the most sharply debated questions of the school. It is taken for granted that the permanent success of the school is bound up in a relation between the teachers and superintendents, on the one side, and the parents of the children on the other. Every encouragement is given to the parents to keep in close touch with what is being done. These parents mostly are college people with a traditional culture. They are believers in the value of Latin both as a discipline and for the light it throws on the English language. I am prejudiced in favor of it myself; rather stupidly partisan about it. Miss Coffin, by admitting everything I said, or at least taking an interest in it, and then coming quietly back with [Continued on page 51]



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WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46])

ELF KHURAFEH, Saginaw, Mich.—Impressive ceremonies and an elaborate program of entertainment marked the dedication of the new Mosque. The celebration lasted three days opening with a concert in the theater of the completed structure. Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor represented the Imperial Potentate at the dedicatory exercises, which were held the following afternoon. With a large class of novices to help the proceedings, the Ceremonial Session in the evening was a great success. The next and last day of the celebration, matinee and evening performances of "Rhapsodies of 1927" were given. During the three days there were dinners, receptions and other social gatherings. Among the guests were Potentates, members of Divans, and large delegations of Nobles from several other Temples. Oases in Northern Ohio, Canada and other parts of Michigan were well represented.

EL MAIDA, El Paso, Texas—James Abbey Borders has been advanced from Chief Rabban to Illustrious Potentate, to succeed the late Allen H. Rodas. Others advanced were Scott C. White, from Assistant to Chief Rabban and Breedlove Smith, from High Priest and Prophet to Assistant Rabban. The Fall Ceremonial brought out a large attendance.

EL MINA, Galveston, Texas—Shriners from all over the State and from other Oases, were guests at the Silver Jubilee Ceremonial Session, and the celebration will be written into the records as the greatest event in the history of the Mosque. Potentate Preston B. Doty and the Divan permitted the portals to be opened to an unusually large group of novices after they had been made presentable.

IREM, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—A large group of supplicants found shelter at the Fall Ceremonial after surviving a hazardous journey to the gates of the Mosque. The Temple reports a gain of eight percent net in membership for the year.

ISLAM, San Francisco—A rousing reception was given to the Nobles on their return from the recent pilgrimage to Hawaii, by the Shrine Luncheon Club, with W. M. Coffman directing the program. Responses to the greetings were made by Potentate Julian D. Harries, Dr. Howard M. McKinley and others of the party. Other recent activities of the Temple include a dance and a billiard and pool tournament. Announcement was made that beginning January 1 the initiation fee would be increased from \$100 to \$150.

HELLA, Dallas, Texas—Nobles are busy keeping pace with their entertainment committee which gave two dances and a concert in a month, and is arranging several other events for the Winter. Potentate John L. DeGrazier says he made a good choice when he named the members of the committee. Recorder Asher Mintz reports that a man giving the name of A. P. Mays and representing himself as a member of that Temple, has been cashing worthless checks. He says the man is an impostor and never has been a member of Hella.

EL JEBEL, Denver—The Oriental extravaganza "A Night in Mecca," which was produced by the Temple last May, was repeated with great success recently for three nights.

HILLAH, Ashland, Ore.—The first Fall business session was turned over to the Past Potentates, the Nobles having wished on them the task of arranging the activities for the season. There are fifteen of these past officers still living.

INDIA, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Two Ceremonial Sessions in eight days, with many novices clamoring for admittance at both gatherings of the Faithful, is something of a record. A night parade was a feature of the first Ceremonial. An entertainment and dance followed the second, which was held in the afternoon.

JAFFA, Altoona, Pa.—The Fall Ceremonial was the most successful held in several years. The Temple had as its guests Potentate Worthington P. Wachter of Ali Ghan, Cumberland, Md., members of the Divan and the Band, Patrol, Chanters and Drum and Bugle Corps from that Oasis. The Mosque was filled to capacity and a large class of novices crossed the sands. A special Ceremonial Session was held at Johnstown, October 17, the caravan being escorted by the Uniformed Bodies. Potentate Malcolm MacDougall lives at Johnstown, and the Shriners received a warm welcome and royal entertainment.

(Sim W. Crabill, Illustrious Potentate, Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.)



A friend has said of Sim W. Crabill, Potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles:

"Here is an honest-to-goodness Potentate—a real Mason who carries the emblems of our ancient and honorable fraternity within his big generous heart."

Noble Crabill has been connected with The Los Angeles Times for the past thirty-five years and has been Manager of The Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House and the American Engraving and Electrotype Company—the two largest establishments of their kind west of St. Louis—for almost twenty years. These last named business houses are closely associated with The Los Angeles Times, and while Sim—as he loves to be called—has been a very busy man throughout all of these busy years, he has, nevertheless, found the time to be of indispensable service to The Craft.

He is a member of one of the oldest Lodges in the southern part of the State—Southern California Lodge, No. 278 F. & A.M.—wherein he received the symbolic degrees of the Blue Lodge more than twenty-two years ago; has served Templarism as Commander of Golden West Commandery, No. 43, K.T., and is active in the Scottish Rite, being honored with the degree of K.C.C.H. by that body.

KALURAH HOST TO NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL

Shriners from all parts of New York and many from distant Oases gathered at Binghamton for the Fall session of the New York State Shrine Council. Kalurah Temple was a lavish host and crowded enough entertainment into one day to last a month in the average man's life. Uniformed bodies from Media Temple, Watertown; Ziyara, Utica; Tigris, Syracuse; Damascus, Rochester; Ismailia, Buffalo; Cyprus, Albany; Oriental, Troy; Kismet, Brooklyn, and Mecca, New York, with Kalurah's representation, made a remarkable display of color which, with the decorations of the streets, gave to that Oasis a scene of Oriental splendor that became dazzling under the brilliant night illuminations.

In the afternoon there was a spectacle that brought continued cheering from the crowds that packed the streets. In the parade which was led by Thomas M. Loise, Marshal of Kalurah; Edward E. Powell, Chief of Staff, and Major Arthur Kaepfel, Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Moody, Captain Ray G. Pratt and Lieutenant C. J. Statz, aides, all of Kalurah, were the Arab Patrols, six Bands, troopers from Sidney Barracks, under command of Captain Daniel E. Fox, a Red Cross emergency unit with doctors, members of Kalurah, the DeMolay of Binghamton and other organizations.

The parade extended nearly four miles. At Johnson Field it passed before the grandstand which was packed with Shriners, their families and guests. After the parade the bands were massed into one unit of more than 300 pieces and gave a concert. This was followed by exhibition drills by the Patrols. The program at the Field included a rodeo by the troopers, athletic contests, dancing, and a dinner for the uniformed bodies. Prizes of silver cups were awarded as follows: Kalurah's Legion of Honor, Ziyara's Chanters, Oriental's Band, Cypress' Patrol and Tigris' Field Music. Mecca received a cup for having the greatest number of Nobles in line. In the evening the Chanters and Bands gave concerts which were followed by a block dance.

At the business session held the preceding day, the delegates were welcomed by Past Potentate James T. Rogers. The resignation of Aaron P. Crouse, Past Potentate of Cyprus, as Treasurer, was read. The resignation, due to ill health, was accepted with regret. Nordin J. Shambrook, Chief Rabban, Cyprus, was elected to the vacancy.

By unanimous vote it was decided to hold the Spring meeting in Brooklyn, with Kismet Temple as host. The date was set for April 14.

The banquet for the delegates was held at the Kalurah Country Club, with Imperial Second Ceremonial Master John N. Sebrell of Khedive, representing the Imperial Potentate, as guest of honor. James A. Smith, President of the Council, was toastmaster. The speakers, besides Nobles Sebrell and Smith, included Louis N. Donnatin, Recorder of Mecca Temple and first President of the Council; Noble R. G. Pratt, second President of the Council; Noble George A. Stebbins of Media, third President; Noble Rogers, Noble Fred Pierce of Salaam, Newark, N. J., and Nobles John D. Clarke and Norman A. Boyd of Kalurah.

KAREM, Waco, Texas—Checking up the happenings of the Summer, the picnic at Kamco Lake stands out as one of the most successful and enjoyable events held for a long time. About 600 Wichita Falls Shriners and their families were there to participate in the program of sports.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 49]

the considerations on the other side, has been able to shake my mind. I still hold to the theory that for a literary person, a person especially interested in the English language and what you can do with it, there is decided value in a large knowledge or even in a slight knowledge of Latin, as there is in a knowledge of Greek, or Anglo-Saxon, as other elements out of which our own language has been created. While clinging to this, however, I have admitted much. I have slowly brought myself to admit that the majority who learn Latin put a vast amount of time on it and get nothing out of it and therefore it is the duty of a certain kind of school not to waste this time, but to use it for purposes more valuable to the majority.

The Lincoln School is a laboratory. It was founded not to become merely a good school in itself, but to work out methods which could be used elsewhere, and thus exert leadership in improving general education. It may be that in carrying out this, its main purpose, it will have to lose, after the first four or five years, those students who wish a certain portion of the old traditional education. The question is not settled yet.

I asked why it might not be possible to have Latin as an elective course, no effort being made to induce students to take it. Miss Coffin said: "The fear in the school is that if they make it an elective, parents will make it practically compulsory by impressing the child with the need of taking it, and we shall find ourselves in the situation not of helping the children to do what they naturally wish to do, but in the situation of inflicting on them one of those traditions that we were created to get away from."

Miss Coffin permitted me to read "Curriculum Making In An Elementary School" in manuscript. This volume has been prepared by the staff of the elementary department. It describes ten years experience of that department and explains its present work, with full illustrations of how the ideas are practically carried out. In preparing this volume there was used the cooperation of every teacher in that department of the school. Thus it is the product not of an individual but of a group.

Of the many things in it which aroused my enthusiasm, I was most moved by what in current education language is called the unit of work or center of study. "The starting point of knowledge for a young child is a solid thing, not some abstractions made from solid things," Miss Coffin explained. "We do not teach him a list of boundaries and larger cities and capitals and call it geography; we do not teach him a list of dates and call it history; we do not make his mathematics out of symbols. We help him find something to do that will involve all of these things in the doing of it." When I was a child, I had to sit all day as still as possible on a bench, and not communicate with other children, and learn dull things out of books. The child in the modern school moves about almost as busily as he does when he is not in school. His interest is aroused in a fertile direction and his study is the following out of that interest. Perhaps a class has chosen North American Indians as a study. A group of children builds tents and houses of the various sorts used by the different tribes. It studies the customs of the tribes; knows their agriculture; their cooking utensils; their weapons; their clothing. It has no idea that it is studying history, or science, or that in making measurements for a dwelling, and so planning the amount of material needed, it is learning arithmetic. Yet, when my chil-

[Continued on page 52]

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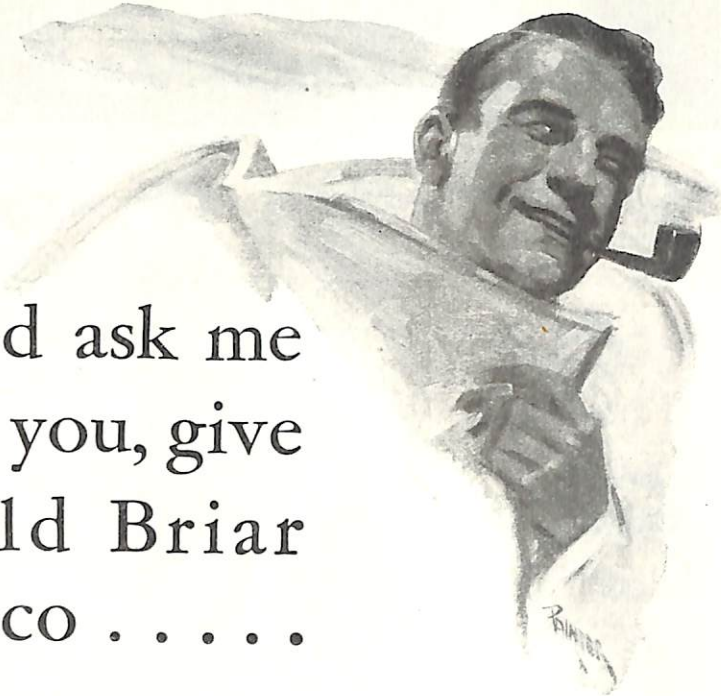
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A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 51]

dren finished the term, I was amazed at the amount of actual knowledge, even of the kind always described as knowledge, that came to them in their enthusiastic following out of what they took to be their own purposes.

Books come naturally. If your plan is to build a Dutch house, you have to find out what a Dutch house is. If your plan has something to do with Egypt, you are led by easy stages to visit the well-conducted library for the purposes of finding out why the desert exists. You cannot find out why it exists without learning the rôle of winds and mountains in the carrying of atmosphere and the existence of fertility. No modern school can be called successful unless it has an essentially first class librarian.

It is always in the young grades that the farm is discovered as one of the most general interests, and therefore agreed upon by the majority of children as the unit they will adopt. I have told Miss Coffin that, leaving out altogether what has happened to my children, my own education has never been carried on more rapidly than it has been carried on by the Lincoln School. In such a simple matter as milk, for example, the directions into which it leads us, and the distance to which it carries us, I realized only after I had been through the topic of milk with a child. What are the different kinds of cows and what are their characteristics? What do milk inspectors do? How is milk distributed to a modern city? What is it made of?

A unit of work dealing with time is hardly likely to be taken up before the fifth or sixth grade, but to me it is the most interesting in the whole book. We are familiar with the watch; we are familiar with the modern clock; and most of us are even familiar with the sun dial. How many of my readers can give any information about the earlier methods of recounting time?

What did different primitive peoples do about time? What was done in Egypt, Greece, Rome, China and among the Aztecs? Or try a few of these: How is the Master Clock in Washington kept right? How are clocks kept right at sea? What is the effect on time-keeping of sphericity, rotation, revolution? What part did Galileo play in our way of considering time? What part is played by the sun and moon? How many kinds of compasses are there? What is the zodiac? What is a degree? What does daylight saving mean? Do we get more daylight when the earth is nearer the sun? What causes the midnight sun? What is the relation of a clock to a bell?

This in a nutshell is the new education as compared with the old, where history was one thing, and geography another, and arithmetic a third, and astronomy a fourth. It is a bold step. It is what the philosophers have long been asking for.

We shall not go as far as Einstein, but the children will know what it means that, with modern methods of communication, a person listening to his radio in the evening in New York can follow ball games being played at that very moment in San Francisco, and will soon be able to follow debates taking place in the House of Commons in the small hours of the next morning; thus listening at the same time to events which are happening in the morning; in the afternoon; in the evening; and on the next day. This inevitably leads the student deep into astronomy. Time is related to every branch of knowledge. The child who enters astronomy and mathematics by such a gate as this has not the depression that comes to most minds from

symbols and abstractions. He has the excitement that comes from exploring for himself into regions where his interest has been aroused.

And these researches all connect themselves with the lives we are living in 1927. We are making a daring decision. We are deciding that the child gets most of those things in which he is interested in the world around him. In the Elementary Department, therefore, of a school belonging to the modern movement, the work of a child takes him out into the life of his city. If it happens to be New York, as in the case of the Lincoln School, he follows the Egyptians into the Metropolitan Museum; or the Indians into the Museum of Natural History; or milk into the dairies of the big companies that help supply the city; or the lunches that he orders into the market system. In his free hours, in which he does not follow a unit along with the rest of the class, he does what he particularly enjoys doing. He may build a tall building. In New York, a large number of the children do build or paint tall buildings, or river steamboats; and excursions are made to the Woolworth Building or to the river banks.

One of the decidedly interesting things told to me by Miss Coffin is that it is peculiarly difficult to find teachers who can fill the needs of this kind of modern education. Again and again some one will apply for a place in the Lincoln School and will be surprised at the amount of knowledge required. It is one thing to know a certain subject as that subject is taught in an old-fashioned conventional school. It is a wholly different thing to be prepared to deal with all the questions asked by scores of active-minded boys and girls on such topics as ancient and modern Egypt, or such a topic as time in its relation to history, astronomy, invention and modern life. Parents sometimes fear the modern school falls short in the amount of actual concrete knowledge it gives. The difficulty of securing satisfactory teachers is one indication that it gives far more actual and definite information.

What I quoted from Miss Coffin about marriage in relation to the modern school movement can be recalled in connection with what she and several of the teachers have said to me about the Lincoln School—that the teachers do not wish to leave to go to other schools and they do not wish to leave to get married. Uniformly, as far as I know, they look upon marriage as something that they would prefer to carry along at the same time with their school work, at least as far as that turns out to be possible. Teaching a group of young people in a school of this kind is not something that a woman can possibly do in a mechanical or routine way. She cannot do it unless she is educating herself at the same time she is educating the child. To put it in different words, she can give satisfaction in a modern school only if her mind is constantly alive and at work and that, of course, is education for her.

Our day is sometimes spoken of as the century of the child. We are, in truth, learning more about the mind of the child than about any other aspect of the human race. The United States, behind other countries in many aspects of intellectual work, has been fitted to lead in this particular direction because of our freedom from rigid tradition and our love of experiment. On the foundation of the kind of experiment being carried along at many points in the country, and notably in the Lincoln School, I believe it no exaggeration to say that a new world is being built. We are still in the stage of trial and error, and more or less always shall be, but every indication is that in those first dozen years—the most important—the child will have a development more favorable by far than was open to those who went before him.

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



MADAM, the right tobacco means so much to him—give him Old Briar

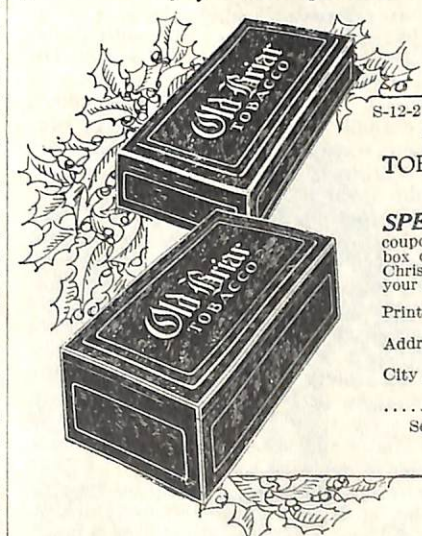
GIVE him Old Briar Tobacco and you will give him more real enjoyment and contentment than he has ever gotten out of his pipe before. This Christmas, many thousands of women will get almost as much pleasure from their gift of Old Briar Tobacco as the men get themselves... When you see his enjoyment, when you, yourself, enjoy the fragrance of the

smoke, when he tells you, as he will, that you've given him the best pipe tobacco he's ever smoked, your thoughtfulness will be more than repaid.

It has been the life work of experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending tobaccos, that has produced Old Briar. Generations of tobacco culture have gone into its perfection. Its natural leaf—flavorful, cool and slow-burning—has been developed and blended—and step by step perfected into the most satisfying tobacco ever made.

Give him Old Briar Tobacco, this Christmas. His appreciation will be whole-hearted and sincere. The friendly fragrance of your gift and its good cheer will be enjoyed by him every day.

Of all the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least



IF THE NEAREST CIGAR STORE OR TOBACCONIST DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a \$1 or \$2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift, also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

Print Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

Send the coupon now, with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.



Foot-Joy
The Shoe that's Different

WHY wait until you need to wear them before ordering a pair of Foot-Joy Shoes? Get into a pair today, and then forget you have feet. You will begin to notice a change in your general disposition right off. That's because Foot-Joy Shoes are constructed with the proper foundation to keep the hundreds of nerves and muscles of the human walking mechanism happy. You'll feel that way too, because your walking mechanism is a big part of your system. Foot-Joy Shoes are designed in smart styles for all occasions, street, sport or formal evening wear. Send for our catalogue, printed in colors, showing all styles in Foot-Joy, "The Shoe that's Different."

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name
Address SMM

Keeping the Christmas Spirit Under Changing Conditions

Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!

Dear Shrine Readers:

MARRIED or unmarried, old-fashioned or newfangled, domestic or followers of a career, it is all one—women do not truly express the best that is in them unless they are in a home setting. I do not believe women are ever truly happy unless they do create this home feeling or atmosphere around them. And we want to realize this! The spirit most at Christmas time because for ages Christmas has expressed the flood-tide of the truest home spirit—everything which is meant by good will, good cheer, hospitality and love.

Homemaking is as much and as inseparable a part of woman as childbirth. The home is a primary individual and national necessity; it is the thing for which all the factories and the offices and the governments exist.

But as homemakers we are now faced with many changing conditions, with the greater demands and scarcity of domestic servants, with higher living costs, with rising appearance standards. How can the home survive against these odds? Do not all of us need to accept the Christmas spirit of simplification, not by giving up the important things, but by being less showy and more sincere with our externals? Surely it is a great lesson to recall that during this month Christ was born in a lowly manger, and that His parents had little in the way of material possessions! Cannot we, as homemakers, set an example to our young people to simplify home standards without lowering them?

The Christmas spirit must start in with the right attitude of mind—that homemaking and housework are as important as other occupations and bring equal rewards. There must be no feeling of mere tolerance toward "keeping house," or a feeling that the children are burdens. If the home presents problems (and what business or career does not?) then it is woman's great opportunity to set her ability and her training to take hold of these problems with a new spirit, and to solve them for the best advantage of her family and herself. She may employ new tools in her work, apply new knowledge to her preparation of food, practise new education in the bringing up of her children.

The end and aim of homemaking is not a perfect schedule of work, or a spotless house, or deliciously prepared meals. The aim, the true spirit for which every homemaker must labor is the personal happiness, health and

progress of every member of her family. The technique of work, the mechanical tool, are but means to an end, never the end in itself. Women must love their work. Only when they see the clear star of LOVE guiding them, no matter how changing or how difficult is the way, can we expect to have the homes that we ought to have. Wives and mothers can be joyous personalities, radiating holiday cheer, only if all the year they see in their work of homemaking the fullest expression of personal and family happiness.

Yes, and here is another CONTEST in which I am sure every reader will be interested. I have called it "The Dish My Husband Likes Best." You see, just a little while ago I was asked to cooperate in a nationwide survey of which item was the most popular on the restaurant bill-of-fare. And which do you guess it was—chicken pot-pie, cornbeef hash and poached eggs, or porterhouse and French fried on the side? Well, I am not going to tell! Because I want every Shrine reader to tell me what dish the men in her family enjoy most heartily. This recipe may feature a meat dish, or a meat equivalent or a vegetable plate, but it must be the chief and main dish of the meal, not a side relish or any kind of dessert, because we treated these topics previously.

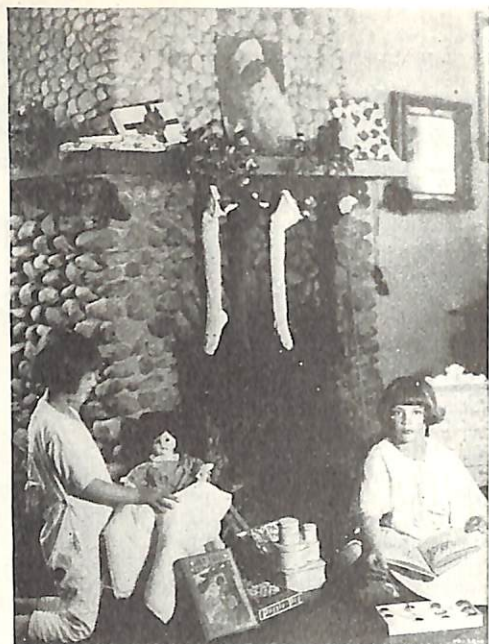
What are the real "he-man" dishes and foods? Enter now, remembering Contest Rules:

- 1—Write only on one side of paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose. Write your name and address clearly on each sheet.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
- 4—Address: Contest Editor, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by January 15th.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

Here are the results of the last Prize Contest. Again it was difficult to decide, so many novel and suggestive ideas were sent in for the Bridge Party Menu Contest. The prize winners are:

[Continued on page 55]



ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 54]

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MISS JESSIE W. RAKER,
170 Massachusetts avenue,
Boston, Mass.

Olives in Bacon Curls
Nut Graham and Rye Bread Sandwiches
Chicken Patties Sweet Gherkins
Cheese Circles Rainbow Egg Salad Radish Roses
Ginger Cream Lady Fingers or Plain Cake
Southern Drip Coffee

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. HUNT,
Fairmont, Minn.

Grapefruit and Orange Sherbet
Shrimp Salad, Lettuce Cups, Olives
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Muffins Sunshine Cake Coffee

VINNA E. PARSONS,
P. O. Box 116,
Norwich, Conn.

Cream of Potato Soup
Croutons
Chicken Tetrazzini with Peas
Hot Novel Potatoes
Hot Buttered Rolls
Fruit Salad with Salt Wafers
Ice Cream Coffee

\$2.00 WINNERS

MRS. F. L. WALKER,
1508 Elmwood avenue,
Lakewood (Cleveland), Ohio.

Traymore Chicken Timbales Salad Rolls
Almond Cream Celery Tips Coffee
Peanut Drops

MRS. ELIZABETH S. MORGAN,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Perfection Salad Open Sandwiches
Rolled Sandwiches Small Wafers Coffee

MRS. F. F. KIMBLE,
Orofino, Idaho.

Chicken and Nut Croquettes
Asparagus with Pimiento Sauce
Tomato and Cheese Salad
Parker House Rolls Butter Balls
Red Apple Cream Puffs Coffee

\$1.00 WINNERS

MRS. R. T. HOWELS,
419 West 22nd street,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Chicken with Golden Sauce on Toast
Buttered Asparagus Tips Peach Salad
Biscuits Orange Marmalade
Apricot Ice Cream Angel Food Cake
Coffee Salted Nuts

MRS. JOHN CALLAGHAN,
320 So. 60th street,
Birmingham, Ala.

Pressed Chicken
Rolled Asparagus Sandwiches
Devils Food Cake Coffee Crisp Crackers

MRS. W. B. MARBLE,
Stinson Beach, California.

Ginger Ale Salad
Nut Bread Sandwiches
Lemon Ice Box Cake
Chocolate and Coffee Mixture

Recipes for the above menus, together with table decorations can be had by writing to Mrs. Frederick, Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



DOROTHY KNAPP
proclaimed the
world's most
beautiful girl.

Health and Beauty the Perfect Christmas Gift

HERE is the ideal gift for young or old—the gift that means physical fitness—radiant health. Give the Health Builder for Christmas!

Dieting or backbreaking exercises no longer necessary! The Health Builder gives a combined massage—vibratory treatment, better than a skilled masseur. It vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peeps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and reduces superfluous weight.

Endorsed by Famous Beauty

Dorothy Knapp, star of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and proclaimed the "most

beautiful girl in the world," uses the Health Builder daily. She says, "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to everyone that is interested in keeping radiantly healthy and in retaining a beautiful figure."

Used daily in countless private homes, large medical institutions and by numerous physicians in their practice, the Health Builder is a safe, simple, scientific method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy.

Send for FREE Book

Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the Battle Creek Health Builder in operation—with complete series of home exercises. Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Battle Creek Sun Arc Bath and "Mechanical Health Horse" are also made by the manufacturers of the famous "Health Builder."



The Health
Builder

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Room S-1942 Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me FREE Book
"Health & Beauty"—Today.

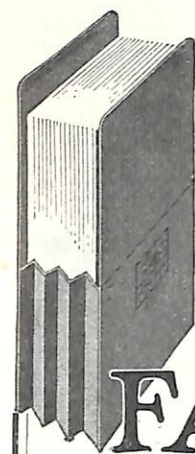
Name

Address

City..... State.....

Send
Coupon
Now
Keeps You
Fit

Theory



VS

FACTS

The filing system that uses flat manila folders is operated on the theory that each folder in the cabinet will be called upon to hold an equal number of papers.

The fact is that every filing drawer has overcrowded, bulging folders that disrupt and impair the efficiency of the entire filing system and are the cause of many misfiled and lost letters.

Vertex

VERTICAL-EXPANDING
FILE POCKETS

have been designed—in recognition of this fact—to eliminate these disadvantages. They will hold efficiently 3, 30 or 300 letters. They always stand upright in the filing cabinet with their index tabs in plain view ready for quick filing and instant reference.

We urge you to try a "Vertex" Pocket in the place of that folder in your files that carries the most correspondence.

The coupon below will bring you a free sample for this purpose. There is no obligation attached. Send for it today.

CUT HERE

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "Vertex" File Pocket, as described in December Shrine Magazine.

Name of Firm

Address

Name and Position of Person Inquiring

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. M,
13th & Wood Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 56)]

KISMET, Brooklyn—There was a great outpouring of the Faithful at the recent Ceremonial Session which was one of the most successful in the history of that Oasis. Potentate Thomas A. Davis and his Divan received the homage of many pilgrims who made the perilous journey across the desert. Another successful event was the Halloween Party. The Nobles are still talking about the annual outing, which was held at Huntington, Long Island, and attended by more than 500 Nobles and their families. The program included a Band concert, brief addresses, a drill by the Patrol, and several numbers by the Kismet Glee Club. The prize for the Noble holding the oldest membership card was awarded to Edgar Skinner, whose card bore the number, 226. He has been a member of Kismet for thirty-eight years. The prize for the most recent member went to Lawrence Rommens, No. 10,405. A special prize for the oldest member present was awarded to Leonard N. Taft, 72 years of age, a cousin of ex-President William H. Taft. Noble Taft has been a member of Kismet for the last fourteen years.

KOREIN, Rawlins, Wyo.—Sixty novices were led across the hot sands at the Ceremonial Session held at Casper. Band concerts were among the popular features of the day.

KOSAIR, Louisville, Ky.—For years the Nobles have celebrated Thanksgiving Day with a Ceremonial, but this year the program was changed to Thanksgiving Eve, to enable them to attend the big football game on the national holiday. The change applied only to the Ceremonial, for the Temple kept open house all day and the Potentate's Ball closed the Thanksgiving celebration.

LULU, Philadelphia—The Mosque has announced that it has already chartered two vessels for the pilgrimage to Miami next May.

MOHAMMED, Peoria, Ill.—The entertainment committee has completed its program for the Winter and has arranged for three dances and two dinner dances, in addition to a surprise entertainment for the next Ceremonial Session.

MOSLAH, Fort Worth, Texas—A stag party and four dances in seven weeks kept the Nobles busy. These events heralded the opening of the Fall season and gave an indication of the activity of the entertainment committee, which closed the Summer by giving an outing at Casino Park.

MOSLEM, Detroit, Mich.—The Nobles are still talking about their annual outing and the various events which made it such a success. D. M. Cartwright won the fat men's race, and F. R. Kremer the horseshoe pitching contest. Dr. F. Kuhn, who was there with his wife, eight sons and two daughters, won the distinction of taking the largest family. More than 2,000 Shriners and their wives and families attended the outing.

MOUNT SINAI, Montpelier, Vt.—Nearly 1,000 Nobles and their friends attended the recent outing, celebrating with a boat ride on Lake Chamberlain in the afternoon, a dinner in the University of Vermont Gymnasium in the evening, and a dance to close the day. The Temple's Band made the trip on the lake a most enjoyable event.

OSIRIS, Wheeling, W. Va.—Many visiting Nobles attended the recent Ceremonial Session which drew an unusually large number of the Faithful. The novices looked in vain for detours while they were crossing the hot sands of the desert. Some new features were introduced which helped to make the session a great success.

OSMAN, St. Paul—The Divan and Uniformed Units recently made a four-day pilgrimage through Southern Minnesota by special train spreading the gospel of Osman and St. Paul. Stops were made at twenty-six of the principal towns where the Patrol drilled, the Drum Corps drummed, the Sheiks sheiked, and the Band gave a concert. Potentate Arthur Ovrom and his Divan headed the parades. The tour was arranged by Noble John A. Wright, Chief Rabban of Osman.

RIZPAH, Madisonville, Ky.—A Ceremonial Session on a river steamboat is the latest. It happened at Owensboro, and on the "Island Queen." A large number of heathen learned the joys of true faith on the "floating mosque." Three thousand Shriners were served at the banquet on board the "Island Queen."

SAHARA, Pine Bluff, Ark.—Shriners made a pilgrimage to Jonesboro, Ark., where they held a Ceremonial Session, and incidentally doubled the population of that town for the day. Special trains arrived there from Helena and Pine Bluff. The entertainment included a picnic and a dance.

SESOSTRIS, Lincoln, Neb.—An 18-hole golf course has been constructed on the Temple's playgrounds, and a 27-hole course will be ready when the clubhouse is completed. It is planned eventually to have a 36-hole course.

TIGRIS, Syracuse, N. Y.—Many activities for the Winter are planned by committees appointed by Potentate Roy P. Chamberlain. The Fall Ceremonial brought out a large attendance to witness the pilgrimage of novices across the hot sands.

ZA-GA-ZIG, Des Moines, Iowa—More than 300 gallons of coffee among other things were consumed at the annual picnic held at Ames, Iowa. It was estimated that 15,000 Shriners, their families and friends were present.

ZEMBO, Harrisburg, Pa.—The fund for the new Mosque is growing rapidly. All pledges are due on or before December 31. Many have been paid in full. The Temple has purchased a fine site and keen interest is shown in the project. Potentate Ray S. Shoemaker has announced that construction will not be started until the funds to pay for it are in hand. A recent financial statement of the Temple shows a surplus of more than \$300,000.

ZORAH, Terre Haute, Ind.—The Nobles recently completed a series of pilgrimages to nearby towns. Concerts by the Temple's Band and drills by the Patrol featured each trip.

[Shrine News Continued on page 57]

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

[Shrine News, Continued from page 56]

COMING EVENTS

- Dec. 2nd—Ceremonial, El Hasa, Ashland
Dec. 2nd—Potentate's Ball, Osiris, Wheeling
Dec. 2nd—Dance, Yaarab, Atlanta
Dec. 3rd—Ceremonial and Dedication new quarters in Masonic Temple by Afifi, Tacoma
Dec. 5th—Election, Shriners' Booster Club, Evansville, Ind.
Dec. 8th—Election, Lancaster County (Pa.) Shrine Club
Dec. 8th—Ceremonial, Hejaz, Greenville, S. C.
Dec. 8th—Potentate's Ball, Nile, Seattle
Dec. 9th—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona
Dec. 9th—Charity Ball, El Jebel, Denver
Dec. 12th—Ladies' night, El Jebel, Denver
Dec. 12th—Ceremonial, Moolah, St. Louis
Dec. 12th to 24th—Christmas Carnival, Aleppo, Boston
Dec. 14th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh
Dec. 14th—Business Session, Nile, Seattle
Dec. 14th—Imperial Potentate's Visit and Ceremonial, Zorah, Terre Haute
Dec. 15th—Ceremonial, Al Menah, Nashville
Dec. 15th—Ceremonial, Murat, Indianapolis
Dec. 16th—Kiddies' Christmas party, Crescent, Trenton
Dec. 17th—Ceremonial, Aladdin, Columbus, O.
Dec. 19th—Dinner dance, Mohammed, Peoria
Dec. 23rd—Christmas party for poor children, Jaffa, Altoona
Dec. 23rd—Christmas tree and entertainment, Nile, Seattle
Dec. 26th—Christmas caravan, El Jebel
Dec. 26th—Football game for Children's Hospital, Auspices Islam, San Francisco
Dec. 28th—Potentate's Ball, Mahi, Miami
Dec. 29th—Potentate's Ball, Tigris, Syracuse
Dec. 31st—Dance, Yaarab, Atlanta
Dec. 31st—New Year Ball, El Jebel, Denver
Dec. 31st—New Year's Eve Dance, Bedouin, Muskogee
Jan. 2nd—Cabaret Party, Jaffa Mosque, Altoona, Pa.
Jan. 4th—Annual Meeting, Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jan. 6th—Potentate's farewell dance, Moslah, Ft. Worth
Jan. 6th—Informal Ball, Aladdin, Columbus
Jan. 17th—Mediterranean Cruise, Aleppo, Boston
Jan. 17th—Shriners' Cruise to West Indies, auspices THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
Jan. 27th—Turkey dinner, Aladdin, Columbus
Feb. 3rd—Potentate's Ball, Aladdin, Columbus
Feb. 8th—Ball, Ismailia, Buffalo
Feb. 14th—Masquerade Ball, Damascus, Rochester
- A gold wrist watch was presented to Noble Cooper of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, at the baseball park at Oakland, Cal., when Shriners from Aahmes Temple went there to show their appreciation of the fight the Oakland team made for the 1927 pennant of the Pacific Coast League. Noble Cooper is pitcher on that team. The watch was given to him on behalf of Aladdin Temple.

[Shrine News Continued on page 60]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS
When you upset your coffee on your hostess' best tablecloth... be nonchalant... light a MURAD CIGARETTE

MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

FAVORS

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K Street

TIPPECANOE CITY, OHIO

Save Your Feet!

Stop those aches and pains instantly. When all else fails, let us tell you about our "no metal"

Heefner Arch Support

that has brought joy to so many sufferers.

Write today for descriptive folder and testimonials.

Heefner Arch Support Co. 50 N. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Buy a New One for Christmas!

FEZ Regulation, standard quality, any Temple \$4.50

Write for Folder "F" Xmas Novelties

M. HEFTER'S SONS 150-154 Lawrence St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The DILLVER

Saves Time, Food, Energy
Will remove skins, seeds and cores from a bushel of apples or pears, skins and seeds from a bushel of tomatoes, grapes or pitted fruit, mineral salts, vitamins, rich coloring and natural sugar—with the pulp. Leaves only indigestible seeds, skins and fibrous core-cells. One-fourth the waste of other methods.

Saves Its Cost in Short Time

Used the year around for mashing potatoes, making delicious soups, creaming vegetables, smoothing gravies, invalid feeding, and many other uses. Quickly clamped to kitchen table. A child can operate it. Easily cleaned. For easy and perfect preparing of fruit sauces, jellies, butters, juices, catsups, etc., in large or small quantities. Endorsed by culinary experts, dietitians, physicians, institutions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

At your dealer's or mailed prepaid for \$5.50

THE McDOWELL MFG. CO.

Dept. 38, Millvale, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot corrector, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 5 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



So Slender It Pays to Reduce

Over-fat people suffer a handicap, today more than ever. People know that obesity is largely due to a gland disorder. Exercise and diet, carried to extremes, may correct the result for awhile. But the right way, the easy way, is to correct the cause.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research. They act to correct the cause of excess fat. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

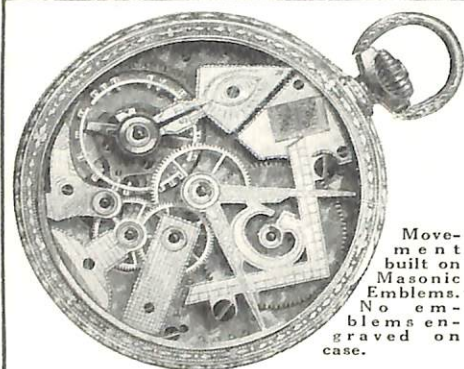
Marmola has been used for 20 years. The use has grown, by users telling others, until people now are taking a very large amount.

You can see the results wherever you look. You can learn them from your friends, if you will. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

If you need help, learn this easy, pleasant, scientific way to fat reduction. Do that in fairness to yourself. Watch the fat reduction, watch the new vitality. You will be amazed and delighted. You will know that this way is right. Test Marmola now, and learn what millions know about it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



AMERICA'S FINEST TIMEPIECE The Dudley Masonic Emblem Watch

12-size Movement, 19 jewels. 8 Adjustments and Fully Guaranteed. Both metal back and glass back. Made for Masons. Sold direct from Factory. A Liberal Time Payment Allowed. Watch Will Be Mailed for Inspection. Write for Full Particulars.

P. W. BAKER & COMPANY
LANCASTER, PA.



SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Candies carry Christmas cheer, if home-made and packed in gay holiday boxes.

The Just-So of Festive CANDIES

"CANDIED-LY" speaking, holidays are unthinkable without candy and sweet favors in abundance. There is something about home-made goodies which brings a personal touch to a gift, beyond that of the commercial box, no matter how attractive. Sweets are always in demand, for church and holiday bazaars, for stuffing the Christmas stocking, for filling the small boxes which deck the tree. Wrapped in gay covering or packed in fancy holiday containers, candy-stuffed boxes and baskets may be sent to the far-from-homes as most expressive of gifts fashioned by hand and with love.

Children also find in making candy one of the best outlets for their desire to "give something themselves" and should be encouraged and taught the various stages and kinds of candy-making. The use of a candy thermometer will assist the older children, but the younger ones love to watch for the "thread," the "soft ball," and the "crack" and other tests. A trip to one of the inexpensive stores will reveal many novelty holiday boxes, artificial holly, ribbon, etc., with which the children may pack and decorate the gifts according to their own taste.

Fondant has the widest possibilities as a Christmas confection. Once its knack is learned, it becomes the basis of countless plain and fancy bon-bons. To make it, place 6 cups of sugar and 2 cups water into a deep saucepan and stir until dissolved. When the syrup boils, add either 1 tablespoon glucose or $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, to give the fondant a finer grain and keep it creamy and soft. Continue boiling without stirring until it forms a soft ball in cold water (240° F.); remove from fire, stand until cool; then pour on to a wet enamel table top or tray. When the mass feels cool to the back of the hand, work it back and forth with broad spatula or butter paddle until it becomes white and opaque. Wring out a clean towel and place over fondant for an hour; remove and knead again. It is then ready to flavor, color and shape, or it may be packed in an airtight glass jar and used later.

Nut balls are easily made by kneading a small piece of flavored fondant into finely chopped nut-meats. Walnut creams are made by pressing a half walnut on either side of a small ball of fondant colored pink, maple or chocolate. Flavor fondant with

vanilla and work into it as much shredded coconut as it will take, then roll in small balls. An equal seasoning of powdered cloves, ginger, cinnamon, grated nutmeg and cocoa may be kneaded into fondant, then rolled out and cut into fancy shapes. Delicately flavored patties are made by using different colored fondants with a few drops of oil of peppermint, wintergreen, etc., molding into a flat cake the size of half a dollar. Fruit fondants are prepared by kneading in chopped raisins, dates, candied cherries, preserved ginger, etc., pressing them into shape and laying them to dry for several hours on waxed paper.

Glacé nuts and fruits are welcome additions to the fancy box or favor basket, or for the many tree novelties made of colored paper differently fringed and tied. Brazils, hazels, and other nuts, figs and candied cherries are particularly suitable for coating with this clear syrup. It is made by dissolving two cups of sugar in one cup of water with one third teaspoon of cream of tartar. Proceed exactly as for fondant but boil without stirring to 310° F. or when the syrup begins to discolor. Remove the saucepan from the fire at once and set in a pan of hot water while dipping the nuts. Use new hatpins or small tweezers with which to lift up and hold the pieces, and when they are dipped place them to cool on a tin sheet.

Marzipan or almond paste in fancy candy form is a typical holiday confection and homemade novelties may be molded inexpensively and easily. The almond paste should be bought in prepared form, making it necessary only to add flavor and color as fancy dictates. Small lumps of the paste are easily rolled between the fingers into the form of apples, potatoes, carrots, berries, etc., which are then "touched up" by painting with any liquid vegetable coloring and given a still more natural appearance by inserting a small leaf or stem of angelica.

Send for the leaflet:
"TEMPTING HOLIDAY GOODIES"
Send stamped, self-addressed envelope
to SHRINE SERVICE EDITOR
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 12]

New York. The big things were all done there.

"I wouldn't mind," he said, hiding his emotion like the Yankee he was. "If it's a good time to go. That threat was rather unsettling. I don't know as I ought to leave while . . ."

"Oh, that!" Ham sniffed. "I'll call that bluff before they know what's happened."

Ham always locked the garage himself. Homer walked slowly up the drive toward the house. He said good-night and went directly to his room.

Ham moved soberly along the hall toward his room. There was a window, midway of the hall, set in a niche where, as far back as he could remember, the soiled clothes hamper had stood. He often paused there to look out at the big elms in the yard and at the night sky above them and arrange his thoughts before going to bed. He noted, now, as he stopped there, a few girlish garments on the floor by the hamper. Kitty's things. His rather wide mouth twisted into a brooding smile. Kitty always simply threw her clothes toward the hamper. What an amusing, really lovely youngster Kitty was! All impulse. Bright as a dollar.

It was his settled habit to kiss her good-night the last thing. He was father as well as brother, and felt the responsibility deeply. He softly opened her door. She was a heavy sleeper, and never roused at his touch. He was still smiling as he stood peering about the dim, disorderly room. Tiptoeing to the bed he looked down at the close-clipped, boyish head resting on a round white arm. He bent over and kissed the flushed cheek.

With a start he straightened up, his hands tightening at his sides. For a long moment he stood, bewildered. Then, frowning in the dark, he bent over again. Incredulity, confusion, a stern new sense of anger battled within his breast. The odor of gin was on her breath.

"Little Kitty!" he thought, over and over. "My little Kitty!" Then—"My own home!" Bitterness was rising, a murderous hatred of the world that was overwhelming his town . . . "Here in my own home!"

Then this, aloud—"Homer thinks I'm a fanatic. Well, he's right. I'm going to be one now. And I'm going through!"

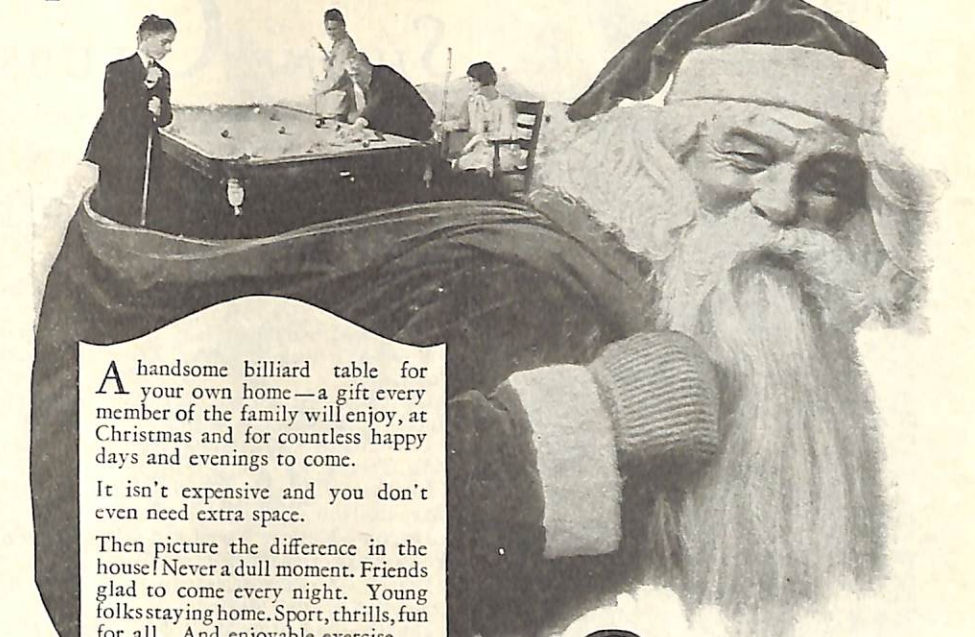
STELLA BAGOT always thought about New York when she was telephoning. Partly doubtless because she had to swing round toward the seventeenth-story window to reach the instrument; and outside, lay a panorama of dramatic beauty and ugliness and wonder.

But Stella didn't need that view to remind her of New York. Like most young persons of an imaginative turn who drift in from obscure places to be caught up in one or another of the city's vital swift currents of life, it possessed her, and she possessed it in return.

Her personal current was the conspicuous tide of letters and the arts. Though not yet famous herself, she had been caught up in friendly relationships with many who were. Probably before long she'd be famous too. She'd be somebody, at least. She was somebody already. The leaders of her group, the admittedly best of them, wandered almost daily in and out of the office here . . . writers of plays and stories and motion pictures, critics and caricaturists and what not. She lunched with any and various of them almost daily at the Mackinac, off Times Square; a pleasant little hostelry which continued, year in and year out, with all uptown New York roaring about it, to seem a club.

The voice at her ear had a homely tang. "Is this Miss Bagot? [Continued on page 61]

A Gift That Will Keep the Christmas Spirit Alive the Year Round



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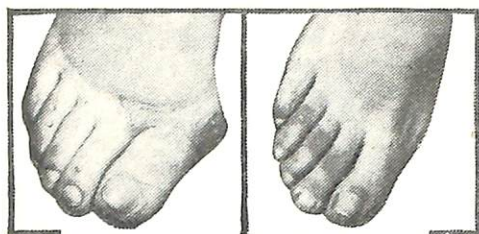
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 57])

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.

Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.

Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.

Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.

Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.

Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.

Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.

Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior St.

Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.

Evansville—Hadi, Fridays, Shrine Club.

Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.

Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.

Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Pig 'n' Whistle Cafe, Hollywood.

Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.

Knoxville—Kerbela, Farragut Hotel, Wednesdays.

Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.

Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday monthly, Phoenix Hotel.

Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.

Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.

Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Bldg.

Mount Hope, W. Va.—Beni Kedem Shrine Club, 1st Thursdays monthly.

Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.

Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, Wm. Penn Hotel.

Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.

Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.

Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Thursdays, Multnomah Hotel, Assembly Hall.

Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.

Rickford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.

Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh Street Christian Church Annex.

San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.

San Pedro—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.

San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.

Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.

Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.

Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.

Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, at Mosque.

Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club.

Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, Raleigh Hotel.

Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, YMCA.

The Shrine Club of Hollywood, Fla., entertained Potentate H. R. Pridgen of Mahi Temple, Miami, Fla., members of the Divan, and members of Shrine Clubs of Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables and Fort Lauderdale, at its home, to discuss plans for the entertainment of the next Imperial Council meeting. C. B. Moody, President of the Hollywood Club, is a member of the housing committee for the meeting.

Appreciation of the work of the Crawford County Shrine Club in connection with the recent Ceremonial Session at Conneaut Lake Park, was expressed by Walter L. Blossom, Potentate of Zem Zem Temple, Erie, Pa., at a dinner he gave for the members. There are more than 300 members of the Temple in Crawford County.

Al Malaikah's Luncheon Club began its Fall season at Los Angeles with an entertainment that brought a large attendance of members. With several events already arranged and others planned, the Club will be a center of attraction for the next few months.

The latest entertainment provided by the Porto Rico Shrine Club was a pig roast, at Comerio Falls, the site of the big hydro-electric plant. The event was set for 1:30 P. M., and all morning there was a steady stream of cars from San Juan with Shriners and their families. After the disappearance of the pigs the plant was inspected. Cards and dancing followed an enjoyable outing.

The three-day festival of the Wildwood, N. J., Shrine Club for visiting Nobles proved to be one of the most successful gatherings in its history. The closing event was a band concert in Convention Hall. The long distance record was made by Howard Banks of Los Angeles.

Kismet Temple's Glee Club, Brooklyn, has been active recently in furnishing musical entertainment for Greenpoint Lodge A.F. & A.M., Cassiopeia Chapter, O.E.S., and the Victoria Congregational Church.

Members of Syria's Automobile Club, Pittsburgh, drove to Kennywood Park for their annual Corn and Ox Roast. After a program of sports a dinner was served. Dancing followed.

The Orlando, Fla., Shrine Club Drum Corps sponsored a beauty pageant for the entertainment of its members and friends at its recent annual outing, which closed with a dance in the evening. Many dances and other entertainments are planned for the Winter season.

The Boosters' Club of Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn., held a joint meeting with the Community Fund Workers of that city recently, and was entertained by Jack Miner, the Canadian bird man, author and naturalist.

E. E. Dale of Woodland, was elected President of the Cowlitz Shrine Club at the annual meeting held in Kelso, Wash.

More than 250 Nobles participated in the annual outing of the Canton, Ohio, Shrine Club, which closed with a dinner and vaudeville entertainment.

The Luncheon Club of Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, provided a vaudeville entertainment for its members and guests as a feature of a recent program.

[Shrine News Continued on page 66]

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 59]

Stella Bagot? Perhaps you'll remember me, Homer Pew.

Homer Pew? She knit her brows. Oh, of course, from Ackland. She hadn't seen him for years, but recalled him now as a good-looking boy of about her own age. They'd been in high school at the same time. He said he was hoping for a little chat with her. And something further, hinted at with a touch of embarrassment, about needing advice. Again her brows drew together. One more forlorn stranger from the country trying to break in. Still, he was from the home town. The Pews had always outweighed the Bagots, locally. Rather interesting, as the topsy-turvy world ran, to reach down a helping hand to him.

She suggested that they dine together at the Mackinac, and then had to tell him where it was. Funny! Very likely he'd be abashed. She thought, as she chatted pleasantly—“Probably his clothes'll be funny.”

Sitting, a slender, attractive figure, in the lounge at the Mackinac, Stella smoked a cigarette and watched the diners as they came in. Several of the men stopped to pass the time of day with her, so that when the young man who was an unmistakable Pew appeared he found a group about her.

She saw him, and called a cheerful “Hello!” Then very casually, all but moved to chuckle aloud that her little stage should be so neatly set to impress him, she made him known to her friends.

But certain facts were to be noted. His clothes were not funny. He appeared to know most of the names, and in a modest way exhibited interest in the men behind them. He had breeding. More, he had charm.

Stella found herself just a thought nettled. Her New York friends were taking something of a liking to this Homer Pew. There was distinction in that square forehead. And, to a woman, something rather fascinating in the way his hair curled despite the determined slicking back it had so plainly had.

The hovering notion slipped in among her uncertain thoughts that maybe the Pews would outweigh the Bagots in New York as in Ackland. It was an annoying notion. She decided to get him off into the dining-room where she might, at a table-for-two, rearrange her stage. But before he could accompany her she heard Ernest Hallam insist that he join their party after the theater, and for an instant had to turn away to hide a sharp little nervous rebellion. She'd meant only to give him an hour or so, to be civil.

“This is really almost too delightful to be true,” said he, happily, across the table-for-two. “Meeting you and all those interesting men at one clip, and being picked right up and included in the fun.”

“Oh, they're really just a lot of friendly, hardworking folks,” she said.

“You interest me enormously.”

“I? Funny!”

“You've made such a grand go of it.”

“Oh, hardly yet.”

“Rather! When I look back and think of you with those two funny pigtales . . .” he chuckled. “I hope you don't mind my saying right out loud that you're a terribly attractive girl.”

“Mind? I'm flattered half to death.”

“I can see that you've grown out of all my recollections. Mentally, I mean. And personality. You've struck your gait!”

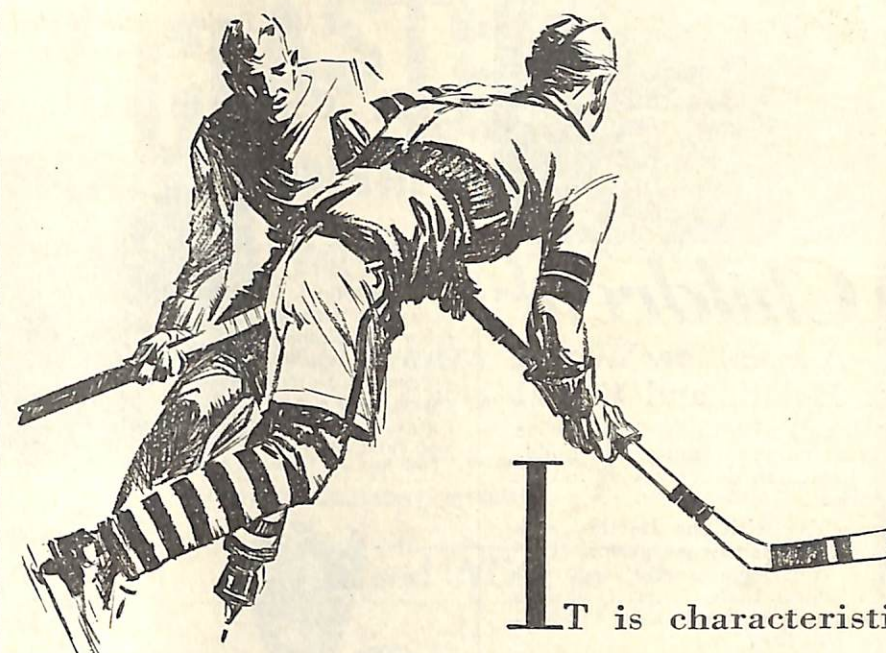
“This is wonderful! Do go on!”

“Please don't kid me.”

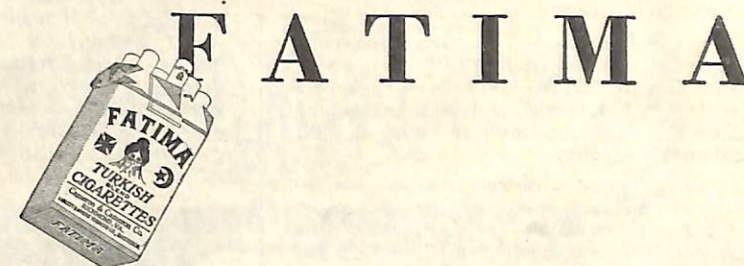
“I'm not kidding. Remember that remark of Mark Twain's that he could work three months on one good compliment? Well, that's me.”

“Funny . . . [Continued on page 63]

LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNGER CROWD TO KNOW THE BEST!



It is characteristic of this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games — on the sporting principle of “may the best win!”



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(at the age of 57)

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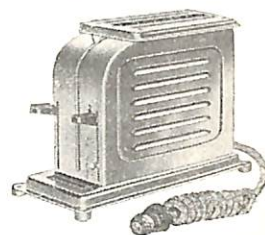
CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)

The Christmas Present that Saves Labor

(The ideal Christmas gift for home or office is this ashless ashstand. It does away with the labor of cleaning stoves and ashes, prevents scarred furniture and burned rugs. And you can't upset it!



(Left) Holiday beverages will be no task with this efficient juice extractor. It turns with a crank handle and is fitted with a strainer which keeps back the seeds as the juice is extracted.



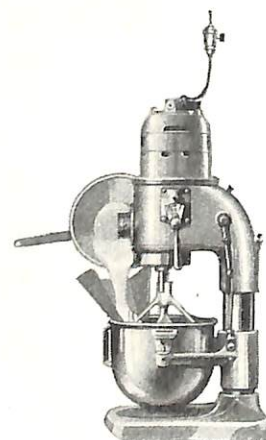
(A toaster which thinks for itself. A truly automatic device toasting both sides of bread at the same time. Bread cannot burn and each slice is released at the point of perfection without watching or turning.



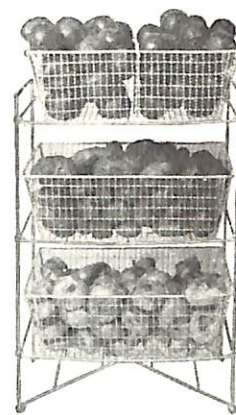
(Right) Christmas cake will be good if made in this spring-form pan whose sides separate, freeing the cake without breaking. The decorator set has eight tips permitting many designs.



(Left) A Christmas gift that will save work in kitchen. This clamped strainer with rotating inner blade, strains, mashes and extracts soups, sauces, gravies in quick time.



(Right) Work of beating, whipping, grinding, mixing is done by this electric servant. Completely equipped even to power ice cream freezer.



(This strong wire stand has three removable wire baskets. It will save pantry space and keep assorted foods cool and handy.



(A bath mat which prevents soaking bathroom floor; is easily washed and made of sponge rubber in many colors.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be out-fitted with 32-volt motors.

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 61]

I seem to be in rather a personal vein . . . hope you don't mind. . . .

"Not a bit! Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks. Naturally I've had you on my mind because I was planning to call up. And I've wondered what you'd be like. I figured you'd naturally be rather New Yorky."

"And am I?"

"Not a bit. I was prepared to find you even a little hard-boiled. You know how New Yorkers can appear to us outsiders."

"I'm afraid I've rather lost that point of view. Of course I know how my parents feel about me." She was sober now; and frank. "But that's something I simply can't help. I've had to strike out."

"I'd say you've developed. But you rather puzzle me."

"Puzzle you? Why?"

"You're so darned handsome and human. I should have thought you'd have married before this."

"Oh, no." Her prettily poised head moved in firm negation. "No, I'm not for that."

"It seems odd, though."

"I don't know. Probably I've been lucky in escaping falling in love up to now. It raises such problems. A man would have to interest me a lot. You know, absorb me. And the fact appears to be that nobody has. Oh, there've been men around, of course. There's one that thinks he's in love with me. I'm fond of him too. He's interesting, and he's been through a lot of real trouble. Particularly with his wife." She fell to musing. "You met him today."

Homer was silent. This was the New York sort of talk, of course. The directness, the downright bluntness of it, left him a bit breathless. But, he was telling himself, he liked it. Better than the old evasions. Funny, that a married man should be in love with her seemed to be taken simply as a matter of course.

"No," she mused on, but aloud now, "if I ever had the bad luck to find myself in love with a man, I think I'd go straight to him and tell him so. But that's something else again."

They spoke of Ackland and of Ham and the paper. She said, "I haven't seen the Age for years. But I've wondered how your brother can stick it there. He's a man of ability, isn't he?"

"Decidedly. Ham's a wonderful fellow. And he's dominated by the idea that that's his job. He knew Dad better than I did, of course . . . worked with him there . . . and the tradition is in his blood. But it isn't just that. Ham has a pretty thoughtful outlook, and he feels that the battle line of civilization today is in the country town. It's true, of course, that the town is pretty much overwhelmed by outside forces."

"Yes." She was responsively thoughtful. "Yes, that's true. And come to think of it, it's interesting."

"Very. And really, it is like an invasion." "Automobiles, of course. People from everywhere."

"The underworld, even. Every evil that you have in the city. You've heard about the Jazzland place."

She nodded. "Quite a row on about that, wasn't there?"

"There was, and is. With Ham in the thick of it. He has even been threatened. Two weeks ago."

"This is really interesting. What does he think he can accomplish?"

"Drive 'em out. Hold off the other pressures. And then pass the word along to other towns. His thesis is, you see, that the country town, with its neighborhoods and crops and its real families, is a sort of last ditch for the defenders of civilization. You know, decency [Continued on page 65]

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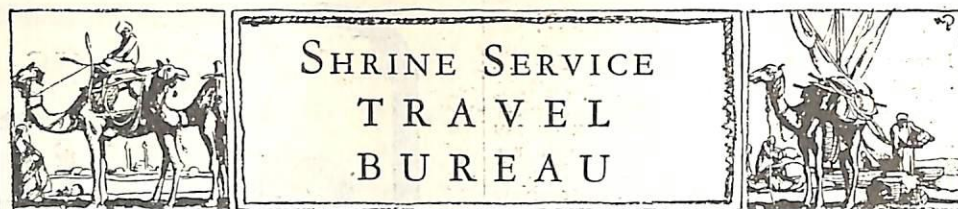
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Tour of the Southeast

By Anne C. Granbeck

ROMANTICALLY and historically no section of the country represents such a variety of wonders to the traveler as the Southeast. Wealthy with old world tradition, steeped in French and Spanish atmosphere, there are sections resembling ancient foreign lands. Then quite paradoxically, close-by cities are thoroughly modern with finely equipped hotels, and so commercially progressive as to distinctly mark them an integral part of our own lively country.

The Southeast is a paradise to winter resorters; as an antidote for winter chills, it offers warm sunshine and health-giving beaches and waters. Modern rail and water facilities have made travel to and in the Southeast a real joy, and the Southeastern section of the country welcomes northern friends all year round.

Warmed by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico is Louisiana. Once an Indian portage, then a French settlement, New Orleans, like a glowing court beauty confident of her charm, nestles where the Mississippi turns indecisively before it empties into the Gulf. Amid the rapid pioneering of our still young Nation, this warm Creole "grande dame" of the Gulf has maintained her leisure, her Latin cookery, and that institutional witchery—Mardi Gras—the gay festival which lures people from all over the world.

The Gulf Coast is an endless expanse of sapphire, with its romance of buccanier days, tropical skies and silver-sanded beaches.

Between Mobile and New Orleans, lies the state of Mississippi with her deep blue Gulf and her River which Mark Twain immortalized. This section is the fisherman's heaven, and a treat to nature lovers with its fragrant Satsuma Orange Orchards and massive live oaks draped with Spanish Moss.

Alabama, reaching from the mountains to the seashore, affords a diversity of scenic interest, from rugged pine forests to the Gulf's azure waters. It boasts one of the most progressive cities in the world—Birmingham—whose great steel and iron furnaces have enough iron ore to last the present blast furnaces 165 years.

There is that live manufacturing state close by—Georgia—which even tourists of a less industrial turn of mind will marvel at, for its enormous quantity of coal, iron, manganese and other mineral resources. It has fine fisheries of oysters and other shell fish and its agricultural fame is international, for few people have not heard of or eaten Georgia Peaches. "The Gate City of the South" is Atlanta, prominent among cities for industrial attainment.

A jaunty feather stuck from the hat of America's gallantry, is Florida where the visitor from cooler climates may enjoy the social hospitality of splendid hotels and warm shores. This vivacious state offers much to pleasure seekers; and her sparkling cities, like Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Hollywood, Miami, Key West, St. Petersburg, Tampa and Pensacola are a social rendezvous for those who love sports, fishing and seashore.

So good has nature been to the Southeast that she has endowed her plentifully with "lures" for the visitor. "The Land of the Sky"—Asheville—is the apex of America's

Appalachian Mountain system. Western North Carolina, with its inspiring peaks, and deep full forests; the trips to Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 ft., the Great Smoky Mountains, National Forests, Nantahala Gorge, Mt. Pisgah, to Blowing Rock and Grandfather Mountain and Royal Gorge, are a few of the interesting points to tell of her beauty.

Two to three thousand feet above sea level, Asheville's even climate is invigorating, cool and healthful. Her shaggy crested mountains are a hiker's paradise and the tang of wood smoke and pine forests will whet the appetite of the hunter, who too will find plenty of thrilling sport in this section. Rare forms of animal are to be found—deer, bear, elk and ravens. There are many beautifully equipped hotels and splendid golf courses and tennis courts. Asheville's character is composed of an alluring assemblage of joys for the pleasure seeker.

The sister state of South Carolina, with her proud typical Southern City of Charleston, is another gem in the setting of Southeastern beauty. The world famed Magnolia and Middleton Gardens have moved poets and writers to song. Fifteen foot azalea bushes, magnolias, camellias, japonicas, rhododendrons, banksias in delicious profusion; "a miraculously enchanted wilderness," said John Galsworthy.

On the border line between the North and South, Tennessee reflects something of both sections. With splendid resorts and the picturesque Great Smoky Mountains in the East, she offers bounteous interest to tourists. Rich plateau lands are interwoven with lakes and rivers; steep rugged Blue Grass territory nestles in the western section in the Valley of the Mississippi and Tennessee Rivers. Red Boiling Springs in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains at 1400 ft. altitude; those at Tate Springs called "The Carlsbad of America" are resorts for health and beauty. Whittle Springs near Knoxville is a popular resort with a comfortable hotel in a beautiful setting. Memphis is the largest inland cotton market in the south and Chattanooga has many interesting trips; one in a sight-seeing bus to the Battlefields.

The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia were handed down to the generations in a song "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The Natural Tunnel about 20 miles from Bristol, is one of the great natural wonders of the United States. Through the tunnel the distance is 924 feet opening into a perpendicular rock wall that swings out like a fan to the right and left of the entrance. The circular rock walls are higher than Niagara Falls.

West Virginia is also full of these strange, eerie caverns and caves, and for those who love to see these odd works of nature's art, the subterranean wonders of Kentucky offer fascinating scenes. The work of water in sculpturing has produced masterly pieces of intricate art in Mammoth Cave, Colossal Cavern and many others in Kentucky.

For Travel information send stamped envelope to Miss Anne C. Granbeck, Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 63]

and taste and all that. Ham goes a little strong on the subject. Too strong, some folks think. But he's vigorous, and he's able, and they'll never stop him short of using an ax on him."

"It sounds a little Victorian," said she; "but it's good stuff, just the same. Do you think he'd consider writing a magazine article stating his case?"

"He'd jump at it. There's enough of the minor prophet in Ham for that."

"I'm going to promote that idea. He may hear from us."

They talked on and on, until quite mid-evening. Then, in pleasantly adventurous mood, they walked over to a motion picture house. Later they rode in a taxi to Ernest Hallam's.

It was a queer little apartment, over a store, with a bed-couch in the tiny living-room. There was no Mrs. Hallam in evidence. Some of the men and girls sat cheerfully on the floor. Moment by moment it was borne in on Homer's exhilarated mind that, excepting himself and perhaps Stella, everyone in the room was a personage. They had names, every one; names of weight and value. He felt awed and hushed, but rather wildly happy. This was, after all, life.

Gin and orange juice flowed freely. The cocktail shaker was never idle. It gave him a queer twinge to see Hallam lolling back on the sofa with an arm about Stella's shoulders, while they laughingly drank by turns from one glass. They did amusing things, bits of mimicry and other parlor tricks; and did them amazingly well. "They know their stuff," he thought. "They're clever, awfully clever!" Stella surprised him by singing, with not a little gift, a number of naughty but captivating French songs. Abruptly he heard himself called on for a turn. Panic smote him. How could he hope to entertain these gifted people? Then he remembered a quaint little imitation of a village band. He'd always had to do it at college gatherings. No help for it. Up he got, to do or die. It made an incredible hit. They made him do it again.

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

[Continued from page 19]

halted beside Gideon for the traffic signal and the young driver recognized him.

"Want ride?" he asked.

Gideon did; more comfortable, this, than the car. And seven cents cheaper.

Seven cents. As they jolted along he thought that this was the first time in months he had unexpectedly saved a penny. If he could only save, now. Seven cents twice a day was fourteen cents. Six days to Christmas. Six times fourteen. That would leave over a dollar to find before he could procure for Effie the only thing she had ever asked him for.

He went to work, mind busied with simple arithmetic. At eleven, when he went out for his lunch, he calculated further. Always he had allowed himself thirty-five cents for that meal.

He stood before the counter, scanning the cards which indicated dishes available and prices demanded. Others came in while he stood waiting to give his order but the counter man did not heed him until all the rest had been served. That was the way things went; Gideon Limes was always put off.

"Crackers and milk," he finally mumbled. Twenty cents, that. Fifteen saved. Twenty-nine saved, then, for this day and he could get along and Effie would not know!

He was hungry before he reached home.

It was near four o'clock in the morning when their taxi stopped before Stella's apartment house. He felt, at once, wrung and exultant.

"My word!" he cried, "you don't know what a wonderful time I've had! And I owe every bit of it to you. Oh, I do hope I can see a lot of you!"

She laughed, in real pleasure. "I've had a good time myself."

"You see, I've held myself down pretty close. Ham and I have been the sober sort, anyway. All this is just a wonderful new world to me." His eyes were bright and his speech came in reckless flow. "And I'm for it. It has hit me pretty hard that I've got to live a little before I can hope to find myself." The excited voice dropped. "And it has hit me that I'll see just about as much of you as you can stand for."

"I'll be glad to see you again."

"When? Answer me that. When?" Her eyes were bright, too. "How about tomorrow?" Mischievously, she said that; and she was charming.

"Wonderful! Lunch?"

"Lunch. And then, if you like, we can play around."

"If I like? I'm wild to."

She slipped out of the cab and ran into the building. Had she left a wisp of soft merry laughter floating on the air behind her?

But when she reached her office in the morning she found a special delivery letter on her desk. It read:

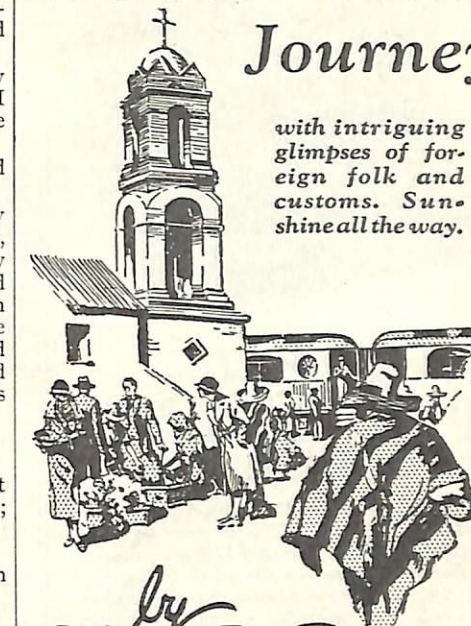
"Dear Stella—A terrible thing has happened. My brother was murdered last night in that Jazzland roadhouse. Shot to death. I can't write more. Am on my way home. Homer Pew."

[To be continued]

Jazzland has answered Ham Pew's defiance with a gun. Will his brother carry on for him? Or has Homer's glimpse at New York and at Stella Bagot been too powerful?

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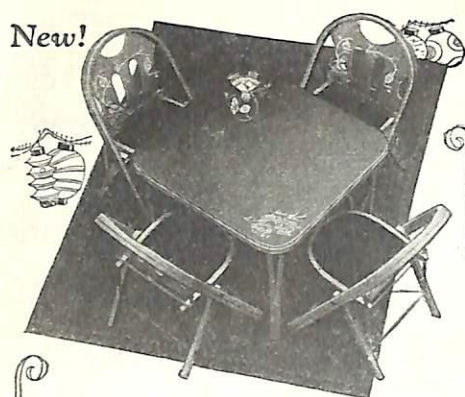
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HOSPITAL NEWS



PORTLAND UNIT GETS A THRILL [Continued from page 37]

The first thrill on that memorable day came when the little wards were comfortably placed in two large motor trucks to be whirled through crowded streets to a place set apart for them. The next came when they heard the bands playing as the parade approached, but it was nothing compared to the big thrill of seeing Colonel Lindbergh, who stopped his car and the parade to respond to the cheers of his little admirers. Riding with the famous air pilot was Mayor Baker, and both stood up in the automobile to wave farewell as the parade started again.

After the last band had passed, two truckloads of happy youngsters were returned safe and sound to the hospital, wholly unconscious of the fact that there was another thrill to come.

At the banquet given by the city, Colonel Lindbergh was presented with an airplane, seven feet long, made entirely of cake, an exact reproduction of the "Spirit of St. Louis." Before leaving Portland Colonel Lindbergh sent it to the children in the hospital.

The amazement of the youngsters when they saw the gift can better be imagined than described. For a time it appeared as if the scene at Le Bourget would be reenacted on a small scale by venturesome relic hunters, but the impetuous were restrained and only a few bits of sugar coating disappeared.

Colonel Lindbergh's visit to Portland will remain as one of the brightest spots in the history of the hospital there, and the sunshine that went into the lives of those little sufferers never will be dimmed.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

Most encouraging results are shown in the reports from the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children to the Board of Trustees. The striking feature in all these reports is the increase noted in the figures relating to the admission and discharge of the little wards. Just groups of figures, ever mounting, but they point unerringly to the steady growth of this work of mercy.

With the opening of the Hospital at Greenville, S. C., there are now fifteen institutions in active operation—ten hospitals and five mobile units. One of the latter, at Winnipeg, is increasing its capacity by the addition of a new wing.

At the Fall meeting of the Board of Trustees, held at Philadelphia, it was decided to establish a Bureau of Hospital Records at the Research Department of the St. Louis Unit, where reports from the various hospitals will be analyzed and information of value gathered for distribution to all units. This will keep the hospitals in close touch with each other and supply a greatly desired center for research information.

The Board announced that the brace shop at Atlanta was now in operation and that shipments were being made to several hospitals. The particular advantage of the braces made there is that "deformed" instead of solid material is used, which makes a lighter, stronger and more economical brace.

The Secretary reported a total of \$98,756.38 in the Endowment Fund; also that an appraisal of the Empson estate showed the property to be valued at approximately \$117,000, much, if not all of which, would go to the Fund. Additions reported included \$300 from the William J. Parker estate of Pittsburgh. The Springfield Unit has received \$200 from the estate of an admirer, and the unit will share the residue of the

estate of Charles C. Hoar of Windsor Locks, Conn. The will is now being probated, and while the value of the estate is not known, it probably will amount to many thousands of dollars.

At the meeting, Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Philadelphia Unit, reported that a friend of his had volunteered to cut down the bank in front of the hospital to make a gradual slope, and that florists had offered to contribute flower beds and flowers to beautify the lawn. Authority was at once granted to make the necessary changes.

Other routine matters included the following:

Authority to the Greenville Unit to appoint an assistant surgeon upon the recommendation of the Advisory Board of Orthopedic Surgeons, and the appointment of Noble J. M. Russell as a member of the Board of Governors of that unit.

Authority to the Portland Unit to install new laundry machinery which will increase the capacity 100 percent with less labor.

Reference of the matter of a new Nurses' Home at the St. Louis Unit to the Sub-Committee on St. Louis, with authority to advise the local Board of Governors to construct the proposed home provided there would be no expense to the Board of Trustees. Permission was granted to use the money left by the Clarence A. Sinclair estate, if sufficient.

Authority to the Board of Governors of the Chicago Unit to employ a full time House Physician.

The Chairman reported the resignation of Noble Timothy A. Avery from the Board of Governors of the Chicago Unit. The resignation was accepted with regret, and Noble Leon L. Loehr of Medinah Temple was appointed to fill the vacancy. The Chairman also reported that all depository bonds, and bonds covering the fidelity of employees had been changed to the Imperial Council instead of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

One of the first acts of the Board of Trustees was to authorize the Chairman and Secretary to have engrossed a suitable resolution of appreciation, and send it to Mr. W. W. Burgess, the donor of the Greenville Hospital. The thanks of the Board were sent to the manufacturer at Bennington, Vt., for his contribution of Kiddy Cars to the Greenville Unit.

The Secretary was instructed to express the thanks of the Board of Trustees to Noble Henry J. Elliott of Montreal, for his gift, through Miss Dunbar, daughter of the Imperial Potentate, and Mrs. Arthur W. Chapman of Winnipeg, of the American and Canadian flags to the Greenville Unit.

The Board instructed the Secretary to submit all legal papers, deeds, leases, releases, etc., to the Chairman of the Jurisprudence and Law Committee for his approval before accepting or executing them on behalf of the Board of Trustees.

The Chairman reported that the Shriners of Western Canada had raised the \$20,000 to meet a like amount granted by the Board of Trustees to build an auxiliary ward to the Winnipeg Unit, and that \$2,000 additional had been turned over to the Local Board to be used for furnishing and equipping the ward.

The Board adopted the revised rules and regulations prepared by a committee covering the duties of the Board of Trustees, the Advisory Board of Surgeons, the Director of Nursing, the Chief Surgeon, assistant surgeons of each unit, and superintendents and employees.

[Continued on page 68]

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

[Continued from page 65]

had sixty-three extra cents in the worn purse.

His plan was going to work; no doubt about it! And on the third afternoon, with five minutes to spare, he went into the Toy Shop and picked up one of the dump-carts, inspecting its finish, its mechanism, its undeniably substantial construction.

"Put it away for me," he finally told the clerk, who had not given him much attention. "I'll be after it in a day or so." The salesman hesitated and Gideon's heart sank. Then the other grunted an acquiescence, rather reluctantly, scribbled on a pad and placed one of the dump-carts beneath the counter.

Giddy went out, walking on air. He would call for the toy on Christmas Eve. He would waken Effie on Christmas morning. He would see her face . . . Ah, he went weak at thought of it!

Thursday and Friday . . . Tomorrow afternoon he would make the purchase, unless something went wrong and for once in his life Gideon had no misgivings about a plan. Sunday he certainly would have to walk to and from the store and the lunch would be light indeed because only a few dimes would be left to tide him over until Monday . . .

It was sleeting when he went out to his night lunch. He bent to the drive of the storm, going slowly because the footing was treacherously slippery. Tomorrow he would call for the cart. In less than thirty hours he would be carrying it home, and Effie would be . . .

"Stick 'em up!" He stopped short as something hard and small prodded his stomach and the looming bulk of a man, slipping from a shadowed doorway, confronted him. His breath went out in a moaning gasp. A hold-up! Instinctively he raised his hands and the wind flapped the tails of his light overcoat.

"Keep 'em up 'nd don't get nervous," the man said. "All I want 's your poke. I'll gun the guts out of you if you squawk or move . . ."

"Squawk? Gideon's throat was so dry that no word could have been crowded through it. But he was moving. From the fingers of his ragged gloves to the worn heels of his rubbers he was trembling like a leaf.

The pistol held against his body savagely. The man jerked his coat open and a hand ran quickly over his clothing, feeling through the fabric when it came to a pocket for the object desired . . .

"On the hip, eh?" The thug was almost jocose. "Well . . ."

Gideon felt his thick fingers fasten on the purse and draw it out . . . His purse! All the money he had in the world . . . the money he had saved to make Effie happy by seeing a child happy on Christmas Day! A chill swept him.

"D-don't take that!" he whimpered. "Say, you don't understand,"—as the other swore. "It's all I got and—"

"I sh'd worry 'bout that! Go ask for some more. You get what you ask for, if you ask hard enough, kid!" He laughed as his hand came out with the purse. "That's how I git—"

Gideon had whimpered an instant before. He had whimpered. But something in the thug's laugh, in his taunt, changed his chill to a hot flash and his voice to a hoarse cry.

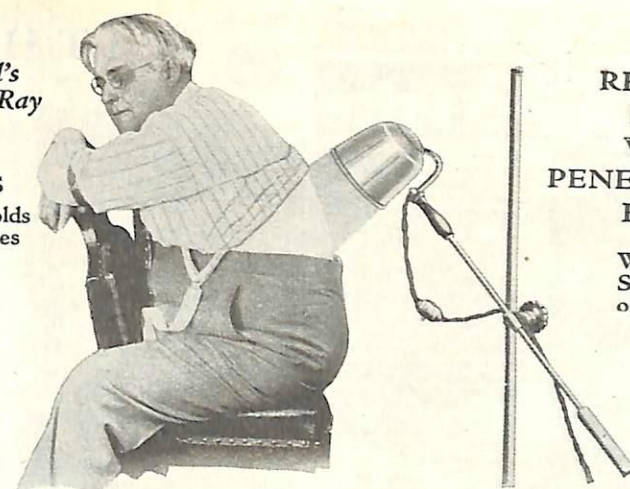
"You big bum!" he screamed, seeing before him a conjured picture of Effie's face in an ecstasy of happiness. "You big bum, give that back or—"

He said no more. He had no time or strength for more. Like a flash he had gripped that threatening pistol barrel with one hand, heedless of the tremendous risk involved, and with [Continued on page 69]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

[Continued from page 66]

Before the meeting the members of the Board attended the dedication of the Mobile Unit at Lexington, Ky., then proceeded to Greenville, S. C., to participate in the dedication of the Greenville Hospital by the Imperial Potentate. While in Philadelphia, they visited the Hospital and found all departments in a high state of efficiency. After the meeting the members went to Springfield, Mass., where they inspected the unit there and approved the new vocational and educational plans put into effect without expense to the Board. While there a meeting of the Massachusetts Corporation was held and authority granted to establish an endowment fund for gifts made to the Springfield Unit by residents of that State. From Springfield, the Board went to Montreal to meet the Local Board of Governors and inspect the Montreal Unit. This hospital was found to be in first-class condition, and as in all hospitals, the little patients happy. Chairman Elliott of the Local Board, provided a band concert for the benefit of the children and in honor of the Trustees.

The machinery established by the Board of Trustees to operate this vast work of the Shrine is running smoothly and efficiently, and is fulfilling its mission with ever increasing abundance.

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

All the ten hospitals and five mobile units are operating at capacity, and some at 20 percent additional, authority for which was granted by the Board of Trustees to meet emergencies of heavy waiting lists.

The work accomplished during September is shown in the following table which gives the combined figures of all units at the close of that month:

Number of new patients admitted	251
Number of patients discharged—cured or benefited.....	225
Number of beds occupied by patients	728
Number on waiting lists.....	2,016

Ringling Brothers Circus gave a special show on the lawn of the Shriners Hospital in San Francisco recently. The children witnessed the performance from the windows of the south wing of the building. "Rubber Legs," the stretching man, made a great hit when he doubled up to put himself through a barrel, then wiggled his toes over his head. After the show the performers went into the wards and played with the little patients.

Bill, the pet monkey, got away from the Shrine Hospital at Springfield, Mass., scampered up a telephone pole, raced along the wires, leaped to a tree and from there to a roof, where he calmly looked down upon his pursuers. Blinking vigorously he ignored all the coaxing to come down, and when a man appeared on the roof to get him, he dodged and leaped into another tree. Using strategy, the pursuers withdrew and Bill dropped to the ground, where a boy, stretched out as if asleep, suddenly pounced upon him and put an end to the excitement. The chase was witnessed by many of the little wards who raised glad cries when Bill was captured and returned to them.

The Service Unit of the Great Northern Railway entertained the children at the Twin Cities Hospital recently with a musical program that lasted an entire afternoon. The band played several numbers, and the singers responded liberally with encores demanded by their delighted audience.

The Honolulu Mobile Unit received a check for \$505.82, representing the net proceeds from a game between the Canadian All Star Soccer team and the Honolulu team. The Board of Governors, in announcing the gift, expressed its sincere thanks to all the players.

Impressive ceremonies marked the laying of the cornerstone of the auxiliary ward at the Shriners Hospital, at Winnipeg. Jabez Miller, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, officiated. The ward will cost \$20,000.

UNIFORMED BODIES

Typical of the Shrine spirit was the kindly act of the Band of Kaaba Temple, Davenport, Iowa, when, with Potentate D. Fred Scribner, and its Director, B. E. Ziegler, the thirty-five members went to the Masonic Sanitarium at Bettendorf, and gave a concert for the twenty patients in that institution. The event marked the close of the first six months of the Sanitarium. The program was arranged as if for the Band's customary large audience, and it was remarked afterward that there was doubt as to who found the greater pleasure, the audience or the members of the Band.

Noble Ed. Klove of Northwood, Iowa, who pays dues in El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, is probably the most "universal" musician in the Northwest, as he plays in the Bands of Za-Ga-Zig, Kaaba, El Kahir and Abu Bekr, of Iowa, and Zuhrah of Minneapolis. He travels 175 miles at his own expense, every two weeks, to attend rehearsals. He is Village Commissioner, and a druggist in his own home town, and because he tips the scales at 260 pounds, he has acquired the title of "Puny."

LuLu Temple's Band, the oldest musical organization in the Shrine, began its thirty-seventh year by being heard in concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, October 9. More than 3,000 persons enjoyed the program which brought flattering press notices from the music critics. The members of the Band appeared in gold hued uniforms, under the direction of Noble John L. Snyder.

The Band of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, Ark., gave a concert as one of the features of the entertainment for the Queen of the Arkansas State Fair. The event, which was preceded by a dinner, was held at the Shrine Country Club.

The Band of Wahabi Temple gave a concert as part of the program for the reception of Colonel Charles Lindbergh at Jackson, Miss., recently.

A Chanters unit has been organized by Aimad Temple, East St. Louis, Ill. Noble James E. Gram is the Director.

[Shrine News Continued on page 71]

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

[Continued from page 67]

the other he clawed wildly for the purse. "You little shrimp!" the gun man snarled. "I said I'd gun—"

And very likely he would have left Gideon a cooling lump of flesh there on the sidewalk had he not gone down himself. It was the smaller man's desperate lunge for the hand holding his purse that put them down, Gideon, making strange gutturals of rage, falling on top. The pistol struck the walk, exploded harmlessly and then spun and slid over the curb.

The highwayman cried a terrible oath as he threw Gideon's body from him. But Gideon's fingers were on the purse and loosening that grip was another matter. He tried to get to the curb to retrieve his gun but entwining legs impeded him, teeth fastened in his forearm. He struck his intended victim heavily in the back of the neck but it did not free one of his tenacious holds.

And then, as suddenly as it had commenced, the struggle ended. As he rolled this little shrimp over, preparatory to beating him insensate with his one free hand, the robber caught a movement on the corner, a policeman rounding into the street on a run.

He swore again. He let go the purse; he tore his arm free from the clamp of jaws; he kicked his legs loose from those other legs. He slipped into the dark alley and was gone.

Oh, it was exciting enough for a few moments! The policeman shot as he plunged into the alley and shot again after a moment. A little group gathered about the soaked and panting Gideon Limes and in a short time the officer came back, growling at his luck. They found the gun. Gideon, in the faint light, counted his change, knowing it to a penny, and found it all there.

"Come in somewhere," the policeman said. "I'll want your name and a description of that bum."

So back around the corner to the drug store they trooped, gathering two or three more as they went, and invaded the place. The policeman blew his nose and wiped water from his face and moistened the lead of his pencil.

"Now," he said, "what happened?" Gideon drew a deep breath, looking rather furtively at McCracken, who came up the aisle frowning at this disturbance. "Well," the small pharmacist began, "he tried to steal my purse. He put a gun against my stomach and took it out of my pocket and then I happened to . . . to think about something and so I took it away from him."

The policeman stared hard at him. "With his gun against you you jumped him?" he demanded.

"Why, yes; you see—" He looked about the circle of incredulous faces. McCracken was staring over another man's shoulder, mouth agape. "You see, officer, this man was what you might call a philosopher. I asked him to give it back first, but he said something that is very true, I think. He said that you get what you ask for . . . if you ask hard enough. I asked pretty hard . . . and then I had to wrestle a little."

The policeman looked about, fastening his gaze finally on McCracken's face and grinned.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered. "Now, what'd he look like?"

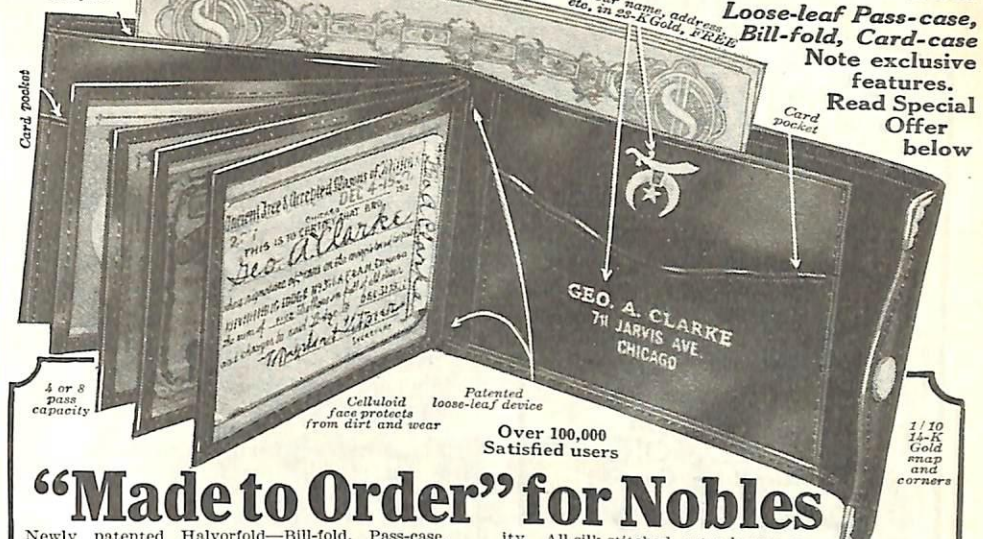
Gideon's brow wrinkled. "I think," he said, "that he was a tall and dark man."

They went out, then, in the wake of the policeman, leaving Gideon alone with McCracken.

"Well, Limes," the manager said and laughed nervously. "Well, Gideon, it appears you've gone into the hero business."

He wiped his [Continued on page 70]

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YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

(Continued from page 69)

brow with a hand that trembled, and then; "Oh, no, Mr. McCracken; I'm in the drug business to stay."

Strange things were stirring in his heart as he looked at his employer whose manner toward him was so definitely changed. Why, McCracken seemed to be more unnerved by merely listening to what had happened than Gideon was, who had been through it. Something almost like awe seemed to be hovering in the man's eyes. . . . And two or three of those who had followed him into the store had looked the same way. The policeman had, too, before he grinned.

"Well, I'm here to state that you've certainly got the nerve!" McCracken said. "Lord, Gideon, with a gun right against you, you fought him!"

Limes was not conscious of flattery. He was not recalling the feel of that weapon against his stomach. He was recalling the words of the thug. . . . He spoke, now, with the truth of the highwayman's axiom uppermost in his consciousness.

"A fellow's got to take his own part . . . sometimes," he asserted and, unbuttoning his coat, squared his shoulders. His head pushed forward, too, in a queer way for him. "You generally get what you ask for, I guess. Now that we've got a minute alone and you're not busy . . ."

His heart throbbed heavily and McCracken looked at him in curiosity.

"Yes, Limes?"—as he faltered.

"I've been wondering for a year or so if I'd have to ask for a raise?"

"Raise? More pay? . . . Why, I don't know." The manager was fidgety. "You want more money?"

"Yes," said Gideon. "A little—" he began and stopped to swallow, covering the modesty that had pushed itself into words—"a little while ago," he said, instead of what he had intended to say: "A little while ago I made up my mind I'd better ask you about it. I haven't had a raise in a long time. I think I've got quite a big one coming."

"Well, now, what would you think was right, Limes?"

Gideon swallowed and calculated swiftly. He caught his breath to say forty-five and then checked the words. He almost said fifty but again stilled his voice which, goaded by his old timidity wanted to make itself heard. Finally he said: "I think fifty-five would be all right . . . for a while."

He was afraid then, half expecting McCracken to snort at him. But the other only said:

"Well, I guess you have gone quite a while on the old figure. You see, you didn't ask and . . . I guess it can be fixed up."

Said Gideon, with a breathless stoutness: "But I've got to know—"

"Well, all right, Limes. Fifty-five, commencing Monday."

He made as if to turn away but inside Giddy Limes things were tearing loose; impulses were rampaging, barriers of timidity were being smashed.

"Just another minute!" he said, sharply, for him. "Men have been jumped over my head. I want to be head prescription clerk on the next move."

McCracken colored. He opened his mouth as though to make some biting retort. But instead he only spoke sullenly:

"You don't think I'd raise you to fifty-five if I didn't think you were worthy of being promoted, do you?"

"That's all right. I just want to make sure."

HIS employer started to move away but Gideon, eyes glowing, a bit pallid and shaky, put a detaining hand on his arm.

"We hear three new stores are going to be started before spring. You're in a position to make another promise: that I won't be only a head prescription clerk very long."

McCracken wrinkled his brow and drew a long breath.

"Well, you certainly saved your requests, Limes!" He eyed his clerk up and down and scratched his head. "What's come over you? Lord, man, if this keeps up I'll certainly be glad enough to get you out into a store of your own!" Pause, while he studied Gideon's tense face. "Yeah, you can figure on a managership before summer. But there's one thing I want to get straight: What was it this thug said to you out there?"

Limes went a bit limp and put a hand on a counter.

"What? Who? . . . Oh, him? . . . Why, he just said that you get what you ask for."

McCracken grunted and turned away.

"I'll say you do!" he grumbled. "I'll tell the world you do, Limes!" He cast one irate look at Gideon whose knees had forced him to lean back against the counter until he could get accustomed to all these new achievements, these new and charming vistas, but as McCracken went on up the aisle his eyes were not unpleasant to behold.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

(Continued from page 35)

notes for a "Why Pay Rent" house and how tickled we were when we moved in and joyously fixed the furniture?

Remember that night when you walked the floor while she went down into the depths of human agony, that the fine boy of which you are so proud might come into the world? That night you would have told her how much you loved her if you had the chance, wouldn't you? Alas, here I cannot say "We". I have no boy.

We mustn't think that the fur coats and the diamonds we give her now can ever make up for the love we used to give her. Women are like that. They do not like to swap a sweetheart for an inexhaustible supply company and that's what we are becoming. We are homely old things, Noble,

but those ugly mugs of ours spell Romance to her. We needn't be ashamed to tell her that we love her like the very devil.

When fellows are our age they have to hurry. This has been a mighty hard summer on poker players and old chaps like us. A lot of good men have died this season. One of these days they are going to put lilies in our front feet and lay us in a box with six handles on it and the lodge choir will sing "Divide With Me" over us. We'd better tell her now while there is still a chance.

There's the telephone, old top. At the other end of that wire are the flowers, the candy, the silk stockings and the woman we have loved so long! Let's be good Shriners and strut our stuff, boy, strut our stuff!

UNIFORMED BODIES

(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 68)

The Legion of Honor, Patrol and Band of Damascus Temple, Rochester, N. Y., attended the Canandaigua Fair in full strength, making a showing of about two hundred men in uniform. The Band has been increased from sixty-seven to seventy-five pieces.

Fred Jewell is the new Director, and Herschell Tebay the new President of Murat Temple's Band, Indianapolis.

Omar Patrol, Charleston, S. C., contributed \$1,000 for the purchase of a library for the new Shriners Hospital at Greenville.

Members of Ben Hur's Band, Austin, Texas, were guests at a dinner given recently by their President, L. M. Clopton, at Elgin. After the dinner, the Band gave a concert at the City Park.

The Band of Mecca Temple, New York, arranged a concert by the United States Marine Band, recently, for the benefit of the charities conducted by that Temple.

Bedouin's Band, Drum Corps, Chanters and Patrol closed their Summer activities with a concert at Athletic Park, Muskogee, Okla. Noble Claude Williford, Vice-Commandant of Uniformed Units, gave a dinner recently for the members. There were 125 present.

More than 1,000 persons heard the Chanters of Zenobia, Toledo, at a moonlight excursion for the benefit of their free concert fund.

Noble John L. Verweire, Bandmaster of Mizpah, Fort Wayne, Ind., is becoming well known as a composer. His "Joyeux Caprice" was played recently by the United States Marine Band, in Washington, D. C. His march, "Mizpah Temple," has made a hit with the Nobles.

The Band of Sudan, New Bern, N. C., gave a concert recently in honor of John H. Anderson, Grand Master of the North Carolina Grand Lodge. Following the concert Mr. Anderson entertained the members of the Band at tea at his home.

Acca Temple's Band and Chanters, Richmond, Va., gave a concert in the auditorium of the High School at Lawrenceville for the Faithful of that city.

The Patrol of Al Azhar Temple, Calgary, Alberta, entertained recently at a musical evening. The program included numbers by the Band and the Calgary Masonic Quartet.

Ismailia's Patrol and Drum Corps, Buffalo, N. Y., helped to make a success of Shriners' Day at the Niagara County Fair. As it was also Automobile Day and marked the opening of the horse races, the Shriners reported a good time, especially at the Baby Show, one of the features at the fair.

The Band of Jerusalem, New Orleans, has resumed its open air concerts at City Park. [Shrine News Continued on page 72]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 71)



(The late Bennett S. Gaitskill, who died October 12th, was Past Potentate of Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Noble Bennett S. Gaitskill, Past Potentate of Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kansas, and widely known to Shriners attending the Imperial Council sessions, passed into the Unseen Temple on October 12th. Noble Gaitskill demitted from Abdallah Temple to become a charter member of Mirza, which was instituted in 1909. He was elected Potentate and served as one of its Representatives almost continuously. He was among the first to be elected to the post of Permanent Representative. In the Imperial Council his ability was recognized by his appointment to important committees and for many years he was a member of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Laws. Noble Gaitskill was a strong supporter of the Hospital movement. He held many important civic and political offices, and at one time was the Democratic nominee for the United States Senate. He was a member of several fraternal organizations, but the main direction of his activities was in Masonic circles and especially in the Shrine. Noble Gaitskill was born in Montgomery County, Kentucky, November 12th, 1858.

William W. Blanchard, a member of Salaam, Newark, has been made an honorary 33° Mason. He was originally a member of Mecca Temple, New York, and was one of the founders of Salaam. He is a Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of Salaam and of the Salaam Temple Realty Corporation; also Treasurer of the four Scottish Rite bodies of the Valley of Newark.

Noble Clayton R. Cooley, 60 years old, died suddenly while on a motor trip through Northern Minnesota. He was a Past Potentate of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis.

DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM S. BROWN

Mrs. Emma Lucas Brown, wife of Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown, died at her home in Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 19, after an illness of about two weeks. She was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Valentine Lucas, and was married at Port Perry, in 1873. She is survived by her husband, three sons, William M., Edward L., and Samuel S., and two daughters, Mrs. Paul L. Hay and Mrs. J. Homer McCready. Shriners everywhere mourn with Noble Brown in his bereavement.

Kern Larkin, a member of Damascus Temple's Band, delayed by a business engagement in Rochester, N. Y., and finding he had only half an hour in which to report for a Band parade at Canandaigua, twenty-five miles away, chartered an airplane for the trip and arrived, in uniform, just before the parade started.

Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, and Postmaster B. C. Colburn, both of Mohammed Temple, Peoria, Ill., gave the fish in Minnesota lakes quite a flurry late in the season, but departed for home without permanently endangering this part of the food supply of the Northwest.

Twenty-six Shriners from Al Koran Temple, Cleveland, narrowly escaped injury when a bus in which they were returning from Lewistown, Pa., caught fire and the gasoline tank exploded while they were helping to put out the blaze. The uniforms and baggage of four members of the party were destroyed.

Dr. William L. Alexander of Randolph, N. Y., who, at the recent meeting of the Supreme Council, was nominated to the 33°, has been appointed a member of the Executive Committee of Ismailia Temple, Buffalo, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Past Potentate Cyrus L. Barber. Dr. Alexander is a Past Potentate of the Temple.

Noble Carle Oltz has been appointed Director of the Chanters of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, to succeed Noble Carl Mueller, who has accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian Church of Montclair, N. J.

Everett J. Higbee, formerly First Vice-President and Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Atlantic City Shrine Club, was elected President of the Club at the annual meeting.

Noble William Watson Perry of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Bodies of Wisconsin, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday recently. The entire office staff went to his home at Eagle Lake to congratulate him.

Noble Bert F. Zinn of Tripoli, has been elected District Governor of the Kiwanis Clubs of Wisconsin and Upper Wisconsin. Another Noble of that Temple who was honored recently, was William J. Muckle, who was elected President of the Wisconsin Shoe Retailers' Association.

Noble Curtis W. Merrill died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., on September 30, after a lingering illness. He was a Representative of Salaam Temple, Newark, and until he became ill, he was one of the most active workers in the interests of that Temple. His passing is mourned by many friends in and out of the Shrine.

C. H. Rembold, secretary and manager of the Cincinnati Times-Star and member of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, has been honored by having the 33° conferred upon him by the Supreme Council, Northern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite.

Charles L. Hamilton of Malden, a member of Aleppo, Boston, has been elected Eminent Commander of the Boston Commandery, Knights Templar.

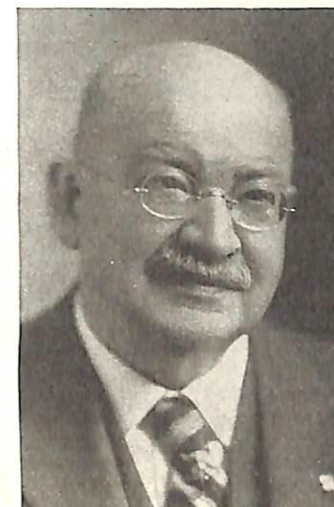
[Shrine News Continued on page 73]

WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a PERSONAL TINGE

(Shrine News Cont'd from page 72)

DEATH OF NOBLE MELISH



(The late William B. Melish.

Noble William Bromwell Melish of Syrian Temple, twice Imperial Potentate, and one of the foremost members of the Masonic fraternity in the world, entered the Unseen Temple early in the morning of October 21, and his passing is mourned by all Shriners and by all members of the great fraternity of which he became one of the greatest leaders.

Stricken while attending a meeting of the 33° Council in Boston about a month before, Noble Melish hastened to his home in Cincinnati and was taken to Christ Hospital. Complications set in which resulted in his death.

Noble Melish received the high honor of 33° at the age of 33 years, being the youngest man ever to receive that degree in the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States. He was the representative in this country of the Great Priory of England and Wales to the Order of the Temple, and was the only Mason in the United States entitled to wear the Grand Cross of the Great Priory of England under the title of Grand Cross Templar, a title bestowed upon him in 1911 in London by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Sovereign Grand Master of the Great Priory. He also was the representative of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada.

Noble Melish inaugurated the work of Syrian Temple in Cincinnati in 1877, served as Potentate for fifteen years and then resigned to become Imperial Potentate. He was elected Imperial Potentate again in 1894, thus attaining the distinction of being the only Noble to be elected twice to this exalted position. Ever in the van in the activities of the Shrine, Noble Melish always will be remembered as a leader in its philanthropic undertakings and especially in the movement which brought into being the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

For more than fifty years Noble Melish was the most outstanding figure in Masonry in this country. Besides the high honors mentioned, he was a member of the Provincial Grand Lodge, Royal Order of Scot-

land; Dean of Past Grand Commanders of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Ohio, and Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States from 1910 to 1913. He was an honorary member of more than fifty Masonic bodies, grand and subordinate, in the United States and abroad, and President of the Knights Templar Masonic Mutual Aid Association, and Young Men's Mutual Life Association.

Noble Melish was born in Wilmington, Ohio, on July 28, 1852. In 1874 he married Miss Sallie Gatch, daughter of Frank Gatch, retired farmer and financier of Milford, Ohio. Two children survive, Thomas G. Melish of Clifton, and Mrs. May Harris, widow of B. F. Harris, who was an extensive land owner of Champaign, Ill. His paternal grandfather was John Melish of Paisley, Scotland, author of "Melish's Travels," a book that tells of his tours through early America. His son, the father of Noble Melish, was for many years rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church of Cincinnati.

Noble Melish was educated in the public schools of Cincinnati and at Dennison University, Granville, Ohio. He began his business career as clerk and bookkeeper of the Bromwell Brush & Wire Goods Company, founded by his grandfather. He was secretary-treasurer of the company from 1883 to 1896, when he became president, holding that position at the time of his death. He took a prominent part in civic affairs and was President of the Chamber of Commerce in 1916 and a life member of that body. He was senior aide-de-camp on the staff of the late Governor Asa B. Bushnell, with the rank of Colonel.

During the World War, Noble Melish rendered great service to his country and gave freely of his time and money. He went to Europe to do Masonic relief work, and it is said he took approximately half a million dollars as a contribution from Masons of America for the relief of their brethren in England, France and Belgium. He used part of the money to establish a hospital and home for widows and orphans of soldiers in France.

Noble Melish has passed to his reward after a full life in behalf of his fellow-man. His memory will live as long as the Great Light shines, and his life as a Mason and a Shriner will remain always as an example to the Faithful.

Past Potentate Walter S. Sugden, Osiris, Wheeling, frequently has been a member of the Imperial traveling party, and carries with him a camera and a moving picture outfit. At Rockford, Ill., he gave an hour and a half showing of his motion pictures after the banquet. The reception of President Coolidge, fishing, golfing and other activities of the Imperial Potentate were among the films shown.

Past Potentate John T. Buckbee of Tebala Temple, Rockford, Ill., sent a big basket of chrysanthemums to the Imperial Potentate on his visit to El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Having served their purpose, on leaving town the basket was sent to a Noble in one of the hospitals.

The Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons will receive the bulk of the estate of Benjamin W. Rowell, late Imperial Recorder. The income of the estate, after minor bequests to relatives are deducted, is to be devoted to the relief of worthy and indigent Masons.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]

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Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

EVEN single track railroads and single track minds run both ways.

So does the stock market. Failure to take that fact into account is responsible for the failure of thousands to make money in stocks. Stocks and bonds must fluctuate in price or nobody could make any money through speculation. But prices go down as well as up and not one speculator in a thousand, outside the so-called professional ranks, takes advantage of that fact.

Right there is where the difference between investment and speculation makes its appearance. In investment, one necessarily must buy.

In speculation, on the other hand, one may play the market either way. He may so deal as to profit through an advance or through a decline. The trouble with the speculative public in general is that it almost invariably picks the side favoring an advance.

Reasons for this attitude on the part of the public which is attracted to the stock market, are numerous. Perhaps the best one is that Americans, and indeed all human beings, are naturally optimists and look for betterment rather than disaster. Another is that the idea of buying comes into the minds of most persons ahead of the idea of selling. Any gambler will tell you that when a coin is flipped, far more call heads than tails simply because the word comes first into their minds. Still another reason is that when one is on the buying side, the amount which may be lost is limited. That is, if one buys 100 shares of stock at 60 it can drop only 60 points and the loss will be limited to \$6,000. But if one sells the stock short at 60 there is no limit to the height to which it may rise or the possible loss.

Still another reason is fear of a "corner." When one sells a stock short, he, in reality, borrows the stock and sells what he does not own in the expectation of buying it back cheaper and thus repaying the loan. If someone has cornered the entire available supply of stock, he cannot buy it back and cannot repay his loan, and his losses may be limited only by the amount he can pay.

These are all good reasons, yet the trend which they explain halves the chances of profit from speculative transactions in stocks for those who follow it.

"What shall I buy for a quick turn?"

That is a question which is asked hundreds of times a day in the financial districts all over the country. In reality, the time and the market may be just right to sell for a quick turn yet the general public faces an inhibition against such a course which is almost impossible to overcome. It is in the retrieving of speculative mistakes, however, that the inhibition works most to the disadvantage of the speculator.

A buyer may have purchased a stock with the expectation that it would go up and

found that he had miscalculated the position of the company or the state of the market and seen it fall far below the purchase price. He does not want to hold it since he has become convinced that it probably will not go higher but will continue to drop. Yet, if he sells, he must take a sure and perhaps severe loss. It seemingly does not occur to him not only to sell the stock he owns but to sell twice as much. Then if he is right in his second and later judgment, the profit on the short sale will recoup him for the loss on his first mistake.

The natural tendency of the ordinary buyer, however, is to buy more stock at the lower price and so "average down" the cost of his holdings. Nothing could be more disastrous in most cases. It is thoroughly unsound speculative practice ever to average down a holding. It is thoroughly sound to average up a holding. In the latter case, if you have judged the course of the stock aright, if you have bought and the stock is going up, it is sound to press your luck. It is the same principle which General Grant expounded when he declared: "If two pair are worth calling on they are worth raising on." But if you have already made one mistake, why make two by throwing more money after what has been lost.

The law of gravitation applies to more things than Newton's apple. It is pretty safe to assume in the stock market that "what goes up must come down." If this be forgotten the speculator is likely to find himself in the same predicament as the saloon keeper who gave a start to one of the great western fortunes.

The possessor of this fortune, who loved to act the rough diamond, used to boast that he got his start while tending bar in a Colorado mining camp saloon. "I used to have a settlement with the proprietor every night," he used to relate, "although he did not know it. I would take the day's receipts and throw them up against the ceiling. What stuck to the ceiling belonged to the boss."

The safest plan of course is to let speculation alone and stick to investment. In the latter it is possible to make only one mistake at a time.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

L & N SOME [Continued from page 34]

Pinney drained the glass that stood before him, blinked rapidly and replied, "Grand licker!"

Mistuh Smelt smiled deprecatingly. "Thass jest de stuff Ah has fo' gen'ral consumption. Now fo' mah own pivate use Ah has sutthin'—he reached around and produced a mastodonic flask—"Ah has sutthin' whut strong men breaks down an' weeps about."

He unscrewed the cap. "De genial fluid," he carolled, "De good ol' frisky whisky wid a taste lak a kiss f'um a high-brown baby an' a kick lak a levee mule. Drink deep, an' let yo' gizzard whistle."

Nyman obeyed instructions. And when he finally handed back the flask, Mistuh Smelt's eyes were wide with admiration. "Yah!" gasped the Atlanta Cyclone, wiping his mouth. "Dat wuzn't aged in no taxicab!"

"Taxicab? Huh! Ten yeahs in de wood 'thout bein' tetcht by human han's. Heah's lookin'."

MISTUH Smelt tilted the flask upward and allowed its contents to gurgle musically into his oral orifice. Thirstily he waited for the last lingering drop. In thirty seconds, Mistuh Smelt was a remade man and all the dun-colored forebodings of the day had disappeared into rarefied air.

"Hot dam!" he exclaimed. "Dis am mah night t' rise an' shine. Mist' Pinney, Ah laks yo'—laks yo' fine. Fust, 'cause yo' am a old fashion' Southern gemp'man, an' seckin', 'cause yo' kin make golf balls do tricks. T'night, you's mah guest. An' t'night us celebrates. Which kind o' fun does yo' crave?"

"Who? Me?" demanded Nyman. "Me, Ah craves t' do whut us is been doin'. Is they any moh o' dat stuff round about?"

"Two quahts moh in mah locker. Lemme sen' down fo' it, an' den us wrassles wid some chicken."

"Yoh, boy! Ruckus juice an' drumsticks! Man, sho' glad Ah migrated up heah!"

Then having dispatched one waiter to his locker and another kitchenward, Mistuh Smelt turned with an expansive smile to enter into the conversation being tossed about the table. Somehow he didn't give a whispered whoop whether the vittle bills could be paid or not; whether he could persuade several note holders to accept renewals. Why not stop treading the brink of disaster? Why not cut loose for once and for all? True, it meant good-bye to prosperity and all its amenities—to his swell Kollege Kut clothes, his hot roadster and the lazy, loafing days. But maybe with luck and industry, he could eventually regain that envied state. Why not? He reached for a bottle.

"Le's git steamin', gempmen," he cried. "Le's eat drink an' be merry 'cause t'morruh us dies!"

Nyman seized his niblick from eager hands and clambered on the table with meticulous caution. Swaying like a poplar, he solemnly stooped and placed a saltcellar atop a soggy bun. He waggled his club ferociously while willing hands steadied the table. "Yassh," he articulated thickly, "Mistuh Smelt, yo's a noble host. But heah's de way Ah nicks yo' pocketbook an' rambles home de champagne. Ain't it?"

"Sho, sho," agreed Mistuh Smelt. "But is yo' up thah beatin' time, o' is yo' gwine hit sutthin' wid dat salt?"

"Hit sutthin'? Foolishment! See dem birds in dat pitcher ovah de mantel? Dem chickens roostin' long side de watahmelons? Well, suh, Ah gwine sprinkle dis salt right squah on dem fowls' tail!"

By dint of heroic effort, Nyman achieved a semblance of equilibrium. And with the cigar smoke swirling all about him and amid a silence so tense that it almost hurt, he drew back his club once, twice, thrice—and then chipped the saltcellar from its gooshy tee and sent it through the air kerplunk to the point he had designated!

Pandemonium [Continued on page 76]

ruckus juice. Hear 'em? Don't dey git it, dis party's gwine be a bust up—"

"Den git it!"
—"an' Ah got a idea t' go rammin' down t' Lafe Gormley's place an' gittin' 'bout ten cases moh."

"How much cases?"
—"Ten—Ah got de jack."

"Bettah git fifteen, Elam. Give de boys de best. Fines' golf, country an' recreation club in de worl' an' dis am mah night t' howl. Yassuh, t'night Ah drownds mah grief in jubilmint," reiterated Mistuh Smelt as Elam disappeared through the crush in the general direction of the door. "Is Ah right, Mistuh Pinney?—p'tickly when Ah gwine ask yo' t' do de honors wid de cork-screw on dis heah bottle whut wuz so long a-comin'?"

After wasting a few strokes, Pinney extracted the cork of which he smelled with closed eyes. "De speerit o' delirium," he said softly, "One gulp, an' Ah flaps mah wings an' crows!"

Gulp for gulp, the Atlanta Cyclone and his host began fighting their way toward the bottom of the quart, while its mate was being done to death by others at the table. At the half way mark, Pinney flung his arm about Mistuh Smelt's shoulders and struggled to his feet.

"Gents," he demanded. "Gempmen," he shrilled, "gimme quietude so's Ah kin 'spress mase'f. Gents, yeahs de hottest spot whut is. Organizes gran' clubs, p'motes swell tournaments, p'vides swell lickin'. Upstandin', magnetic, a irresistible leadah. Ah puposes, whilst Ah has a drink, yo' gives three rousin' cheers."

WITH the members of Idlewould vocally shaking the plaster, confused thoughts were creaking through Mistuh Smelt's medulla oblongata. The last big night with all its glory. A noble ruckus. Warmth. Happiness. Camaraderie. A successful tournament. Then a few weeks hence, a cold-gray dawn that would see him and Elam furtively making their way to the L & N yards in time for the Memphis freight.

A strident voice began drilling through the barrier of Mistuh Smelt's subconsciousness.

"An' now," Nyman Pinney was shrilling, "an' now, Ah gwine give a special demonstration o' de Eastlake chip shot. Hand me mah niblick, thah, brothah, an' Ah'll make yo' think dat dis heah trick shottin' Kirkwood am aillin' wid paralysis! Silence! Silence, whilst Ah 'zibits de skill whut gwine nick mah frien' an' colleague heah fo' fi' hunnerd bucks!"

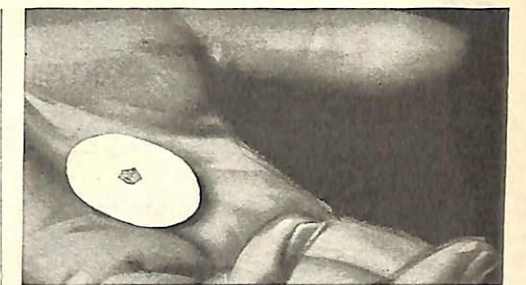
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Pandemonium [Continued on page 76]



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L & N SOME [Continued from page 75]

broke out. Pandemonium in which Mistuh Smelt joined not in the making. Any man who could hold two golf clubs and drive two saltcellars right smack against two pictures in one shot, well, suh, Mistuh Smelt was willing to admit that this Atlanta lad was there! Yes, suh—

"Jes' a minit, folks," Nyman was demanding with uplifted palm. "Jes' a minit whilst Ah descends f'um dis table an' stops dis room f'um spinnin' roun' so rapid. Hit's dangerous. Yassuh, jes' plain dangerous!"

Carefully he began feeling his way toward the table edge. And as Nyman moved with the tense caution of a mountain climber, Mistuh Smelt became conscious of a strange phenomenon. By nature, Nyman Pinney had been endowed with a complexion two shades blacker than a soot barrel in a cellar. And now that color was swiftly fading through ash gray to a sickish green.

"Mist' Smelt," pleaded Nyman, "gimme a l'il guidance—an' hol' dat chair f'um dancin' whilst Ah steps—whilst Ah—"

Suddenly and without further ado, the Atlanta Cyclone closed his mouth, sighed, and slipped into a nose dive which brought him and the chair for which he had been aiming into a tangled heap beneath the adjacent table. In the awed hush, Mistuh Smelt galvanized into action.

"Gimme hand, heah, Catmeat. Thass right. By de feet. Grab dat hand, Doc-tuh, so's nobody gwine step on it. Tck. Tck. Too bad. Mah buzzum companion on mah las' yowlin' night—he'pin' me fo' git mah grief, an' now lookit! Upstairs, Doctuh. De fust door on de right. Easy on 'em steps, thah! Thass right," Mr. Smelt directed.

WHEN Elam, dripping from his activities of the night, quitted the bedroom to which the Atlanta Cyclone had been borne, he found Mistuh Smelt sitting on the top of the grand (and only) staircase, dolefully rocking to and fro.

"Whuzz mattah, chief?"

"Mis'ry," sobbed Mistuh Smelt, "mis'ry sho' creeps up on me!"

"Mis'ry?"

"An' how! Gwine lose de club an' all de profits Ah wuz gwine t' make. Gwine lose mah standin' in town. An' now de one sweet an' consolin' figger left in mah life ups an' leaves me lone."

"Leaves you lone? Who?"

"Nyman. Ah sho' is bleak an' mis'able, boy. Broke, lonesome. An'—"

Mistuh Smelt felt something rubbing his nose. He opened his eyes, blinked and blinked again. "Cockeyed hoptoads!" he ejaculated. "Boy, whah at yo' been?"

"Right heah all night."

"Whah—whah—yo' git all dem green-backs?"

"Right heah. Thass gin money. Profits f'um de fifteen cases."

"Profits?"

"Yassah. Buys 'em f'um Lafe at thutty bucks a case an' doles 'em out one by one fo' six bucks each. Six hunnerd bucks! Honest, l'gitimate profits!"

"Profits," puzzled Mistuh Smelt. "Seems how, Elam, Ah rec'lects dimlike sutthin' 'bout yo' askin' kin yo' 'tribute moh gin, seein's how yo' had de dough. Ah thunk yo' wuz gwine give it away 't celebrate ouah financial bust up."

"Bust up? How come, big boy? Wid you coppin' de tournament?"

"Me?"—aghast. "Didn't yo' see dat boy on de table?"

"Sho'. But he ain't gwine do nuthin' lak dat t'morruh, pressin' a Ostermoor wid his back."

"Sez which?"

"Sez whut Doc Breckeridge jest opined up in yondah room. He sez dat boy's so drippin' wid ruckus juice dat it's jelled."

"Den he's out?"

"Out? 'Ceptin' fo' a miracle, he ain't gwine even wiggle fo' two days!"

"An' yo' is got six hunnerd bucks thah? Profits?"

"Zackly!"

"An' de cash box in de dinin' room? It's—?"

"Gushin'! Come down an' see!"

Mistuh Smelt rose and shook himself like a boxer recovering from a hook to the jaw. Like a somber cloak falling from his shoulder, the gloom and forebodings of the day dropped away. Wuff! Good old Elam! There was a boy who showed his training!

Give up Idlewould, the future Bonanza? Forswear his friends of long years' standing? Sneak out of town beneath a box car? Silliment! Jest plain silliment! How come he ever got that way!

Arm in arm with the radiant Elam, he strode back into the dining-room, unmindful of the merriment which had quickly resumed after Pinney's debacle. Straight to the cash drawer they proceeded. With a flourish, Elam threw it open.

"Count dat, chief," said he.

Mistuh Smelt gazed enthralled at the jumbled green backs. Ones. Fives. Tens. Even twenties. He touched them gingerly with his forefinger, just to make sure it wasn't all a wonderful dream. Then, he lifted his head, and, in a quavering tenor sang—

Mah brothah's a apple pie baker
Mah Elam he hustles fo' gin,
Mah cooks they works nights fo' a livin'—
Mah Gawd! How de money rolls in!

THE HONEY BIRD [Continued from page 28]

"One letter."

"To whom?"

"To no one who's likely to use it."

"Any one," said Morey, "will use dynamite if he has enough incentive. Who has it?"

"I don't know that it was kept."

"You can't tell, and we must know. To whom did you write it?"

For an instant Burham hesitated, his mouth twitching a little. Roger Hale puffed solemnly on his pipe. Morey bent forward to hear the answer. "To Mrs. Kennett." He saw the swift flame leap to Roger Hale's eyes, and knew that he had jockeyed Burham into the fence corner the other man had hoped to set as stop for his riding. Inexplicably he felt sorry for Burham, now

that he had told the truth. He'd violated the code, to be sure, but the consequence would have been negligible if his ambition had not aimed at the highest of offices. It must be gall and wormwood to him to know that he had given Mary Kennett power to ruin him. "Why are you sure she won't use it?" he asked reluctantly, deprecating with a man's timidity the need of probing another man's personal relationships.

"She's not the sort."

"Have you seen her since you married?" Roger Hale asked.

"No."

Again Hale drew on his pipe. "I agree with you," he said slowly, "that Mary Kennett's not the sort to use the instruments of

an old friendship, no matter how it's been broken"—Morey saw Burham wince—"to stab an old friend in the back. It's unthinkable. I believe, though," he added with a malice he made no effort to conceal, "that it's absolutely necessary to find out just where she stands on this. You'll have to see her," he bade Burham, "and ask her what she's going to do with that letter."

"I can't."

"You can't have it hanging around loose if you're going to run."

"I can't go to her."

"Some one must," Morey insisted.

"Will you?"

"I don't know Mrs. Kennett."

"Will you, Roger?" Again Morey saw the glint in Hale's eyes, the gleam of a cat playing with a mouse, and marveled at the persisting contempt Roger held for this man whom he publicly acclaimed. Swiftly he apprehended the motive which had animated Hale into forcing this consultation, seeing back of it now the determination to show Mary Kennett that Burham would break

into the temple of her old love for him in order to gain his own end. Hale had guessed somehow that Burham would have written her such a letter. He'd cleared himself by making Morey draw the admission from Burham, by making Burham constitute him his messenger. He was in love with Mary Kennett, and fighting against her continuing loyalty to the man who had put her aside for a more compelling passion. He was counting, perhaps, on her anger at the request to rise high enough to free him from his promise to aid Burham's aspirations. Hale was clever, Morey thought with a direct man's admiration for subtlety, and he had liking enough for him to hope he'd succeed as Hale stood up and said, "I'll go to her."

His thought swung back to the point of view of a faction leader however when Hale had gone. "I thought," Burham said, "that you knew Mary Kennett. Every one seems to. She is," he paused for the defining word, "a remarkable woman."

"I've heard that."

"I knew her very well at one time—before I married." He stared at the wall of the room as if he saw beyond it. "She was kind to me when I first came to Washington, and I was grateful. I'm grateful yet. I'm willing to admit that I wouldn't be in the place I am today if she hadn't helped me. I depended on her tremendously. In a way I loved her very deeply." He was talking to himself now rather than to Morey, trying to phrase a feeling which must have long troubled him. "I think that I meant to marry her when I'd come to the point of being able to get along without her political aid. You know how a man is about these things. Then I met Vida." His face brightened for the first time since his wife had left the room. "You've seen her, but you can't know what she is to me. It's for her that I want power, money, position. I'm years older than she is. I can't give her the gaiety of youth, but I can give her something better. I can give her love, and I'm going to give her other things so that she'll not miss the dancing and the lightness of the people she's left for me. That's why I want the nomination. I wouldn't care for it for myself alone"—Morey almost smiled at the familiarity of the cant—"but I know that I have something to give the place which justifies my seeking it. If I'm President,—he bent forward to emphasize his words—"I shall do much. I won't be doing them for myself, for my friends, even for my party. I'll be doing them for my country." In the lamplight his face shone with a look of high, exalted dedication which startled Morey by its somber beauty. Knowing sincerity as he knew hypocrisy, he realized that in this moment, at least, Burham was sincere. The man might make a great President, he felt, if he could win the place.

He was one to whom high trust was a purifying fire for the burning of the dross of every-day weakness. "I'd go the limit for him," Morey thought, and had not defined the contingency on which he based mental reservation before Vida thrust her dark head through the doorway. "Where's Roger?" she asked them.

"He went on an errand for me," Burham said. "He'll be back soon."

She slid on the couch beside him, putting her hand into his, regardless of Morey. "You'd forgotten all about me."

"I hadn't." He smiled at her. "We've had some important business to go over."

"Settled it?" She leaned against him.

"Not quite."

"Where did Roger go?"

"For a paper we need."

"Tonight?"

"Ben's going west on a late train."

"Who has the paper?" Through the curtain of her ease slipped a shadow of jealous curiosity.

"A friend of Roger's."

"Oh!" She drew a little away from Burham, twisting her slim shoulders. "He never tells me anything," she said to Morey. "I have to find out everything for myself—but that doesn't take very long in Washington."

"Doesn't it?"

"No, indeed. I hadn't been here a week when I knew all about the lady who'd loved Tom. By the way, she was a friend of Roger's, too."

"Was she?"

"Roger loved her devotedly." She narrowed her eyes to study her husband. "Why didn't you, Tom?" An intensity deeper than the words throbbed in the query.

"I met you."

"But before? She's a lovely lady. I met her once. I was sure I should hate her, and I did until she spoke to me. There's something in her voice that—oh, I don't know what it does, but I knew that I liked her, even if she'd loved Tom."

"She didn't," Burham denied.

"That's sporting," Vida said. "Anyhow, you married me, and you've been sorry ever since, haven't you?" She laughed teasingly, but he would not smile. "I've never been sorry," he declared.

Morey could not lose his tense consciousness of the imminence of the presence of this Mrs. Kennett whom he had never seen. Roger Hale must be with her even now, he thought, telling her with concealed gratification of Burham's request for the return of the incriminating letter. Would she give it up? Even if she didn't use it against him, wouldn't she want to hold it in consciousness of the mental power she could wield merely by its possession? And, if she gave it up, would it mean that she still loved Burham? An overpowering interest in Mary Kennett obsessed him while he answered Vida's questions. So vivid was his thought of this other woman, with the gray eyes and the unforgettable voice that had so impressed all these others, that he had no surprise when Vida spoke sharply. "What's the use of pretending? I know that Roger's gone to Mrs. Kennett. What has she that you want?"

"But, Vida, dear—"

"I'm not blind nor deaf, and I shan't stay dumb. Was it something you wrote her?"

"Yes." He twisted out the word in the surliness of misery. "It's nothing particularly personal," he hastened to add as he saw the blaze in her dark eyes. "It's only a letter which I wrote her long before I knew you about a connection I'd made through her aid. It has a political significance now. We must have it."

"She'll not give it to you!"

"I think she will."

"Not if she [Continued on page 78]

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THE HONEY BIRD

(Continued from page 77)

knows its importance. And she'll know that, of course. Why must you have it?" "It'll put me in a wrong light if it comes out."

"I'd rather have it come out than have you ask her for it. You can't owe her that. Can't you stop Roger?" She turned to Morey. "Won't you call him, and tell him not to ask her?"

"Your husband needs it."
"Not as much as he needs to be free of obligation to Mrs. Kennett. You must, Tom," she persisted. "Even if she gives it up, she'll have the sense of triumph over you. Can't you see that? And I can't, I won't let any woman think that what we have is her gift to us. I don't care if you're never President, but I do care that you won't owe gratitude to any woman who's loved you, and whom you once loved! I won't stand it! It's my right. I've given up plenty for you. You must give up this for me."

"Vida, dear, you must be reasonable. You know that I want the Presidency because of you, that—"

"You wanted it," she said, "before you ever saw me. I think," she went on steadily, "that, if it came to a choice, you'd throw me to the wolves to win it. Not deliberately, oh, no! But almost instinctively."

"You know that isn't true."
"If it isn't, you'll call Roger, and tell him not to ask for that letter."

"But, Vida, you don't understand!" "I understand," she said deliberately, "that you may lose the nomination if you don't get that letter. I understand that I shall lose my self-respect as your wife if you ask for it. You can choose what you want." She lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"This is absurd, ridiculous," Burham fumed. "Because of your childish jealousy of a woman I haven't seen in years you're willing to wreck the structure I've built up, stone by stone."

"I will not be in Mary Kennett's debt."

"But—"

"There's no use in argument. We're only wasting time. Will you telephone Roger?" "I can't call him there. I might—"

"Shall I?"

"No." He raised hunted eyes to Morey.

"Will you call him, Ben?"

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said, but he moved toward the telephone stand, and sought Mary Kennett's number. A woman's voice, low, exquisitely modulated, rich with the sense of assured, peaceful power which always came to him with thought of Washington, answered his call, and on the instant he forgot them. "No, Mr. Hale went," was all it said, "about ten minutes ago"; but the sadness of its tone beat on his brain as definitely as if Mary Kennett had told him that Roger Hale had, in his going, taken with him the last of her dreams. Before she had spoken he had been sorry for Burham, with a man's partisanship with another man against a woman's lack of reason in a crisis greater than personal emotions; but the pathos of Mary Kennett's voice aroused in him a hot anger against the man who had failed her even as he had failed Vida, even, too, as he had failed all of them who had trusted him, by trampling over their faith to save his own hide. He'd thrown more than Vida's pride to the wolves. He'd thrown Mary Kennett's secret loyalty; and he had thrown Morey's idealistic devotion to the tradition of what a great leader should be. "Hale's been there, and gone," he said harshly, and saw the lift of Burham's shoulders. "He'll be back any moment now."

He sighed with relief as Hale came in, then tightened again as the other man flung

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down a package on the table. "It's somewhere there," he said scornfully to Burham, with only a nod to Vida. "You'd better go through them yourself."

Slowly Burham stood up, and crossed to the table. Clumsily he opened the binding cord. A bundle of letters fell apart, and he fumbled through them with nervous fingers, finding the one he sought, and opening it for its missive. Something fell from it as he slid the paper from its envelope, scanned it hastily, and handed it to Roger Hale. "That's it," he said, and could not hide the triumph in his tone.

Slowly Vida put out her cigarette. "What did she say?" she asked Roger.

He looked at her, at Burham, at Morey, and added the sum of their knowledge. "She said," he told her, "that she returned in this package everything," she stressed the word, "that Tom had ever given to her."

"Oh!" There was pain in Vida's gasp. "Was that all?"

"She refused," Hale said, "to free me from my promise to stand by Tom in his ambition, and so—" he turned to Burham—"I'm still a captain of the cohorts."

"I'm not," Ben Morey said.

"You mean," Burham's widened eyes searched him, "that you—"

"I mean I'm through. I won't be with you."

HE moved across the room as Vida stooped for the enclosure that had fallen from the letter which had saved her husband's political integrity. She picked it up questioningly, holding it aloft, a faded, dried sprig of yellowed white bloom, ere she let it fall back to the floor. "Laurel," she said. "The flower you called mine, the flower I suppose you called hers. Laurel—the flower of fame!" She began to laugh mockingly. "You haven't loved either of us, Tom," she said too lightly. "You've loved only yourself." She slid away from him, her scarlet gown bright in a pool of lamplight. "What'll I tell old Henry for you, Roger?" she asked. "I'm going up to New York at midnight."

She closed the door in her going, and even Morey, leaving the ship on which Roger Hale was pledged to stay, had a qualm of pity for Burham as he stood in the high room above the city. He might win the Presidency; he might in time regain something of Vida's affection; but he would never attain the height he might have scaled, never quite reach the summit he sought. The selfishness which would make him a famous man would keep him always a little less than great.

"I can't be with him," Morey told himself again, and looked down on the lights which outlined Memorial and Monument, and Dome with that thrill of uplifting joy he was wont to give the capital; for, if Burham had failed him, Mary Kennett hadn't. Because she had held true to her tradition, the code of giving up personal gain to the higher motive of a moral triumph, Washington still bloomed to Morey in the beauty of its magnolia petals, a flower so perfect that he was willing to forget the gnarling of the branches which had for a little while entangled him: "I've got more than he'll ever have," he thought as he went out with Roger Hale, and left Burham to an untied package of letters on the table and a faded cluster of laurel on the floor.

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By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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With a PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 73])

Noble Louis Schneller of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, has been a powerful factor in soliciting funds for the new Mosque in that Oasis. The system adopted by the building committee is to proceed only as funds are obtained, and it has been the duty of Noble Schneller to see that the work continued without interruption. At Rockford, recently, he was made the victim of a practical joke when his fellow Committeemen were preparing to drive back to Milwaukee. He parked his car in front of the hotel and his companions persuaded a traffic officer to tag the car. It required almost as much eloquence to obtain release from the toils of the law as Noble Schneller had been in the habit of expending to add to the building fund.

Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless of Aloha, Honolulu, and Past Potentate J. D. McGilvray, who, accompanied by their wives, recently made a trip to the Canal Zone, entertained Shriners at a dinner in Havana during their visit there to Cuba.

The Rev. Russell McKim, a member of Isis Temple, Salina, Kansas, made the trip to Syracuse, N. Y., to attend the recent outing of Tigris Temple, and won the prize offered to the Noble traveling the longest distance.

Noble A. A. Van De Mark of Ismailia Temple, Buffalo, N. Y., has organized a music promotion club and reports an enrollment of 700 members. It is planned to give twelve concerts, and each member will receive two season tickets.

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1927-28

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Here's our offer. Put any one of our 24 new 1928 models in your home on 30 DAYS' TRIAL. Use it for 30 days at our risk. Test it for distance, selectivity and real tone value. Compare it in quality and price with any Radio you ever saw or heard. Then if you are not convinced that the WESTGATE gives you the biggest value and the best price—YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP IT.

\$47 to \$72 Retail Prices

Big Discount to Agents. Now WESTGATE offers you the last word in Radio at lowest prices. Our new tone system gives amazing reproduction. One dial control, latest shielded construction puts Westgate sets years ahead in powerful reception and better tone quality. Our retail prices are low factory prices. Our Agent's Prices are even lower.

24 Styles to Choose From 5, 6 and 7 Tube Sets

Don't buy any radio until you send for our big FREE Catalog showing our complete line in 5 tube, 6 tube and 7 tube models and 24 styles. A beautiful array of table styles, consoles, and do-lux period type cabinets. Get our FREE Catalog and 30 Day Trial Offer at once. Write for it today.

WESTGATE ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. 4012
1751 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

\$87 Retail Price Including Speaker

Why Not Be Our Agent?
Why not set your own Radio without cost? Get demonstrator set on 30 Days' Trial and make big money in full or more time. Big discount to first Agent in each locality. Be first—write today for special agent's prices.

12 MONTHS TO PAY BEGIN FEBRUARY

DIAMONDS WATCHES & JEWELRY

Buy From Diamond Importers
You save middleman's profits because we have been diamond importers since 1879—48 years. We sell only blue-white diamonds—no off color grades. Everything guaranteed as represented. Our money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee protects your order. An old concern means safety.

No. V88 \$69

Send Your Order 10 days Free Trial
Just send \$1 deposit or the full first payment. Pay postman on delivery the additional amount, if any, to cover down payment. Pay balance in equal weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payments beginning February. You have 10 days to decide. If not satisfied, return and we will refund every cent you paid.

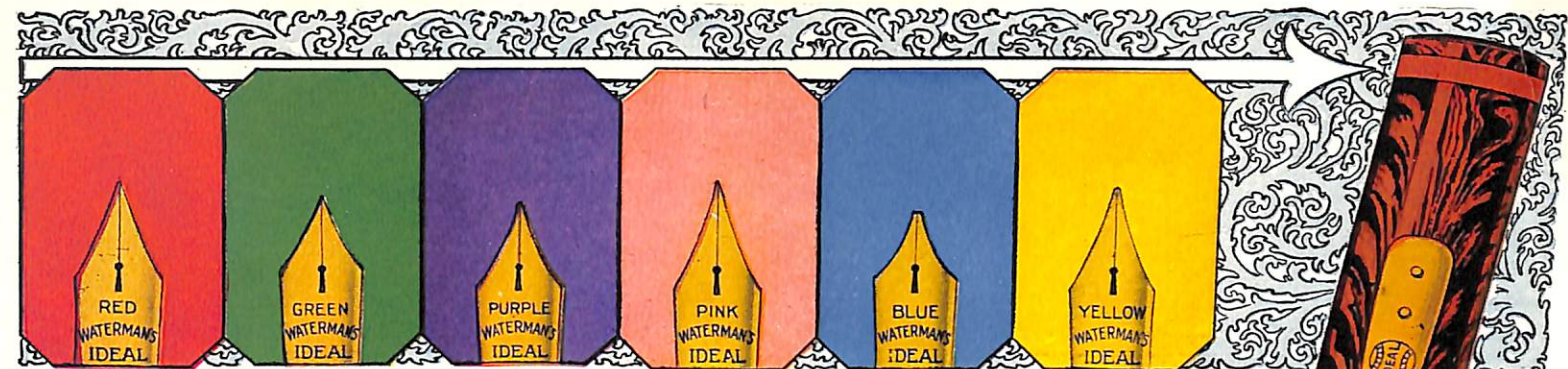
\$8 Down \$1.75 Weekly
Dainty, 18 Kt. white gold wrist watch set with 12 blue-white diamonds, 4 sapphires in platinum. Guaranteed 15 jewel movement.

No. A169 \$62

\$5 Down \$1.10 Weekly
7 blue-white diamonds set in platinum, 2 sapphires, attractive 18 Kt. white gold mounting.

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Hundreds of bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Jewelry, Toilet Sets, Tableware, etc. Beautifully illustrated. It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. Buy Diamonds Like An Expert. Know grades, qualities and values before buying. Contains information other jewelers dare not tell, such as weights and grades of diamonds.

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Waterman's Number Seven

with its identifying color band offers the quickest, most reliable guide to pen point selection.

The following colors on holders tell the story of pen point character. Look for them on Waterman's Number Seven.

Red—STANDARD—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Green—RIGID—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

Purple—STIFF; FINE—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

Pink—FLEXIBLE; FINE—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue—BLUNT—An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow—ROUNDED—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

Merchants who sell Waterman's will be glad to let you try all six points. Do this and select the one that suits you best.

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Beautiful, resilient
Ripple stainless rubber holder.
Made with protective lip-guard
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